MORE POWER TO YOUR WORDS!

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More Power to Your Words!

by

CLEMENT WOOD

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TO MY COLLABORATORS

Whose Cordial Cooperation Made This Book Possible

Bruce Barton
Hugo L. Black
Lee H. Bristol
William C. Bullitt
George H. Davis
Thomas E. Dewey
James A. Farley
Felix Frankfurter
Eugene G. Grace
Arthur Garfield Hays
Cordell Hull
Robert M. Hutchins
Harold L. Ickes
Herbert H. Lehman
John L. Lewis
Lenox R. Lohr
Sherman Minton
Adolph S. Ochs
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Robert A. Taft
Myron C. Taylor
Henry A. Wallace
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Owen D. Young

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Foreword

WHAT WOULD IT BE WORTH to you to own a lamp such as Aladdin had, which you needed only to rub to summon the djinn who would at once achieve for you anything in the world that you wanted?

You have such a lamp. Each of us has. But, if you're like most of us, you don't dream of its power, and don't know how to use it. That lamp is your words; your vocabulary; the tools and materials of your living speech. This book shows you how to release the full hidden power in words, and thereby achieve whatever you are after.

Words have governed the world, from the Caveman down to the Blood Purgers and the Democracies of today. Words may govern the world *you* live in—your own words: whether you are talking to one person, or a thousand, or an air audience of thrilled millions. This book shows you how to make your words so persuasive that others must heed and follow them.

The methods of releasing the latent energy in words are summed up in *Ten Commandments of Successful Word-Usage*, each of them amply explained: the precise methods a man or woman, a boy or girl, needs to know and use to win the individual success he or she is seeking.

Each Commandment of Successful Word-Usage is illustrated by the winning word-usages down the ages. It is driven home by the specific successful word-usages of thirty-three of the leading American men of achievement today, from all the major walks of life, who collaborated to make this book of the greatest benefit to you.

You can give each of the Ten Commandments of Successful Word-Usage an individual test, and find out how astonishingly each works to achieve your own triumphs. You can adopt, as a delightful habit sure to pay huge dividends, the recommendations in the chapter *How to Mine for Word-Gold,* intriguing devices which will turn your actual vocabulary from a deficit into a tremendous asset.

The rest is up to you.

CLEMENT WOOD

Bozenkill
Delanson, N. Y.

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CHAPTER ONE:

You Can Talk Yourself Into Whatever You Want

Release the Atomic Energy in Words!

YOU CAN TALK yourself into getting whatever you want. That much power resides in words, once you release it. In *your* words, once you release yourself to utter them. Once you release *them* to their full capacity.

Words are the atoms of speech. Atoms hold a latent or hidden power which, once released, would replace all other energy that man uses, from any and every source. This reservoir of energy within the atom is almost limitless. Once this power is released, human toil will all but disappear, and the world's work will be accomplished by energy released from subatomic reservoirs. Modern science is exerting tremendous efforts to release this latent energy; for this would be the most important and far-reaching invention man has ever made. Science has not yet fully won this fight.

The secret of releasing the energy latent in words has already been discovered. A group of achievers among men have long known it, and used it, and won all they wanted by using it.

"Remember the Alamo!" freed Texas. "Remember the Maine!" freed Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines from Spanish domination, and put an end to Spain's empire in the

Americas. Think for a moment what six words or phrases have meant to the people of earth: *home*, *mother*, *my native land*, *the Bible*, *God*, *liberty*. The secret of releasing the full power latent in words is known. You need it.

This book will make that secret as clear to you as one plus one equals two. It will lead you to achieve your wishes and full success in whatever you desire, once you have mastered it.

Success Means Getting What You Want

But what, to you, is success? Before we go any further, it is important that you understand that fully.

Success, to you, means getting whatever *you* want.

Not what your father wants, or your mother; your wife, or your husband; your children, remote members of your family; your superiors in business or politics. That would be success for them, but not for you. If your wishes coincide with the wishes of any of these, that means success for them too. But the vital thing, to you, is to achieve what *you* want.

The success of your country is in proportion to the individual successes of the freedom-fathered millions who compose it. Thus, to achieve success is more than an individual need: it is the payment of a family debt, the meeting of a social duty, the satisfaction of a patriotic obligation.

Not one person in a million fully achieves success, although each one could, if once he understood what his success was, and how to go about getting it.

Here is the way to achieve your success.

You Are as Individual as God

Your success is different from the success of anyone else, dead, living, or unborn. Because your wants differ from everyone else. This is because you are as individual as the most individual thing you can conceive of. You are as individual as God.

Science holds that no two grains of sand are precisely alike. Nor no two leaves in the forest. Much more definitely, because of their greater complexity, no two human beings who ever lived are identical.

There is no one in the world exactly like you. There never was; there never will be. Not in appearance: no human being ever had a complete double. Much less in the multifold experiences undergone, the myriad phenomena registered by the eyes and ears and the other sense organs. Least of all in your wants, your desires, your dreams and aspirations. Success means achieving these. Since these differ, your success is bound to be a different success from any other person's success.

From this it follows that your method of *seeking* success must be different. Each detail of differentness in you, and the sum total of differentnesses which gives you your unique worth and merit, will contribute in its own way toward your quest for success.

Unless you yourself continue to prevent it, as you have in the past.

Words: Your Weapon for Achieving Success

Of the four things you seek success with—your body, your desires, your thoughts, your words—words are of supreme importance. For, without them, your success cannot rise higher than the success of the Caveman, which never rose above being merely a hated little boss in his own circle.

The Caveman expressed his desires in roars, whispers, and squeaks. But these could never persuade, since they were too crude to communicate desires and thoughts so that they could be understood. Finally the thoughts took the roars and whispers and squeaks, and the sound-making equipment, and made out of them man's greatest miracle: words.

Gradually these words developed hidden energy like that of the all-powerful atoms. We will soon enough see where this hidden power comes from.

Words are the major miracle. Writing is only a method of prolonging the life of words. Printing is merely improved writing, speeded up to help a sentence girdle the globe. The telegraph, the telephone, the sound channel in a talkie, the radio, are only means of flinging words swiftly across vast distances: the steeds that draw the chariot of the dominant word. If no word had ever been invented or used, the record of the past would be forever a locked book: more than that, it could not have been made, for history's projects move by means of words. Today, the age of speed, would slow down to less than a snail's pace without words. Which of our activities could continue without them? The purely animal activities, and no more.

> In the beginning was the Word. . . .

The Caveman started with a vocabulary of no words, and never added very many:

> Ah, oh, ugh, hmm, mama.

These, and a few more. Psychologists tell us that the vocabulary of the average man falls well below 1,000 words; and that that of the superior adult is only 13,500 words. One fourth of the conversation of all of us, including the most educated, consists of nine native words:

> and, be, have, it, of, the, to, will, you

Add to this thirty-four other native words, from *about* to *your*, and you have accounted for half of the words actually used in speech and writing.

A recent standard dictionary in English contained over 600,000 words. There's no tax on using as many of them as will aid in your success. There's no cost, except a wise expenditure of a little of your time, in using all of your words a thousand times more effectively than you do.

How many words are in your vocabulary? More important, how many of these do you use to their full power, their full potential energy?

Why Ignore Your Real Better Half—Your Words?

One of the wisest things ever said is this: "A man is only half himself; the other half is his expression."

Success is difficult to the blind. A rare few, like Helen Keller, have risen above this handicap, and shine like lighthouses above murderous shoals. The rest fail, and die. Success is difficult to the deaf. One in a million learns to read lips and faces as if they spoke the heart's will to the ear. The rest fail, and die.

Success is even more difficult to the dumb.

The ancients were convinced that the dumb person was possessed by a devil. And so he is: the devil of failure, that locks the real self from communicating with its fellows.

There are those who are able to speak, and yet have made themselves dumb, as far as any real use of words is concerned. Are you of this melancholy army?

It is a tremendous indictment to say that a man is blind to a thing. It means that he cannot even see the problem. When we go further and say that a man is dumb about any matter, we mean that, seeing it, he cannot see the right answer. Dumbness implies the greatest possible deficiency of personality. Actual dumbness means that one's wants are forever locked within one's self, and can only be achieved, if at all, by the Caveman's crude methods. Figurative dumbness is as fatal to success, as suicidal to achievement, as lethal to happiness.

The Caveman, as a race, had to die out; stagnate, and remain something like the eternally terrified woodchuck; or improve. He improved: and words were his major improvement. It has been said of Carthage and many another vanished civilization, "They had no poet, and they died." Poet here includes all forms of historians with words. To man, the lack of words spells death. Death to everything worth while.

A man is only half himself; the other half is his expression. Expression, of course, means writing, as well as speech. All forms of writing; all forms of speech. —The use of words. You may have the greatest idea in the world, the solution to the problem or emergency that troubles everyone, the invention mankind is panting for, the shaped emotions for an oration or poem that, once emitted, would cause you to be hailed forever among the world's immortals; but, if you cannot put it into words for other minds to grasp, you are as futile as a seed that leafs and withers in utter dark and cold. You are a failure. A flop. A dud. At least, man knows what to call you.

You do enough to develop and exhibit your body and brain —exercise, athletic games and sports, beauty parlors, clothing, jewelry, perfumes, education, reading, thinking, self-culture. What do you do to develop your effective use of words, your expression? What exercises do you give your vocabulary, to strengthen its muscles and extend its reach, to beautify its appealing appearance, to sharpen its power of attack, to harden its power of defense?

The Bible is a convincing character witness:

> How forcible are right words! . . .
>
> A word spoken in due season, how good it is! . . .
>
> Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. . . .
>
> A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. . . . By long forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone. . . .
>
> In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

Let wise old Confucius, whose words still govern four hundred and fifty million people twenty-five hundred years after he spoke them, add his testimony:

> Words are the voice of the heart. . . .
>
> Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know men.

Shakespeare speaks of words that are "razors to the wounded heart." Swift refers to "the artillery of words." Balzac speaks of words that cut like steel. John Selden comes out with it definitively:

> Syllables govern the world.

Do *your* syllables govern *your* part of the world, letting you achieve all the success your heart thirsts for?

Today Makes Success More Remote: Wake Up!

The modern world presents more difficult problems to the individual than any previous age. It has made the game of living more complicated, the chances for success increasingly more remote.

Pioneer conditions were comparatively simpler. Men and women produced their own necessities of life with their own hands. Their hopes soared not much higher than achieving these; success lay in their attainment. Even during slavery and serfdom, the chasm between the lowest and the highest in society could be crossed far more easily than today, in spite of glaring modern exceptions. There was once work for all; today, there is almost enough unemployment to go around, and it is compulsory upon an increasing number.

Facing this modern world, you know that you are *not* successful; certainly not as successful as you would like to be. Yet you could be, if you developed your expression to its utmost; if you took the slight time needed to learn the winning use of words.

The secret of the winning use of words has come by intuition to a few, by trial and error to more, in man's long and wavelike history. But these few have not shared it; or have not shared it so clearly and loudly that all men could hear. The time has come for a book that makes the method universally available to those wise enough to avail themselves of it.

To use words, so that you can achieve your own unique success, whatever that may be; so that you can realize your uttermost wishes, differing as they do from the wishes of every other man and woman who ever registered or will register upon the *Guest Book: Transients* of this earth. . . . Are you willing to give the slight effort needed to learn that use of words?

At least, this book will give you your chance. Nothing thereafter can condemn you to failure but your own choice.

Whatever Success You *Want*

This book will deal fully with more power to *all* your words, spoken as well as written, including all types of speaking and writing. The examples will be taken from mankind's whole range of effective word usage. To fit your unique personal need more closely, emphasis will be laid on the leading thirty-four living Americans, who have taken the time and trouble to aid personally in making this book's method foolproof. It will teach you the precise word magic employed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, John L. Lewis, Arthur Garfield Hays, Senator Robert Taft, and the successful rest of them. It will teach you to achieve your own desires by using words as effectively as they use them.

This book accepts these desires, whatever they are. It is not concerned with what those desires are; it gives the one successful method of achieving them, and the success that their achieving brings.

You may want to be a television executive or an industrial labor leader, a "glamor girl" or a Moses of the hundred million, a martyr to man's betterment or a tiny Napoleon among gangsters. That is all one to this book. Whether you want to succeed in finance, politics, love, loafing, stamp-collecting, or goldfish-swallowing, that is your business: this book will help you to make a success of it. There will be no weighing of causes, aims, ambitions, wants, desires, or of the social value of these and the successes they may entail. This book has one problem set out before it, and only one: to indicate how your words, used properly, may be the atom-smashing open-sesame to whatever heaven on earth you desire.

The world today is entrenched in opposing camps, on every subject in which there is a difference of opinion. This book will side with none of them. It is a book of a method, not of ultimate objectives. This book will encourage the warriors on both sides of all these questions to speak, to illustrate their word-usage, and the better bring out the book's theme.

It is thus offered to the fighters on both sides of every cause. The side that takes advantage of it first and most fully will win.

This book is as American as Plymouth Rock or the Declaration of Independence. It is the Plymouth Rock that will welcome you to a new continent of individual freedom and success. It is your own Declaration of Independence from failure, and it may achieve for you ampler life, liberty and the winning of success and happiness.

You can talk yourself into whatever you want.

It is about time you learned how.

Here's how!

CHAPTER TWO:

Don't Be An Echo

We Are Born Original—

THE WISE TEACHER in word-usage—in effective conversation, public speaking, prose-writing, verse-writing—drives home to his pupils:

> Don't be an echo—be yourself! Don't be a parrot, be a person! Don't be a copycat, be your original self! Don't be a borrower, an imitator, a plagiarist: say your own unique word!
>
> Nobody on earth has the same pair of eyes that you have. When you see anything, you see it differently from anyone that ever lived. Why not say what *you* see, in your own way and your own words, instead of merely mimicking somebody else's vision and his expression of it?
>
> Don't say, don't write, a phrase like *golden sunrise*. You know it's been said before; why be a mere ditto-mark? Somebody sweated his spirit's blood, once, to coin that phrase, to wring it out of his soul. Get to work, sweat a little blood yourself, and create something as good—or better.
>
> *Azure skies*, *white as the lily*, *black as night*, all these phrases are secondhand or worse, worn out, overused, hackneyed, clichés. You see freshly, with fresh vision. You understand freshly. Then *say* it freshly, too! Say *gold-shimmering sunrise*, *white as an Easter lily*, *black as an African night:* anything that leaves your own unique touch on everything you say.

Such words of wisdom are of incalculable value to those who listen, and hear, and heed, and follow.

—*And Are Too Often Educated Into Imitative Mediocrity*

Since each of us started individual, unique, original, what warped us into imitativeness?

The necessary preliminaries of education—continued too long.

At home, when we first started to use words, we were taught with loving thoroughness: "This is a rose. It is red. The rose is red. Now say, 'The rose is red!' " Only so could we be taught words, at first: as rigid conventions; as conventions to express things already seen and observed and described by others.

It was too early to teach us that each fact was different to each one of us. We could not be taught, at first, that effective speech consists always of saying things individually, differently, as they must appear differently to each of us. Most of us were never taught this all-vital lesson.

A parrot is taught to say "Polly wants a cracker!" One parrot was even taught to repeat the Declaration of Independence. But he remained a parrot.

We were taught in school to speak pieces in public: elocution. The simplest way was to say, "Say this just the way teacher says it." This simplest way was followed. The right way: "Say it in your own unique individual manner!" was never taught us. All of this is excellent training, if somehow it has been made clear from the start and throughout that the purpose of the training is to permit us to be ourselves, and learn to say our own words most effectively.

When acting is mere imitation, it is no more than a parrot art. I have heard the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy from *Hamlet* delivered by Edwin Booth, by Richard Mansfield, by Frederick Losey and Walter Hampden, by John Barrymore and Maurice Evans. Each rendition was creative, original, unique. These men were themselves, and not mere parrots. Even their acting was individual. Your speaking, in private or public, must always be as original, in order to be true to yourself; in order to be most effective.

Any other type of education misses the very spirit of the process. Education comes from the Latin *ex* or *e*, out, plus *ducere*, to lead. The very word tells what the process ought to be: *leading out* from inside yourself what you really are and and really see, and hence really think. Real education means guiding you to your own unique expression; not turning you into a Charlie McCarthy.

Real education does not turn its graduates out like cheap identical water tumblers sold by the dozen, or cheap identical pencils sold by the gross. The tumbler holds water; but it is not its own water. The pencil writes words; but they are not the pencil's words.

Too often, when the student wanted to learn to speak, his teachers would say "Study Demosthenes, Cicero, Daniel Webster, Lincoln, and speak as they did." Or, if he wanted to learn to write, "Study Shakespeare or Tennyson, Stevenson or Flaubert, and write as they did." They expanded on how Stevenson read each author for style, and then closed the book and tried to reproduce what he had read in the same style; and ended up that he finally wrote *Treasure Island* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* How often did they emphasize that Stevenson's greatness came because he was by nature *not* imitative, and developed out of these valuable exercises in imitation a style as crystal-clear as water from a mountain spring?

Even the person who is self-educated usually absorbs the same misconception of education, unknowingly. Too many textbooks on writing are inspired by the desire to turn out successful imitators, not authentic writers. Thus individuality is in the end sterilized into imitative mediocrity.

Instead of imitating others, dig into your own brain, your own individuality. Here is where real pay dirt lies.

Imitativeness Is as Dull as Warmed-Over Dishwater

Imitativeness is a rut leading to ultimate failure, through a stage of brief minor praise for the mimicry. It is always a detour from real success. At most, it brings a second-rate success, an imitative success. Popular drama and movies and Tin Pan Alley successes are often imitative. But, when they are, they never achieve the enduring success of an original product.

This is essentially logical. Original speech is fresh, newly created: as exciting as seeing a new star, or inventing a new cake or a new cocktail. Speech that merely repeats what others have said is secondhand, at best; or tenth- or thousandth-hand. We've all heard it before; we can hardly keep from yawning. It lacks novelty, and is dead as soon as it is uttered. If newspapers similarly featured ancient news, how much reader-interest would they gain? Suppose you picked up this morning's paper, and found that the leading headlines on page one were:

> Garfield Defeats Hancock for the Presidency!
>
> Guatemala Decides to Invade Costa Rica
>
> Giants Expected to Win 1904 Pennant
>
> Asa Succeeds Abijah as King of Judah

All these things no doubt happened; but, as news, they are dead and inconsequential to us. Our minds demand fresh news, and the fresh statement of it. It is no longer news that Darwin announced that man's close cousins can be found in the Primate House at the zoo. It would be news if Einstein announced in tomorrow's paper that the moon is made of cream cheese, and the sun of American store cheese. It might be wrong; but there would be people to believe it even so, and there would be interest in it on every side.

Every speech, every writing, gains interest insofar as it is fresh and new and creative and original, and not a mere rehash of yesterday's ideas. The ideal way *not* to make a speech at a banquet is to commence it like this:

> Ladies and gentlemen, I can't tell you what great pleasure it gives me to be with you this evening. I have greatly enjoyed listening to the witty remarks of our toastmaster, and the eloquence of the previous speakers. Something reminded me of an amusing story you've no doubt heard before. A friend meets a man on the street, and says, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" The

> man answers, "That wasn't no lady, that was my wife." I think that's awfully funny too. Er, I'm very glad to be with you this evening, in this the finest city in the world, in the most progressive state in the Union, in the most modern age that the world has ever known! And that reminds me—

How long before the audience would walk out on such an ancient scratched record, as full of wheezes as galloping asthma?

Did you ever think that most of *your* talk is just as bad? Well, let's list instead things your friends say to you:

> It's a fine morning, isn't it?
> It looks like rain, I guess.
> I certainly like flowers.
> I think Amos and Andy are swell.
> Gee, conditions in business are certainly terrible.
> No, my rheumatism isn't any better; it runs in the family, I guess.
> Gosh, this *is* an awful day! But it's not the heat, it's the humidity.
> I never could stand cats—I don't know, I just don't like 'em. They give me a funny feeling.
> You're not looking so well; aren't you feeling well?
> I guess we'll have an upturn soon.
> I'm not very good at bridge; but I can make a fourth.
> I tell you, things were different when I was a boy.
> Yes, I would like another helping, please. I always say there's nothing like a good sizzling steak.

You must know dozens of people who habitually speak so dully and uninterestingly.

Every one of these remarks could have been made with some freshness:

> Did you ever see such a bracing morning!
> That sky has a rain look to me.
> I like flowers. They seem to bring the outdoors inside.
> Amos and Andy are old-fashioned minstrels, brought up to date.
> Business conditions certainly demand improvement.
> No, my rheumatism hasn't improved. It sticks, like a lot of hereditary things.
> If the air were dryer, this heat wouldn't be so appalling.

> I always have an uneasy feeling when cats are around.
>
> You do look a little off your feed. I hope you feel better than you look.
>
> It's about time for that upturn we're entitled to.
>
> I'm only passable at bridge; but I'll be glad to learn, anyhow.
>
> I can remember when conditions were quite a bit better.
>
> That steak's delicious. I will have a little more.

There are countless better variations. You can do better with each yourself. But the principle of the thing is present. Let your speech be fresh and creative continually; for the real *you*, once you have come to the surface out of the slough of imitativeness, is constantly fresh and creative.

Put Your Unique Personal Stamp On Everything You Say

This matter is so vital that it will rate a whole chapter soon. It's enough at this moment to plant the seed, and postpone the cultivation until we reach its proper place. The general idea will forever aid you: put your own stamp on everything you say! Let it always be *you* talking, not merely a transcribed recording.

When we come to the actual living speech of the leaders in American achievement in all fields, it will become clearer how vital this is. Until then, take it on faith. And, meanwhile, start experimenting on moving your own speech out of the rubber-stamp class.

Don't Be an Echo—It's the Main Highroad to Insignificance

A parrot is at least alive. An echo is not even that.

Echoes are worth a moment's thought. We have one in our yard. If we shout "Hello!" toward the barn or the hill beyond, the echo shouts back "Hello!" If we say "Good morning!" it will meticulously repeat "Good morning"; or, if the words come too slowly, perhaps merely " 'd morning."

But it will never say "Hello yourself!" unless *we* say it first. It never answers anything; it merely repeats.

An echo is reported in Switzerland that answers your "Good morning!" with "Spend another week here, then." But it keeps the local hotel almost bankrupt paying the salary of the man that does this echoing.

And just how important is an echo? The mere yesman is a convenience, who is ultimately passed by, in favor of some more constructive worker. Men hear echoes, and pass on unmoved. But the man whose voice caused the echo—*he* may be listened to, and observed, and perhaps obeyed. At least, he will be accepted as a man, as an individual.

An echo is a mere conduit to convey some other man's words. It is the water that is finally important, not the conduit or pipe that conveys it. We never build a waterworks system and forget to put the water in; it would be utterly useless to quench our thirst. We could get along with the water without the conduit; we could never be content with the pipes without the water. We can get along with the command without the echo; we couldn't even have the echo, without the command.

An echo is no more than the sheet of paper used for a letter to convey another's words and thoughts to us. It is the words and the thoughts and the other person that affect us, not the mere sheet of paper with the conventional symbols marked on it that constitutes the letter. Don't be a letter; be the person that writes it!

And don't be the sort of multiple echo of other people's ideas and thoughts and words and phrases that you have always been. Be yourself, an original speaker, with all your originality speaking in all you say.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER THREE:

Use Strategy: Plead for His Desires

It's Not Enough to Demand What You Want

ASSUMING THAT WE have eliminated the first detour to failure—echoing the thoughts, ideas, words and phrases of others—would our words then possess persuasiveness?

By no means.

If the Caveman were taught to use words so that he could precisely communicate what he wanted and insisted upon, his hearers, who knew the meanings of words, would understand. All too well. But not one of them would be persuaded. For the Caveman's wants, desires, ambitions and dreams are personal to himself. Selfish. That's how life began; man had to be selfish in order to survive. That's how the lower forms of life still function, in order to continue. Regard for the other person, called altruism, is a late human development. It is still minor among many people, compared to their enormous selfishness.

But one person's selfishness is distinctly unpopular with other people. Skunks never run in packs. No matter how often the Caveman would say, "*I* want—" this or that, the others would jeer, with crushing logic: "Oh, you *do!* Well, what of it? Who cares? You may want to your heart's content, until the cows come home sprouting feathers, but don't include *us* in your plans. If you want so much for yourself, why don't you try to take it?"

The same thing has been true of every man and woman since the Caveman, who used his crude and selfish directness. We are all born selfish, to a greater or less extent—or we couldn't continue to live. The price of keeping alive is an insistence on what it takes to keep us alive. If we did not make sure that we received what life required, we would be no more than Dr. Carrel's famous human heart, kept artificially alive in a chemical retort, and fed with chemicals, since it is incapable of feeding itself. Life must be self-centered, or perish.

And yet, very properly, no one is interested in our self-centered desires, except as something to note and shy away from.

How are we going to continue to be ourselves, then, and still persuade others? For there is a way, and an easy way.

Under what conditions will another person favor *your* desires? Only when he sees in your desires a benefit, a gain, or a profit to himself. Hence your task will be to convince your hearer that you have broadened your own desires so as to include his objective as well as your own. Since your desire started out wholly or at least partly self-centered, how are you going to translate it so that, in the hearer's ears, it becomes an expression of what *he* wants, as well? And wants it so much that he identifies your desire as his own, and gladly enrolls himself under its banner, and sees to it that you achieve it?

This calls for a little excavating into psychology. Psychology is far simpler than it sounds; it merely means the sum of everything you want and think, and how you express your wants and thoughts, and how this expression affects those who hear it. What, then, does psychology tell us is the right answer to this problem: how to broaden our self-centered desires, so that our hearer recognizes his own desires in them?

Learn to Use the Method of Mind: Strategy

The method of nature, as Lester F. Ward points out in his *Pure Sociology*, is wasteful in the extreme: an infinity of chances involving an infinity of resources, so that the few best may automatically survive. Only nature could afford such a wasteful method. The method of mind is its exact opposite: economy for the first time, which sees its objective in advance, and achieves it.

This achieving is always done indirectly, or by strategy. Intuitive strategy, such as animals use, and men start with, is self-centered. Hence it is only fit to satisfy an immediate desire, or to escape a danger. It never seeks to *persuade*, as reason soon learned to do.

Reasoning came in with animals that preyed on other animals. Here for the first time it became necessary for the hunter to prevent the efforts of the prey to escape—efforts involving speed, powers of flight, burrowing, concealment. The simple strategy used by the hunter is called the ruse; and it involved, for the first time, cunning. Man derived the ruse from preying animals, and used it to trap his prey. The famous Greek use of the Wooden Horse to capture Troy is a historical example of the ruse.

A higher stage in the use of strategy was required in taming animals. When the adults proved untamable, man discovered that the young could be tamed by kindness and a continual supply of food, until their natures became docile and they were contented in their captivity. Slavery was broadened to include human slaves, who ultimately accepted their lot cheerfully, especially when taught that they were by nature inferior to the masters.

In business, strategy advanced from the simple ruse to universal shrewdness, universally considered ethical. Business developed codes which prohibited certain unfair practices, while putting a premium on farsighted shrewdness. In practice, business went further, and for self-defense adopted an altruism based on the theory that gain for all was better than gain for some and loss for others. Politics is saturated with shrewdness, which tends to broaden into general benefit. Warfare relies on strategy as one of its major weapons. International affairs evolved the purr above the steel claws called diplomacy.

Highest of all forms of strategy is that used by the mind in dealing with inanimate objects, called ingenuity; and this leads to invention. An invention always uses an indirect method of harnessing natural materials and powers.

Once the importance and omnipresence of strategy in the mind's activities is understood, we revert to our problem: how is strategy to be called to our aid in making our hearer see that we have broadened our self-centered desires to include his desires as well, and thus make him our ally, instead of our opponent or merely an indifferent onlooker?

Express Your Desire So That the Hearer Sees His Desire in It

Obviously, the first thing for you to do is to broaden, externalize, and objectify your self-centered desire so that it includes your hearer's desire as well; and so to present it to him that he recognizes his own desire as of primary importance in your proposal, and hence favors it. Let your words plead for his desires. This is the second commandment for achieving persuasiveness and success in word-usage. It is absolutely essential.

This process of broadening your desires is often of great value to you. Only the Caveman type remains forever self-centered; and this type is foredoomed to failure, under modern conditions, which make us dependent in so infinitely many ways on others. The process causes you to consider and understand your hearer's problems, as well as your own; and this is educational and broadening to your personality. You may even find that his desires are better than yours, and more truly express what you are after; you may find that they are of equal merit, and can be harnessed with yours, to a gain for both of you. At worst, a compromise will be involved. But life requires constant compromises, so long as the major integrity of your aims and desires is not harmed; and usually both parties gain from a compromise.

If you express only *your* desire baldly, your hearer will properly reject it for its selfishness. If you say to a man, "Here's what *you* want; let's do it!" and he believes you, it is only natural for him to leap to help you achieve this desire of his. Thus never say, "*I* want," "I propose," "I insist," "I demand," or any other insistent clamor commenced by "I." As Belle R. Harrison phrased it,

> But you'll always find a welcome,
> And your friends will wish you nigh,
> If you strive
> In conversation to
> Eliminate the I.

Instead of using the "I," say, "What *you* want," "What *you* desire"; and, if you make it persuasive, he will accept it and follow it.

Or, better still, since your hearer may never quite get over his conviction that you are at least partially self-centered, admit it openly in what you say, which will be "What *we* want," "What *we* desire," "What *we* need"; and he will accept it, while realizing your admitted interest in your own affairs, as well as his. He will understand that you have broadened your desires to include his. This he may favor, since his own desires are included with yours; for you will make him realize that he, or any individual, may secure his desires all the more quickly, if joined at the same time with yours or those of other individuals. There is strength in numbers, in alliances. You will not find it hard to make him see this.

A primitive tribesman is hungry. So are you. You say "Let's trap and kill a hippopotamus so that we can both eat." He knows that the prize will feed an entire village. His hunger dictates his answer: "I'm with you!" But if you had said, "Let's trap and kill a hippopotamus so *I* can eat," he would at best grudgingly accept, regretting your evidence of selfishness; and he might even reject your proposal, for the same reason.

A modern businessman needs profits. He says to his workmen, "Let's both of us accept a cut in profits and wages so that we can capture a certain market and both prosper." The altruistic wording—including the workmen in the ultimate gain, as well as in the initial sacrifice—may well win enthusiastic backing. It is clear that it would have been sure of failure, if the proposal had been "*You* accept a cut in wages so that I can capture a certain market and prosper." Understanding his workmen's needs and incorporating them in the plea brings the businessman in line with progressive business leaders today, and is part of the process which makes a nation collectively successful.

Thus the plea for your desires must be broadened until it is altruistic; until it accepts the other fellow's point of view, and incorporates it in your proposal. Only thus can it be persuasive.

Should This Alter Your Desire? Three Possible Answers

You may, of course, substitute his desire for your own, once you have understood it, and plead for and achieve it. This would not be achieving your own success, but your hearer's. Unless you happen to be one of the extreme type, whose highest success is seeing that other people achieve their desires. This would be the easiest of all pleas to make persuasive, and the easiest, of all successes to win. But, since such excessive altruists are rare, we need go into this answer no further.

The second answer is to understand your hearer's desires, incorporate them with your own, and plead for the joint objective. This method would apply, whether your hearer be one or a million persons. There are many reasons in favor of adopting this course as your general rule. From the bald fact of your needing his aid and calling for it, it is the ethical thing to do, for life cannot long consist of getting something for nothing. As God says in my *Blind Mary*, "For all you get, you've got to pay." Sooner or later he may comprehend your procedure; his sense of fairness will tell him that this is what you should have done. Above your point of view, and his, objectively it is almost always the beneficial course to adopt. Teamwork has its merits, whether of two or more laborers seeking to raise their wages, or two or more farmers seeking to raise prices for their products, or a man and a woman trying to make a success of life together, or any group of people whose interests are made identical by any situation, especially by an emergency. In all such cases, a blending of the desires into one joint whole is the wisest course, and helps you and your hearer or hearers alike. Thus your application of strategy here has grown into something that we have been taught to regard as nobler—a collective or social viewpoint, or even altruism.

There is a third answer: merely to pretend to adopt his desires, after understanding them. We have pointed out some of the dangers in this course. It is unethical, and ultimately belittling to yourself. He may penetrate the sham at any time, resent it, and turn violently from your cause. The gain is to you only; and your major gain increasingly appears to involve the gains of others as well. It is a course not to be recommended in the vast majority of cases. Yet, if you weigh the matter, and decide upon it, it has strong probability of success, unless or until it is comprehended, and your plea, branded as a sham, acts as a boomerang.

Are there any cases in which it is justified, and even wise? We must exclude situations in which you pretend compliance with the desires of your hearers, while really persuading them to action that means the satisfaction of your desires, and not theirs—where you have decided upon this through farsightedness, realizing or believing that your course, in the long run, will better them far more than the satisfaction of their own desires. If your hearers wanted some economic or political policy which you, as a specialist in the subject, were convinced would ultimately be suicidal to their happiness, you might conceivably be justified in strategy to secure your wiser course. For the ultimate objective here would be the benefit of your hearers, as well as of yourself: definite altruism, as far as your intent at least is concerned.

Consider, however, your situation after the joint objective has been reached. You must remain self-centered, to some extent; you will have individual desires, which will demand individual satisfaction, that the others cannot easily participate in. Achieve the millennium, and each of us would still want something individual that the other fellow cannot share—as a desire, or when achieved. If you wanted to marry one particular girl, for instance. Go as far as you can in easing the paths of others to marry other girls; your own desire cannot be a joint objective, in our culture. Or if you were a collector of rare jewels, and desired one unique gem, it might well be that no collective ownership would satisfy your own nature. In dealing with equals, you can barter and compromise: this to me, that to you;

and often both win. In dealing with those not sensitive enough to grasp your profound inner individual need, your strategy may tend toward being more self-centered than the instances recommended so far. The spirit of compromise should always, however, suffuse your own efforts: "For all you get, you've got to pay." This sense of fairness will strengthen your own efforts. All in all, we may as well leave selfishness to the Caveman, and discipline ourselves into a success increasingly general.

It is not hard to become a "selfishness detective" where the efforts of others are concerned, and learn from such instances to avoid similar efforts to sugar-coat the primitive trait with a thin coating of apparent altruism. Some of the following statements ring of concealed selfishness; some reek with it. How would you rank them?

> This hurts me more than it does you, son.
>
> I'm proposing this for your own good, not for mine.
>
> You can see the immense advantage of spending a few dollars more for the *right* sort of car, can't you?
>
> A vote for our party is a vote for yourself.
>
> I believe in liberty of speech, not license; so shut up!
>
> You furnish the girl, we furnish the house.
>
> Join the Navy and see the world!
>
> Our inn is restricted to the better type of people.
>
> Insure with us, and provide against poverty in your old age.
>
> The whole world longs to have its problems settled by the superior Nordics.

Never be ashamed that life began self-centered, or that you did; or that self-interest is the engine that keeps life going, and you going. But be proud that man has developed a broadening and collective outlook that blends desires and objectives into gain for far more than one—including yourself. Be proud in proportion as you develop this outlook; for it is this outlook, when expressed effectively, that is the surest foundation for your success.

Your success in word-usage depends upon making the other fellow constantly surer that you are doing everything as a joint agent, in your joint interest. And, as always, the repetition of such an outlook makes it increasingly true. The word is so potent that what is said enough becomes true. Say, then, the right word.

Use the Right Strategy Yourself

Never forget the magic inherent in words themselves. Call a thing by a persuasive name, and you give it a self-starter, and a tendency toward perpetual motion.

A hospitable household had a cook who recently prepared a wonderful chocolate cake for discriminating guests who were expected. But her boiled icing failed. It looked like something out of LePage. It weighed so much that it split the top layer, and sent its two halves skidding down. The host considered the problem, and directed that it be served. He asked the guests if they had ever eaten Sudeten pudding. They said no, and went to the dessert with a relish which even the host shared, forgetting why he had given the cake that christening. —The magic inherent in words themselves.

If you were explaining this chapter to someone, and said that the mind's method was *deception,* and not strategy, would you have been as persuasive? There are overtones to deception that are not pleasant, that are unacceptable, repelling, faintly disgusting. Strategy is what George Washington used against Braddock and Cornwallis. From every point of view, it is the more logical word to use, isn't it?

Lester Ward, however, called it deception throughout. He died without people ever realizing how much good hard common sense was in his analysis of the mind's method. Because he hadn't chosen a winning word.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER FOUR:

Speak Your Hearer's Language

It's Vital to Understand the Other Fellow's Viewpoint

YOU CANNOT PLEAD for your hearer's desires, unless you understand them sufficiently to satisfy him. The effectiveness of your appeal is in direct proportion to your success in understanding his desires, and your skill in incorporating them in your plea.

Here's where you become a practical psychologist, and recognize that you are. As a matter of fact, you always were, although it may have been unguessed by you. After learning to identify your own wishes and the thoughts that come as their servants, make it your business to get inside your hearer's wish-machine and his idea-factory, and size the products up so that you can incorporate them in your plea for your own wishes.

There's nothing more fatal to your plea than misunderstanding your hearer's viewpoint, and hence misrepresenting it. It makes him depreciate you for your uncomprehension. To himself, he seems as easy to understand as falling off a greased log; hasn't *he* always understood himself? It makes him hate you for your uncomprehending opposition to what he wants, or, quite as bad, your ignoring it for something in which he is not the least bit interested.

Thus you would offend, and not persuade, a group who had religious scruples about the use of playing cards, if you tried to sell them playing cards. Unless you knew that they really wanted the cards to play such games as Old Maid, Authors, and Animals. In that case, you could either sell them specialized cards, not playing cards, adapted to the games they wanted to play; or point out that playing cards, as purchased by them for games they knew were harmless, were not playing cards in the objectionable sense, but merely cards to be used for the innocent games.

A desire is called, technically, a wish-fulfilment: something that a person wishes to have fulfilled or accomplished. The science that deals with wish-fulfilments, psychoanalysis, says that our life is largely made up of wish-fulfilments. Hence, your success in impressing your will upon your fellows will increase in proportion with your understanding of his point of view; and, more importantly, his point of wish-fulfilment.

A lecturer I knew was once on a White Star Mediterranean cruise where most of the passengers were Southern. The orchestra at the leading hotel in Algiers sought to make the group feel at home when they stopped there, by playing a medley of Southern favorites. They roamed through *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, "I Wanna Be in Tennessee," *Carolina Moon*, and finally reached *Marching Through Georgia*. At this, the Southerners stood up en masse, hissed, gave the rebel yell, and seemed disposed to gang up on the musicians, until the Cook's man hushed them and apologized. To the entertainers, *Marching Through Georgia* seemed a pretty compliment to the sons and daughters of the Conquered Banner; to the Southerners, it said that Sherman and his Yankees were coming; and it was time for the Southerners to swing the orchestra to the tune of *Dixie*. Don't make a mistake as to what the other fellow's point of view is.

The best equipment for this third secret of the use of winning words, understanding your hearer's viewpoint and speaking his language, is to become an adequate psychologist, comprehending his viewpoint, no matter how illogical and irrational it may be; and to become an adequate psychoanalyst, understanding his wish-fulfilments.

Learn to put yourself imaginatively in the other fellow's place, and see what he really wants.

The farmer wants better prices for his products so that he can get a new car, an improved radio with miracle control, an electrified barn and house, and all the gadgets that mean so much to a family thrown on its own resources much of the year. No matter what project you are asking the farmer to support, to give you *your* wishes, word it so that it drives home to him that saying yes to your proposition means getting what *he* wants.

The city man or woman is seldom interested in higher prices for milk or wheat, eggs or truck vegetables, and indeed opposes these, until you tie up your plea for higher prices with some realization of what he or she wants: more income, less outgo, cheaper prices for whatever the city folks have to buy. However much the interests of farmer and city dweller may be interlocked, however the success of the one depends on the success of the other, you must appeal to the innate individual selfishness in each, before persuading either.

The reactionary capitalist is, on the whole, little interested in higher prices for farm products, or in cheaper prices for city dwellers. He wants more profits; that's what he's in business for. All right, present your proposition, whatever it is, so that it appeals to his self-centered desires: "If you accept my proposition, it is bound to mean increased dividends," or increased profits, or a quicker turnover, with less overhead. Widen his outlook all you please—provided you do *not* add, "This will, of course, mean less profits for you." That isn't tact or courtesy. And it is execrable psychology.

The same thing goes for any hearer. Get inside his wishes and ideas, and incorporate them in your plea.

Talk the Language of the Man You Are Talking to

It is obvious, then, that you have to be more than a theoretical psychologist or psychoanalyst. You must talk the precise language of the hearer.

Would you try to sell machinery to Frenchmen who didn't understand English, when you didn't know a word of French?

Don't trust an interpreter; he might use all the unmagical words, and consciously or unconsciously sabotage you into failure. Would you try to sell the works of Heine, Mann, and Einstein to Germans knowing only their own language, when you spoke only Yiddish? I wouldn't advise you to find out by trying it even once.

Each group of men or women, as well as each individual man or woman, has its own language, including pet words that are as sacred as *shibboleth* to the men of Gilead. That story is worth remembering.

Jephthah, one of the strong men of Israel called the "Judges," had to face his kinsmen the Ephraimites, who announced that they were going to annihilate him, because he had not called on them to aid his warfare. Instead, Jephthah and his men defeated the Ephraimites, and captured the fords of the Jordan.

> And it was so, that, when any of the fugitives of Ephraim said, Let me go over, the men of Gilead said to him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay;
>
> then they said unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right; then they laid hold on him, and slew him at the fords of the Jordan. And there fell at that time of Ephraim forty and two thousand.

If the Ephraimites had been able to use the language of the Gileadites, they would have escaped this wholesale slaughter. You must, as part of your understanding of the other man, learn his language, and talk it.

If you are talking to a group of laboring men, find out what particular shibboleths they use, and use them yourself, making sure you use them correctly. One group may need to be talked to in terms of class-consciousness—

> We're *all* class-conscious! We're conscious of belonging to that magnificent class called Americans!

or the profit system—

> I'm proposing a profit system in which we will *all* profit!

or historic determinism—

> America will *make* the history which does the determining!

Another group may prefer to talk of the closed shop—

> Let's close the shop against unemployment, and low wages, and long hours, and failure, and open it to prosperity!

By now, you begin to see how any shibboleth can be adapted to aid you in winning your own fight. After all, people who merely repeat shibboleths unaltered are the echoes. Be the voice, not the echo—but use the right shibboleth when you speak.

A different kind of wording will appeal to such varied groups as a gathering of leading clubwomen, with a perturbed husband or two in the back row; an air audience of swing-addicts; a Rotary Club gathering, sandwiching you in between the ice cream and *My Rotary Ann;* a Boy Scout jamboree; or a conclave of scientists. Learn the language of the individual or group you are appealing to, and then use it to insure your success.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER FIVE:

Use Your Words as Alarm-Clocks

Stop the Other Fellow from Snoring

MOST PEOPLE GO through life awake only to their own desires and their methods of securing them; and sound asleep to *your* wishes and my wishes and everything else in the world. Each of them is wrapped in his own self-centered affairs as tightly as an Egyptian mummy was swathed against the slowly unwinding centuries. The mind of each one throws a bright light on what he wants, and how he hopes and schemes to get it; but beyond this tiny hemisphere of light is a universe of almost impenetrable fog, making it difficult for him to see anything beyond his own two-by-four igloo of a world. His selfishness has thrown out a perpetual smoke screen to hide his little world of I-want and I-get from the rest of the world; and at the same time that smoke screen hides *your* desires, and the rest of the world as well, from him.

Life moves, by preference, in an igloo of its own privacy. Animals, as a rule, are quite as wrapped up in their own affairs. They seldom show an interest in you, until they include you in their own affairs as a possible danger, or a possible prey. And man is just another animal in this regard.

How are you going to cut through the mummy-cloths around the other fellow's personality, and make sure that he knows you are alive? How are you going to get through his mental fog so that your desire can widen his two-by-four igloo of a world? How are you going to pierce the smoke screen he skulks behind? How are you going to make him as wide-awake to your desires as to his own? How are you going to stop him from snoring when you are explaining your desires, which you have broadened to include his, as well?

The squid fouls the water with a cloud of India ink, to cloak his attack or his flight. Men squirt out as definite a cloud of antipathy or indifference toward anything outside of their own desires. They build a wall of stolid unconcern, and expect it to keep out every interruption. How are you going to get beyond the squid cloud with your plea for your own desires? How are you going to pierce that wall of aloof indifference?

It's easy to get anyone's attention for a moment. Even an animal is disturbed by a sudden noise or sight: for this has pierced the igloo of his privacy, and he is aware of it—until he is sure it does not menace him or fit into his desires as prey. People will look at you and listen to you—for the first moment. Consider that American landmark, the Indian herb doctor at the County Fair, and his method. He pulls out some superannuated old rattler, and starts playing with it. He has the crowd's momentary interest. Observe his technique from that moment on: on the job every minute, until you move on with a bottle of Rattlesnake Oil for your rheumatism in your pocket. The town crier clangs his bell, and keeps on clanging it, to make sure that people listen to all his announcements. The presiding officer crashes down with his gavel to rouse his hearers from their dreams. The hearers will start snoozing and daydreaming again, unless the man with the gavel works fast and shrewdly.

If you say to any man or group, "I'm here to give you exactly what you want," of course you win attention for a moment. That puts you, for the moment, inside the igloo of privacy, and makes you a part of it; for it is walled with its owner's desires. But, unless you have some novelty and originality in what you are saying, the igloo dweller will shut you out, seal the igloo against you, and resume his snoring at once, yawning a bored "Some more of the same old stuff I've been hearing all my life!"

Your words themselves, your choice of them, your use of them, must continually be alarm-clocks that keep clanging away, until you have the sleeper out of bed and dressing and listening to what you have to say.

Keep Your Vocabulary Reconditioned

There is nothing so deadly to listen to as the same old thing that you have heard again and again. It's impossible for a hearer to stay awake long under it, even if he wants to. To put yourself to sleep, don't bother with counting sheep jumping a fence or Fords crashing at a grade intersection: just imagine yourself listening to a barrage of words and ideas that are all museum pieces.

Words need to have sharp edges to prod the attention awake, and keep it so. Words and phrases that have become shopworn through long use have lost their power. Using them is like using a dull carving knife in the hopeless effort to make an impression on a tough steak. If your words, your phrases, your ideas, are all secondhand, or tenth hand, or millionth hand, they sink like lead in the other fellow's sea of indifference. And he keeps on snoring.

If your usual speaking consists of words, phrases, and ideas with whiskers on them, find a razor and bring them out from behind all that shrubbery.

For, remember forever, they are *not* what you are really wanting or thinking. That is always something fresh, unique, original, individual. There's nothing dull, secondhand, or bewhiskered about the real you. Shovel aside the worn-out topsoil of shopworn, secondhand, bewhiskered words, phrases, and ideas, and get down to the bedrock of what you really want and mean. A chunk of this bedrock will soon rouse him to wakefulness. It will be alarm-clock enough.

This almost sounds as if I were advising you to talk only in gags like your favorite radio comedian. I am—providing you understand that by gags I mean fresh, original, and individual phrasing. Gags like President Roosevelt's "the forgotten man," which made every American echo the hero of *What Every Young Man Should Know*, "That's me! *That's me!* THAT'S ME!" Or Al Smith's disconsolate comment to the Republicans, when the New Deal flattened Landon in 1936, "You can't beat Santa Claus"—that is, nobody is going to vote against the man whose business in life is giving presents to everybody. Or Theodore Roosevelt's, "Walk softly, but carry a big stick," which made every hearer wonder if he ought to get a head-protector.

Let your words, phrases, and ideas crackle and sparkle with your own innate freshness of viewpoint and individuality so that as long as you speak they continue to be alarm-clocks, keeping the hearer wide-awake to everything you have to say—and all that you leave unsaid.

In other words, you must keep your vocabulary constantly reconditioned. The vigorous, constantly developing American language will more than fit your amplest needs, if you'll just put a new roof on the body of your sentences, and have the engine overhauled so that your individual energy gets full play in every phrase you utter, and have a new coat of paint put on the old parts, to give them an appearance of constant newness.

In order to keep your hearer from snoring, keep your vocabulary constantly reconditioned.

Repetition Becomes Invisible; Only Change Is Seen

A new path, the first time you walk it, seems far longer than when you have become familiar with it. The number of unfamiliar things that you observe on it, the first time, lengthens it in your brain; you estimate its length by the number of new things you saw. Once these have become familiar, you ignore them, and estimate the path as short, since there is so little of interest along it.

Eyes developed as specialized touch-cells, to see motion, and not still life. Their first functions were to identify a moving object as a possible danger (to permit flight from it), or as a possible addition to the diet. There are many, even among the higher animals, whose vision is still restricted to moving things; as long as you remain absolutely motionless, you continue to be invisible to them.

If you are on a train, moving through a monotonous prairie broken only by identical telegraph poles spaced evenly, you will notice the first ones carefully, but soon the very monotony will blur them until you cannot even see them any more, but by an effort of will. Stare fixedly at any object, and soon you cease to see it; you drowse, or the freed mind wanders away to its daydreams of wish-fulfilment.

Monotony of speech does the same thing to your hearer. Even if he has been won to sympathy in advance for what you are going to say, a repetition of the same old words and phrases and ideas and tones will make him drowse soon enough. He will wander off into his own daydreams, and all your words will have been merely waste of breath. The repetition of the same thing over and over may have a hypnotic effect, but this is not the most effective type of persuasion. For people rouse out of a hypnotic state; while the persuasion of the alert mind sticks, until the hearer is persuaded to something else by a newer speaker.

Novelty always attracts. Overfamiliarity always repels.

Your words, phrases, ideas, and even your tones must have novelty and variation enough to act as alarm-clocks, and keep your hearer wide awake.

Stamp Your Originality on Every Phrase You Use

When you use a phrase or sentence exactly as you found it, you are guilty of borrowing, to put it politely; and, to put it impolitely, of plagiarism. Plagiarism means literary theft. How often your remarks have been guilty of the equivalent of plagiarism! How often *mine* were, until I realized my own verbal larceny.

Once you have learned the importance of whittling every word-group you use into some freshness and novelty, it becomes increasingly easy. It quickens *your* mind constantly, and at the same time enriches the language by fresh usages. It makes you a language creator, not a language parrot.

Never use such a familiar simile, for instance, as *white as snow*, *black as coal*, *red as a rose*, *heavy as lead*, or any of the rest of the venerable likenings or similes that are already on deposit in the Bank of English Usage. Vary each one, in the direction of your own vision, your own desires. *White as bleached snow* is an improvement, or *white as January snow*, or *white as snow on coal*—the possible variations are infinite. Similar original variations would be *black as Pittsburgh coal, red as an artificial rose, heavy as weighted lead*—or anything else with your own individuality stamped on it.

Moreover, you can always create your own similes, fresher and more arresting than the museum pieces first given: *white as bleached paper, black as the inside of a molecule of tar, red as Chamberlain's face when Hitler took the Sudeten, heavy as the tax burden in Germany.* Or *white as dry ice, black as hatred, red as Lenin, heavy as an overdue mortgage.* The mere pleasure of creating new word-usages is a tremendous bonus on investing in word originality.

If you repeat ponderously, "Honesty is the best policy," "The early bird catches the worm," "A man should attend to his own business," "Set a thief to catch a thief," all you can get credit for is a good memory; and memory deals with things that are gone, not things that are alive and present. But notice how a slight change brings these alive: "Honesty is the best *endowment* policy"; "The early bird catches the *fattest* worm"; "A man should attend to his own business, *if he has any*"—Clarence Darrow is responsible for this one; "Set a thief to catch a Federal judge." Wit is not always kind. Neither is dynamite. But both are useful, at the right time and place.

The old axioms, saws, epigrams, proverbs, whatever you prefer to call them, are mummies embodying great dead word-usages. They are petrified wisdom and fossilized truth. They are not even sharp any more, for all their rough edges have been blunted by being used as tack-hammers too long. But every one of them can be brought alive again, and given abounding vitality by your own act of word-usage creation in reconditioning them. "Speech may be only silver, but silence is permanently off the gold standard."

Of course, it is unforgivable to quote the words of a known author without giving due credit. It's like going to work in your roommate's shoes—they never fit. Nor is a mere quotation with credit enough. If you merely say, "I believe with Lincoln in 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people,' " you have done nothing but announce the unimportant fact that you have sense enough not to differ from one of the world's great slogans, which is dead unless wills and words and deeds keep it alive. Merely repeating it does not keep it alive; it dulls it. What if you added: "*not* in government of the people, by demagogues, and for the sake of evil and intolerance"? You have now brought it alive again, and have made the spirit of Lincoln live on your lips, when mere repetition of his words could never achieve this. Even such a minor change as "I believe with Lincoln in government of the *whole* people, by the *whole* people, and for the *whole* people," would bring the great saying to renewed life.

Suppose that I told you that I believed with Caesar that all Gaul was divided into three parts; with Shakespeare that all the world is a stage; and with Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., that what industry needed was more speedy obsolescence—would you think any more highly of my brain crop, from these exhibits? Instead, you would wisely pass on to someone wise enough to be more than an echo. Suppose we quickened these, and said I believe: "all gall is divided into three parts, and all three can be found in my opponent's proposal"; "all the world is a stage, and it's about time that all the actors joined that international actors' guild—an efficient United States of the World"; "what industry needs is more speedy obsolescence, especially of its executives" —then our hearers would be sure to listen.

Make some contribution of your own to the quotations you use. Only so can they live—and your audience stay awake. The changes you have made are the alarm-clocks.

Wit is of great assistance, especially in attack. "I would call it, not a New Deal, but a *mis*deal" was effective, when it first erupted. "I appeal, not to the forgotten man, but to the forgotten man*hood* in all of you" was a neat turn.

Or, when Hoover lugubriously warned that the election of Roosevelt would cause "grass to grow on every business street-corner," the Democratic retort, "and Hoover will at once go into the lawn-mower business." And the additional answer: "But not on Republican skulls. You can't grow grass on cobblestones."

Regard the words in your vocabulary as your stable of horses. Don't ride only a few nags in your stable of words, and ride them to weariness and death. We will soon arrive at methods of constantly adding new horses to your stable. Get the largest stable possible, and use your words always in fresh teamings. You see new, desire new, and think new. It is about time you began to *speak* new.

Warning: Don't Use Boomerang Phrases

Naturally, you will use your word groupings so that they contribute to your plea for whatever you want. But words are tricky things, and have a habit of backfiring when you least expect it. Be prepared to step out of the way if there is any indication of this.

Most dangerous of all are boomerang phrases, which sail off gaily, but which return suddenly and deal you a swift blow on the head. Weigh in advance the dangers of what you are saying. For words are often like two-edged swords, and you don't want to collide with either edge. Many a good speech has been wrecked by the recoil of a remark that dynamites the speaker instead of the other fellow.

James G. Blaine was just about to be elected President in 1884, when, in pivotal New York, a Republican clergyman named Burchard unfortunately shouted out that the forces against Blaine's victory were "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It might have been accurate, as far as political denunciations are usually accurate; but it certainly kicked over the hornets' nest. For the whiskey interests, the Roman Catholics and the Southerners went to the polls with blood in their eyes and thundering anger in their hearts, and plucked the "Plumed Knight" until he looked like a chicken ready for the fricassee. Beware of words like mules, whose attack is in the rear.

President William Howard Taft, estimable as a jurist, was one of the classical users of the wrong phrase as an executive. When he sought to explain his violent attack on his political Elijah, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, he apologized, "Even a cornered rat will fight!" This sunk the submarine and opened the water chambers; how could anybody vote for a man who described himself as a rat, cornered or uncornered? Even more disastrous was his description of his own exalted governmental function: "The President should be like Caesar's wife—all things to all men!" Of course, memory tricked him here; he *should* have ended, "above all suspicion." And even that was inappropriate and a bit of a boomerang; for it would have given people the unfortunate idea of linking suspicion with his own conduct of the office.

It is vitally necessary to weigh the possible recoil of your original phrasing carefully, lest you be hoist skyhigh with your own petard, to use Hamlet's neat turn of speech. A petard was a sort of bomb formerly attached to a wall, gate, or drawbridge, to be exploded there, to the general smithereen-smashing of the object it was attached to. Be sure that your word-petard is not tied to your own tail.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER SIX:

Choose the Homespun Words

Choose American Words Always

IN YOUR SPEECH always choose the living conversational word of the place where you live in preference to the less appealing bookish word. In your case this simply means—talk American. Whenever possible use words that arouse your hearer's emotions; for it is your hearer's wishes, based on his emotions, that you want to appeal to primarily. Never forget that emotion is the master, and thought and logic its eternal slaves.

But all of your words cannot have direct emotional appeal. Much living speech deals with complicated matters that the children of even a generation ago never knew or even heard of. And emotions root first of all in the impressionable years of childhood. Living speech includes such striking words or word-usages, dealing with new inventions or developments, as:

> tourist cabins, trailer, hitchhike, traffic rotary
> swing, jitterbug, lick, talkie, technicolor
> microphone, mike, on the air, television
> depression, recession, in the red, in the black
> W.P.A., T.V.A., C.C.C., C.I.O.
> Nazi, fascist, axis, totalitarian, encirclement
> pulps, slicks, candid camera, pix

There are many other words which have been in excellent usage for more than a score of years, but which still would not normally attract to themselves the emotions of childhood. Typical examples of these are:

> germ, microbe, budget, tariff, tax, vote
> income, salary, graft, initiative, referendum
> vitamin, sanitation, conservation, irrigation
> the numbers game, fumigation, jade, caviar

Since at times our plea must involve these or some of their tens of thousands of other possible words like them, what principle is to guide us in choosing the words which by their very nature appeal deeply to the emotions? Where we have a choice, which of any two synonyms—words of the same or approximately the same meaning—will be the effective one to use?

Consider *mother* and *maternal ancestor.* They mean the same thing. *Mother* is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word, *modor*, meaning *mother.* It is close kin to the German *Mutter*, the Norse *mothir*, the Danish and Swedish *moder.* Queerly enough, *maternal* comes from the same original Sanskrit stem. But it arrived by way of the Latin *mater;* and this is too remote and superfluous to appeal to the deeper emotions already satisfied by the homespun word *mother.* It follows that *mother love* has infinitely more pull than *maternal affection.* As a rule, the Anglo-Saxon word is more effective than any Latinized synonym.

Choose the Tough, Wiry, Homespun Words

Our speech is primarily Anglo-Saxon in origin. And so, whenever there is a choice, we are going to choose Anglo-Saxon homespun words rather than French, Latin, Greek or other imported alien words.

The first reason is that Anglo-Saxon words are usually tough and wiry and uncrushable; while, as a class, foreign words, especially those from the classical languages, tend to be overlong, and tepid, and often flabby, in emotional appeal. The native words originated in early times, before intricate inflections, suffixes, and prefixes lengthened the root-stems out of all reason.

Native words are usually like knotwood, the hardest and most durable part of the trunk; most foreign words as soft as the pithy center of the log. Native words have the simple grace and strength of homespun; foreign words tend to have the ephemeral glamor of resplendent fabrics alien to the important daily affairs of life.

The first recorded English speech had three major elements: the Celtic or Briton, akin to Scotch, Irish, Welsh and Cornish; the Anglo-Saxon, a Teutonic speech; and the French-Norman element, primarily brought over by William the Conqueror and his cohorts. The first was the speech of the suppressed reconquered peasants. The third was the speech of the frothy upper classes. The Anglo-Saxon, the husky hearty speech of the great middle classes, spread downward and upward, and gnarled itself around most of the major concerns of life.

There are very few authentic Celtic words in wide use among us, no matter how universal the speech once was:

bin, brat, down (for hill), mattock, crock.

The Welsh Celts brought in:

flannel, maggot, and a few more.

The Scotch Gaels contributed:

clan, reel (for a dance), slogan, whiskey.

The Erse of Ireland added:

bog, galore, Tory, and a few more.

Nine native words do one-fourth of the entire actual task of expression in English speech, and its husky offspring, American speech:

and
the
be
to
have
will
it
you
of

Add thirty-four more, and half of the words actually used in English and American speech have been listed:

about
all
as
at
but
can
come
day
dear
for
get
go
hear
her
if
in
me
much
not
on
one
say
she
so
that
these
they
this
though
time
we
with
write
your

This gives a big lead already to the native words.

One characteristic of the native words that have survived is that they are as a rule briefer and more hard-hitting than the imported words. Here are some synonyms; the first Anglo-Saxon, the second Latin. If by ill luck you have been so taught that you think the Latin words stronger, it is about time you learned that they are blank cartridges, and the Anglo-Saxon ones cartridges with explosive bullets:

fire.....conflagration
stiff.....rigid
sweat.....perspire
bloody.....sanguinary
fat.....corpulent
farming.....agriculture

Once Samuel Johnson, the great Latinist, said, "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet." Alas, he thought that such simple direct speech was vulgar, and so he translated it into Latinized English: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." He had to alter only *three* words to wreck all the force and vigor of his remark. The other six or seven forthright Anglo-Saxon words could not save his ponderous subsequent observation from polysyllabic ineffectivity.

The Anglo-Saxon word had to be tough, wiry, brief, and durable, or it yielded to the importation which had these qualities. Thus *fastness* yielded to *fort*. Sometimes there seems small reason for such alien victories; as when *forest* drove out *wold*, *joyous* exiled *blithe*, and *valley* supplanted *dale*. But we must select the living word, no matter how it retained its vitality, and, as a rule, not spend our energies seeking vainly to resuscitate a word-corpse.

The French contributed some words to our speech to which long usage has given the homespun quality:

purse, turn, trail, market, false, war
peace, treason, prison, court, crown, saint
mercy, charity, faith, mortgage, forfeit, bail
jury, lease, assets, improve, attach, quit
plot, march, massacre, campaign, group

How many of these deal with the royal or the judicial court, or with warfare, or with the church—three early upperclass monopolies!

Some early Latin words came in tough and wiry—for our ancestors at first would not take any other kind:

wine, mint, pound, inch, cook, mill
butter, cheese, turnip, pea, cabbage, plum
peach, quince, street, port, creed, hymn
pope, oil, fork, giant, gem, mountain

But after the Norman conquest, the long-winded Latin words began to enter:

generation, persecution, sedition, duration, position
abbreviate, abduct, abolition,

and legal and medical terms by the score. Edward Gibbon, the great historian of Rome, used 30 percent of words of Latin origin; Samuel Johnson, a literary Hitler contemporary with the American Revolution, used 28 percent. Only 10 percent of Shakespeare's words have Latin roots; only 6 percent of the words in the widely beloved King James Bible. The effectiveness of their power is in direct proportion to their use of Anglo-Saxon words.

Some early Greek words became homespun, some through the Latin:

school, clerk, monk, priest

as well as the direct gifts:

drama, comedy, tragedy, theater, scene, ode
theme, topic, climax, phrase, period, comma
spore, petal, athlete, acrobat, gymnastics

But then in came long-winded flabby words, so popular with minds primarily bookish and secondhand:

> protoplasm, synthesis, antitoxin, paraclete
> gynecology, metempsychosis, mnemonics,

and so on.

A whole lesson in word-usage is contained in a line and a half in *Macbeth,* where Shakespeare glosses or explains some erudite polysyllabic Latinisms in vivid Anglo-Saxon:

> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red.

The second line means the same as the first. Try and understand the first line, without the homespun second line!

Do You Say Poison Ivy, or Rhus Toxicodendron?

The overschooled mind, proud of its many-syllabled learning, often prefers to substitute overlong words for the homespun ones: *vertigo* for *dizziness*, *coryza* for *cold*, *urticaria* for *hives*, *abdomen* for *belly*. Too often this is more an effort to impress, than to be accurate and scientific. The author of a handy field-book on insects can write:

> The Saturnids are indeed fortunate moths; they have largely escaped successful "English" christenings.

Thus he wants the large silkworm moth, native to the eastern United States, called instead *Samia Cecropia.* Now, if this were a more appropriate name, the substitution would be splendid. But Samos was an island in the Aegean, and Cecrops the legendary first king of Attica in Greece, half man and half serpent; and neither has any connection with the gorgeous moth. Such affectation weakens and corrupts a language; it does not strengthen it. If this man had his way all of the fine, strong, English homespun words would be replaced with difficult terms from the Latin or Greek. "How doth the little busy bee," from Issac Watts's celebrated poem, he would present as "How doth the little busy *Apoidea*" or "*Apidae.*" "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise," would reappear as "Go to the *Formicidae*." He regards *locusts* merely as a nickname for the *Acrididae*. The King James Bible held otherwise. The dreaded San José scale he would mask under the horrendous nomenclature of *Aspidiotus perniciosus*. If he were word dictator, the familiar *Boll Weevil Song* would have to end:

> If you want to kill the *Anthonomus grandis*,
> You'd better start in time;
> Use a little cunjur,
> And a lot of turpentine.

As unpersuasive are the pundits who talk about *Rhus toxicodendron* when they mean poison ivy, *Rudbeckia hirta* when they refer to black-eyed Susan, or *Cypripedium acaulis* when they mean the lovely red lady's-slipper or moccasin flower. The same type of mind will speak of *Colaptes auratus* when it means flicker, or high-hole, or yellowhammer, or whatever you were taught to call him; and will announce the arrival of a *Merula migratoria* on the lawn, when it's only a robin all the time. It is quite capable of asking in a hardware store for a trap for *Mus musculus*—and how is the clerk to guess that he's talking about a common house mouse? Or in a drugstore for a spray against *Cimex lectularius*, improperly called *Acqnthus lectularius*, and for some citronella against the genera *Anopheles* and *Culex*—when all that was troubling him was bedbugs and mosquitoes.

What have the insects, flowers, birds, and animals done to deserve such inappropriate and difficult names? Our one consolation is that the person who uses these verbal jawbreakers, except wittily or in a scientific tome, kills hearer-interest from the start.

The Romance of Words

The science of words is called philology: which meant originally, in Greek, merely *love of the word*. The more you know about words, the more intelligently and shrewdly you can use them. When we arrive at methods of increasing and improving one's vocabulary, more than a nodding acquaintance with philology will be recommended. It pays dividends when stock-market speculation and crossword puzzles only rarely emerge from the red.

The history of homespun words is especially fascinating. Take our simple words that mean the various colors: where do you suppose *they* started from, and how do you suppose they arrived at their present destinations? We have only time here to observe the start and the finish tape. *Black* comes from an ancient Sanskrit stem that meant burning, and then scorching, and then charring; it's kin to *bleak* and *bleach*, on the white side. *Red* comes from a stem from the same language, meaning bloody. *Yellow* and *gold* stem out of the same root language, their common origin referring to the light yellow-green of young vegetation. *White* comes from a stem meaning shining. *Green* derives from the younger Anglo-Saxon, and originally meant growing. *Blue* is the Latin word for yellow; *brown*, from a Greek word for toad; *gray* from the Teutonic stem of the same meaning; *orange* from the Persian name for the fruit; *purple* from the Latin for a purple-hued fish. This may indicate that man recognized black, red, yellow, and white first, and the other colors later. Psychology corroborates that this is accurate. So simple are the origins of our familiar color names!

We must be careful that the words we use have not lost their youthful vigor by overuse. Words of dignity often become cheapened. *Dame*, today a faintly jeering reference to a lady, comes from the Latin word meaning mistress of slaves; *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, and *Miss*, from the Latin *magister*, a master. *Lady*, which rose from the Anglo-Saxon *hlaefdige*, bread-kneader, to mean the wife of a lord (originally *hlaford* or bread-guardian), is now also used in phrases like *landlady*, *saleslady*, *ladies' underthings*. Words referring to *the crowd* often follow the same course. Thus *vulgar*, once meaning multitude, today means low or debased. *Boor*, *rustic*, and *villain* all began by meaning countryman. *Wench* was once a reputable name for a girl; *knave* (compare the German *Knabe*, boy) for a boy. *Homely*, which once meant homelike, now means downright ugly. *Sanctimonious*, originally meaning holy, today means hypocritically pious: religion covers a multitude of peccadilloes. *Prude* once meant almost the same as proud; it's completely unpopular now. *Minion* once meant favorite; it may still mean that in Germany, but not where English is spoken. *Dapper* (akin to the German *tapfer,* brave) has sunk to a light sneer. *Senile* and *senility,* meaning old, have altered far in meaning from *senator,* which has the same stem. History had its shaping finger in the differing meanings of *frank* (open, honest) and *slave*—taken from two races, the Franks and the Slavs. *Court,* once meaning poultry-yard, has ballooned upward in dignity, except under investigation. So have *marshal,* once meaning horse-servant, and *steward,* formerly sty-guardian.

But the romance of words can carry us on a detour beyond Timbuktu, and it is time to put on the brakes. It is enough to remember that the sort of words to use are the home-grown ones, not the alien importations; the brief, pungent, tough, and wiry words, instead of the long-winded artificial ones.

This is especially true of a plea. In attack, much ridicule can be put on the person or plan opposed, by breaking into a gallimaufry of ponderous polysyllablic etymological monstrosities. Thus Theodore Roosevelt once jibed at Woodrow Wilson that he was "a Byzantine logothete." He sent the learned scurrying to the dictionary, and set the crowd to wondering why Wilson didn't consult a doctor about it. It was effective; and that is the main thing. It would have been fatal for this Roosevelt to describe himself or his own cause in such oversyllabized exotic eccentricities.

The recent history of synonyms for *courage* is illuminating. About the time of the Crimean War, the word was felt to be slipping in effectiveness; and some unknown genius said that British soldiers were full of *pluck.* This word shocked faintly, when first used; for it offended the Victorian taboo, which held that the body stopped at the neck, and only resumed again at the bottom of the trousers and of the sleeves. For *pluck* is what you pluck out of a fowl, to clean it for the table: the intestines and all the other innards. And then *pluck* became popular, and its origin forgotten. Later another anonymous genius said, even before the World War, "he's a man of *guts.*" This shocked, at first, just as pluck had once shocked. Today the shock has dulled, and the word is still strong, especially in masculine appeal. The more mealymouthed word-users today mean the same thing when they speak of *intestinal fortitude.*

But this sins because of its polysyllabic Latinity. Its daddy was a lexicon, its mother a thesaurus, and it itself is an erudite circumlocutory euphemism. I guess that will hold it for a while!

Exception: Uses for Polysyllables

Long, polysyllabic words are justifiable when used, of necessity, by scientists, professors, and such people in their writings. But even certain men of this type, like William Beebe and William Lyon Phelps, have broken away from this tradition.

Sometimes such word-usage is also worth while when you want to keep your real meaning hidden from your hearer for his own benefit. If you were a doctor, for instance, and you knew that there was nothing wrong with your patient but a galloping case of imagination—*hypochondria* to the doctor—and you knew he'd get well if he thought he was getting well, you would certainly be justified in using all the long-winded words in the vocabulary to name to him the sugar-coated pill you gave him.

Lastly, you can laugh the enemy out of court with all the shrewd long-syllabled words at your command. Save the hard-hitting homespun words for your plea or your direct frontal attack. Thus one witty speaker objected to the hifalutin' way one overtrained Negro singer rendered the old Negro shout song,

> I got wings, you got wings,
> All uv God's chillun got wings—

letting it emerge as:

> I have weengs, you have weeengs,
> All of God's childrrrrren have weeeengs.

He proposed that she sing it as:

> I possess footwear, you possess footwear,
> All of the Deity's progeny possess footwear.

The audience saw the point, and went wild with approval. If you've "got wings," say so, that simply; don't fly off into affectation. Let your words be in your best natural conversational style. Don't talk bookishly, except in attack. Don't dress your words up in their starched collars and frills, as if in their Sunday best. Everyday words are best for everyday use.

A Word About Using Quotations

When you come to using quotations, choose the simple phrases and sentences that your hearer is familiar with; altered slightly, so as to bear the stamp of your own originality. There is merit in quoting Pope's "A little learning is a dangerous thing," especially if you alter it and so make it your own. But beware of going on with, "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring"; for your hearer will properly conclude that you are showing off, in talking about something that even Gracie Allen never heard of; and will begin to dislike you and your cause, and properly.

If you want to quote modern poetry, use the similar homely phrases, and the sentences that mean something. I suggest Robert Frost, with his:

> The trial by market everything must come to. . . .
>
> The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows. . . .
>
> Home is a place you just don't have to be invited to.

Robinson would qualify, with:

> If you see what's around you every day,
> You need no other showing to go mad. . . .
>
> I'm glad they tell me there's another world,
> For this one's a disease without a doctor. . . .
>
> There is ruin and decay
> In the house on the hill.
> They have all gone away.
> There is nothing more to say.

But I suggest that you avoid his:

> Born with a face that on a bullfrog would insure
> The lucubrations of a celibate.

In anybody's language, that's atrocious.

Let the same thing apply to all your quotations. There is safety in using things that are intelligible:

> The quality of mercy is not strained. . . .
>
> A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. . . .
>
> It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

But avoid quotations that send your hearer to the dictionary, if he's even that interested:

> But who would fardels bear? . . .
>
> With Ate by his side, come hot from bell. . . .
>
> Might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin.

Both groups come from Shakespeare. Use a little discretion as to which group you select from. And always, and all the time, give some slight change, or some altered interpretation to what you use, so that the stamp of your originality is on it.

The phrases, sentences, quotations, and words that your reader or hearer is familiar with; and, of these, the homespun words, the tough and wiry native words, the American language rather than the English mother-tongue. . . . You can't go wrong with these.

Why the Homespun Words Are Best

The homespun words are best, because they are, as a rule, the words that your hearer has heard in childhood. There is a heart-warming quality in each one of them.

They are economical, being shorter; and life is too full of things to do to waste time on five syllables, when one will do the work as well or better. Compare the wasted effort in *Alliance for International Cessation of Hostilities*, with *Alliance for World Peace.* Match the wasted energy in saying *Restoration of Equilibrium between Receipts and Disbursements* with *Balancing the Budget.* Contrast "You sempiternally prevaricate" with "You always lie." Get down to brass tacks, and keep them polished!

Never forget that all of these suggestions drive in the same direction: that the way to make your hearer side with you is to get him back into the credulous accepting attitude of his happiest hour—childhood. He is happiest that way; and only then is he ready, without restraint, to fall in with your every suggestion This return to the world of childhood is a mood that never leaves any of us. Man's childhood commenced in the green forests. As long as a man lives in city or suburbs, the appeal of the forest is enormous. Man lived in villages and towns before he lived in cities. As long as he lives in cities, he is quick to agree that the country, the village, the town, are an Eden, compared to the modern slum-ridden noise-harried city. Put him in the country, with no plumbing and no light except kerosene lamps and the nearest movie hours away and showing only on Saturday nights, and he weakens. Put him in the forest, unless with modern conveniences, and he would swap a universe of trees for a sight of Times Square.

At that, the deep emotional leaning is always toward the town, the village, the country, the woodlands.

> O hills, my hills, it is you will shield me,
> And quietly fold me again to your breast,
> When my heart is done at last with the valley,
> And I look to the hilly heights for rest.
> Bright at the end of a long tired groping
> The hour for sleeping, and you the bed,
> With the sun-wide green of the trees to cover
> Over and over the quiet head.

So it is with me. So it is with you. So it is with most of the children of men.

Let your words, then, return the hearer to childhood and its deepest wishes, never abandoned. . . . Your homespun words, and the heart-warming words that we are coming to. Repaint the childhood dream of your hearer, in words that his childhood heard. Say to him, I will give you the promised land that your childhood sought; and he will not say you no.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.

3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words,* instead of overlong alien words.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER SEVEN:

Use Courtesy as a Shock-Absorber

Analyzing Your Attitude: Affirmative, Negative, or Both

YOUR EMOTIONAL ATTITUDE toward the object about which your desires center will generally fall into one of these two categories: you are for it, or you are against it.

In formal argument or debating, this attitude is indicated by saying that you are "on the affirmative," when you are in favor of something; or "on the negative," when you are opposed to it. In political pleading, this means that you are either *for* the government, the party in power, or "ag'in' the government." If you have any wish at all connected with the matter under discussion, it is clear that you can't be a straddlebug with reference to it. The moment you say, "I don't care which party wins," that puts you out of the political wanting entirely, and leaves you free for your affirmative or negative stand on what you do want and care for, or what you oppose. This applies to every concern of life in which you are interested. The effective use of words in ordinary domestic, social, and business conversation is far more important, even to the sonorous statesman, than the arts of a Daniel Webster. For hundreds, indeed thousands, of desires important to each individual are sought for and won or lost in simple conversation; and every word said here about effective word-usage is directed to the humbler and less public pursuits of our desires, far more than to the spotlighted ones. In each of these, we tend to be for or against, affirmative or negative, on whatever the desire centers about.

Votes on proposed laws and on many matters are narrowed down to the two alternatives: yes, or no. At times, the choice of possible attitudes seems wider than a mere yes or no. When candidates are proposed for election to an office, for example, you, along with the others voting, may cast your vote for A, or B, or C, or any other candidate. But whether you want one of these candidates or not, you can always, unless you are a straddlebug, simplify your attitude down to the eternal yes or no. If you are for A, your attitude will be: I *do* want A, and I *don't* want B, or C—yes, for A; no, for the others. Even where you have a second choice, and vote for him in order not to waste your vote on a hopeless first choice, when the actual voting comes your attitude is: yes, for my second choice; no, for all the others, including my real first choice.

When a proposition is put trickily—which do you want, a meat course or a dessert—at a time when you want both, your own attitude is clear: you want both meat *and* dessert; and you don't want a denial of either. Any matter of wanting can be narrowed down to the things you favor, and the things you oppose.

It was so with the earliest forms of life. These moved toward any condition that afforded pleasure, or that they knew by intuition would afford pleasure; and away from any condition that threatened pain. From the start there was the affirmative side, the side that the organism wanted to shout yes to; and the negative side, that it wanted to say a firm no to.

The wants you are affirmative toward may be varied:

A better job
An oil concession from Venezuela, worth a million dollars
Mary for your wife
More pay
A Democratic victory in the presidential election
A pony, or a new Lincoln Zephyr
A larger, more comfortable house
A college education
The Ukraine

A new pair of shoes
War, so you can sell more scrap iron
To get into *Who's Who in America*

None of these are negative wants; they are all affirmative. Your negative wants may be as varied or more so:

Not to go to school any more, or to Sunday School
To break your engagement with Lois, or to get a divorce from Shirley
To have that too-efficient foreman fired—the one who always catches you when you slow up on the job
Shorter hours (This means primarily that you oppose longer hours)
The defeat of the party in power
No burdensome taxes
Not to have to make a fourth at bridge

None of these are primarily affirmative wants; they are all negative.

Many wants involve both affirmative and negative elements; you may want:

To divorce Prudence, so that you can marry Letitia
To get rid of the present assemblyman from Dustbowl County so that you can be elected in his place
Fewer taxes, more profits

In all these cases, it is clear that your plea must be *for* the thing you favor, and *against* the thing you oppose. To return to that last example, an economic royalist conceivably might want lower taxes, more profits, lower wages for his employees, less rent to pay to his landlords, more rent to receive from his tenants, lower bills for raw materials, for electricity, for power, favorable concessions from transportation facilities, and so on and on. All of these must be simplified down to what he favors, and what he opposes: the matters he is affirmative on, and the matters he is negative on.

A legislator—city, state, or national—would have to do this when any bill was introduced that contained parts that he favored, and parts that he opposed. He would then fight for what he favored, and fight to have what he opposed stricken out. Similarly, on any such complicated matter, you must be at least as clear-thinking as a legislator, and determine clearly which aspects of it you favor, and which you oppose. Your brain can sift and appraise propositions, so that you can classify your stand on them as affirmative or negative, but the thing that decides your attitude is not your brain or your thinking; it is your wish, your desire, your emotional nature, speaking through its agent, your brain.

Now that you have thoroughly clarified your attitude toward the subject under discussion and your wants concerning it, it is time to give a little more attention to your target—the hearer or hearers that your plea is directed toward.

Courtesy Absorbs the Shock of the Initial Friction

Some friction is inevitable between you and your hearer, especially in starting. Any two bodies in contact show this resistance to relative movement called friction. There is some faint friction intermittently reappearing between the two closest associates, such as a pair of passionate lovers; and the amount of this friction increases in proportion to the differences in emotional aim and activity between you and your hearer.

One major cause of this friction is his resentment of the fact that *you* are the one doing the wishing, urging, and seeking to persuade, and not he. This applies in general to each member of an audience who listens to you. Each one feels in his heart that, given the chance, he could do a lot better at this, or something more important than this, than you possibly can. This jealousy-friction, this resentment-friction, must be overcome, before you can clear the tracks for your persuasion.

Another cause is his suspicion of you the moment you admit you are trying to achieve *his* desires: and this admission of yours, stated or implied, is an essential part of your plea. He starts off disbelieving you. How are you to overcome this initial suspicion-friction?

He may be definitely on the other side, and unwilling to give you a chance to speak. He may be anyone from a political partisan who is against all you stand for, to a sales prospect who buys from your rival, is satisfied, and does not want the matter opened up by you. How are you to overcome this antagonism-friction?

The commonest cause of all, and the hardest to penetrate, is his inertia, his aloof disinterest. He is inside his igloo of privacy; he demands that you stay out, along with the rest of the world. Here he has not even an emotion against you, which you can transmute into an emotion in your favor: he's just not not interested. How can you overcome this inertia-friction?

There is a right way to do this, and a wrong way. The right way is by the use of courtesy; the wrong way, by that species of flattery called, in American slang, *soft soap*. The dictionary defines this as "flattery; wheedling; blarney; to gush over." All these usages come from the practice of machinists of using soft soap in joining pipes and other mechanical contacts. Oil is one of the major lubricants used to prevent friction while a machine is in operation; but popular imagination took hold of soft soap, and it remains the popular phrase for overcoming friction by dishonest flattery.

The whole spirit of courtesy is different. It is defined as "politeness; graceful and considerate behavior toward others." In speech, it includes also all expressions of respect. It is the opposite of rudeness and impudence. In manner, it tends toward refinement, gentility, the manners of a gentleman or lady; in spirit, it is considerate, friendly, altruistic—the attitude of soul that earns victory, because the considerate courteous victory is always a joint victory. It is definitely inspired by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." It earns a courteous response, secures it, and thus causes friction to dissipate like lowering morning mists before a bright warm sun.

Jealousy-friction, suspicion-friction, antagonism-friction, and inertia-friction can all be minimized or neutralized by the proper use of courtesy.

Let courtesy tie you to your hearer in your very salutation. "My friends" has all the personal pull that "Gentlemen" lacks. "Fellow Americans" smooths the ways, where "Americans" is rousing but impersonal. "Fellow workers," "Fellow Episcopalians," "Fellow Directors," "Comrades," there is always some sort of verbal courtesy that joins your hearer with you in your very first words, and slants his emotions toward you.

Against actual opposition, plead for fair play, that American method; for your right of free speech, that American birthright. But always plead courteously, and never with bitterness: no matter how impassioned your courtesy may have to be. It is wise, in all cases, to break down friction against yourself with a laugh in which your hearer has to join. If the laugh is against you, all the better. A man's heart warms a trifle, as if in repentance, toward the man he laughs at. And always allay the friction with courtesy. Courtesy costs nothing, and pays dividends from the start. It is the buffer that eases the shock of all social contacts. It is indispensable in practically all situations, quite as much toward or concerning your opponent as toward your hearer. It is magnetic; it demands courtesy in return, and receives it far oftener than not.

A certain amount of flattery has its legitimate place in courtesy. But never let the flattery degenerate into dishonest soft soap; for your hearer will then naturally become suspicious that you are trying to take advantage of him in some way.

It Never Hurts to Sprinkle On the Sugar

Obviously, to make your hearer favor the thing you want, you've got to make it as appealing to him as possible. No matter its real taste, you've got to add all the sweetening you can. The old-fashioned doctor always sugar-coated the bitter pill. The highest praise that could be bestowed in Shakespeare's time on his sonnets was to call them "his sugared sonnets among his friends." The way mother persuaded you to take the castor oil, without requiring a thrashing first, was to promise you an orange or a piece of candy to take the taste out of your mouth. Recall that, without understanding its nature rightly, your hearer would in many cases promptly oppose your wish for its selfishness; and you see the enormous necessity for sugar, for sugared and honeyed words, to make your wish palatable to him.

Four out of five of the first of the commandments for successful word-usage are aimed at persuading your hearer. Plead for *his* desires. Understand *his* viewpoint. Speak *his* language.

Keep *him* awake. Use the homespun words that stir *him*. And now we add to this—let courtesy soften him into receptivity; sweeten your appeal, so that it is palatable to him.

You will naturally paint what you propose in the most glowing and enduring colors. We will learn later, in the summary of these points, the order in which you should urge the reasons for accepting your proposal. It is enough here to say that you will urge first some reason that interests *him* closely; then devote less time to the less important reasons; and end with your most clinching point of all, to *him*. If there's any forgotten man in a persuasive plea, never let it be your hearer.

You will win his support by a complete honesty, and meeting fairly the leading objections to your proposal. So long as they are not too strong, that is. If they are too strong, there is nothing to do but appeal to his emotions so deeply that your hearer will forget all possible objections.

When you have met a few of his leading objections, and thus established yourself as fair-minded, come back with all your courteous persuasiveness to the main points in favor of your proposal—main, that is, to your hearer:

> You can't get away from it, Mary, I *do* love you more than anything in the world!
> You can't get away from it, this is the cheapest efficient vermin-eradicator on the market.
> You can't get away from it, the New Deal will mean an end to depressions forever.
> You can't get away from it, a vote for me will put money in the pockets of every taxpayer in the country.

"I hope you agree with me—" is a splendid way of coming back to your main point. Even stronger is, "Yes, I agree with *you* that—" and then repeat your strongest argument.

A sweetener to make the dose palatable—courtesy to minimize the friction.

> You're an intelligent man, Mr. Higgenbottom; and all intelligent men have long agreed that—
> I wouldn't dream of taking this proposition to a man who wasn't as intelligent as you—

It's just about time all of us decent real Americans got together and really did something to improve conditions, such as—
I could see from the start that you were a sensible man, who wasn't going to miss a chance to do something permanent for his wife and family—
When you find that rare combination in a woman, beauty and brains, it's safe to go ahead and propose—
I know that the voters of this state are too intelligent, too patriotic, too imbued with the principles of true Americanism and democracy, to entertain for a moment—

In attacking the opposition, the same courtesy is essential to achieve teamwork on your side between yourself and your hearer. The best way to get cooperation from any man or woman is to include him, by a liberal yet not too obvious use of courteous flattery:

We sensible people have got to get together, against some of these crackbrained plans that the tub-thumpers of the opposition are proposing.
If I were talking to one of your competitors, Mr. Schmulz, I couldn't talk so frankly. But you've had experience enough to understand the truth, and you've got brains enough to see—
I know you've got too much sense, Seraphina, to entertain for a moment the idea—
After all the people of average intelligence I have to meet in my business, it's a genuine pleasure finally to come in contact with—

Only practice makes the perfect courtesy. The whale may not have swallowed Jonah, but you may be amazed at the way the homeliest woman in the world delights in your grudging admission that she is the most beautiful woman you have ever seen; and how the mental vacuum that even nature would abhor beams approvingly when you rank his brain with Einstein's or another as notable.

Courtesy Will Prevent Your Insulting Your Hearer

It is important that the inner spirit of courtesy, polite and graceful consideration of others, be present in even your lightest words referring to your hearers. Instead of using the insulting attitude of the Roman tribune Marullus, in *Julius Caesar,* when he berates the crowd,

> You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
> O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

—a fishwife haranguing style mistakenly put on for its effect—lean over backwards to recognize the nicer things about your hearer, and say them. There is a tonic quality in friendly words, both to the speaker of them and to their hearers. Let each word, as far as possible, exhibit courtesy and friendliness.

It is the height of insensitivity to say to a hearer, "You must be ignorant as to the real figures concerning unemployment." Say "You must be *unaware.*" *Ignorant* is a word with all sorts of unpleasant connotations; many hearers will resent it at once, especially those who really are ignorant. *Unaware* is tepid, neutral, non-insulting, merely descriptive. It is a courteous lead-up to giving the facts your hearer does not know, and which will aid the cause you are pleading for.

Similarly, "You're a liar" always meant pistols out in the quick-triggered South that I came from; whereas "You're mistaken, I'm sure" made the same point courteously—"You're mistaken, aren't you?" being even better—opening the way to persuasion, instead of a hurry call for the undertaker.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.

4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words* instead of overlong alien words.
6. *Use courtesy as a shock-absorber* to minimize the initial friction.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER EIGHT:

Choose the Heart-Warming Words

Putting the Sway in Persuasion

WE HAVE FOUND out how important it is to understand the hearer's viewpoint, and indeed speak his language. But his language is an all-inclusive thing, containing words of description, of action, of appeal, of vituperation, and of many more varieties. We have dealt successively with those parts of his language that rouse and keep awake, the alarm-clock words; with the homespun native words that he learned in childhood, to be used in preference to overlong alien words; and with the courteous words, used to minimize friction. Now we come to the most important of all groups of words: the heart-warming words.

Where your object is to persuade him either for or against a thing, you gain, the deeper you appeal to his emotional nature, and his earliest and deepest desires. So appeal to *these* to win your point for you.

To make sure that your persuasive efforts sway his emotions, select always the words that tug at your hearer's heartstrings.

How are you to recognize these words?

It isn't only their meaning that's vital. It is the words themselves that hold the magic.

Here are the major groups.

Mother

Take the word *mother.* In our language this is one of the most powerfully appealing of all words. Not the mere meaning of it. *Your maternal ancestor* means the same thing, as we have already seen; but it does not set the chords of the heart vibrating in the slightest. *Your father's wife* usually means the same thing; but it may even evoke a slight tinge of jealousy, rather than the heartfelt outpour of devotion that *mother* awakes at once. *Your dam* is an accurate synonym; but it is faintly offensive. It comes through the French from the Latin, a duplicate of *dame;* but while that word was elevated to a post of honor, *dam* was applied especially to four-footed creatures, and man gave up that method of locomotion long ago. The word has almost vanished from use. *Mamma, mama, ma, maw, mumsie,* may be moving when a child uses them to his own mother; but they lack some of the deeper throbs of *mother.* The first has recent overtones of *red-hot mamma, sweet mama,* and so forth; the rest just don't touch the deeper emotional chords.

Consider some of the sentimental uses of *mother:* Mother's Day; "Just break the news to Mother;" "Rock me to sleep, Mother;" "I'm Mother's sweetheart;" "A boy's best friend is his Mother;" "mother's boy," or pet, or darling; "just like Mother used to make;" *Mother Machree*—the list could stretch out beyond the crack of doom. *Mother* is one of the ace heart-warming words.

Father

Father is not so powerful, though it has its deep appeal: "God the Father"; "Father Abraham" for Lincoln; "the pride of fatherhood"; Father's Day—these struggle to reach a kindred appeal. Certain races have an especial veneration for the father; the word is rich in overtones, to them. But *papa, pa,* and *paw* definitely lose dignity. *Daddy* holds some appeal; but in the usage "sugar daddy" and the like its overtone is hardly cardiac. *The old man, the governor,* and many synonyms lack favorable emotional appeal. Again, it is not the thing, the idea, the meaning: it's the magic in certain words themselves.

Home

Home has enormous appeal, running *mother* a close second. After all, the childhood home is a magnet that draws us till death. *Home, Sweet Home*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, *My Old Log Cabin Home*, *Home on the Range*, "Far from the old folks at home," *home folks*, *the home town*, *homemade*, and many other word-groups retain and increase the pull of the word.

Domicile, *residence*, *house*, *boardinghouse*, *apartment-house*, *tenement*, *flat*, are weak in meaning and appeal. For a splendid example of how a warm-hearted word can alter our whole conception of a thing, consider the original name, *Poor-House*, and compare it with the recent *County Home.* Many generations lived in the passionate belief that they had rather die than go to the poorhouse. There is much less reason to object to living in a County Home, when no other home is possible. What heart-throb could possibly emanate from a song with the refrain *Residence, Pleasing Residence?* Yet that is *Home, Sweet Home* in synonyms. In similar vein to County Home, we have *Home for Confederate Veterans*, *Home for the Aged*, and many more.

A lesser chain of emotionalization of a phrase appears in what was once called a *Poor School*, attendance at which accepted a slur; then a *Free School*—but even in the land of freedom this was unpopular, because of the implication that those who could afford to pay went elsewhere; and finally *Public School*, "the backbone of the American educational system." And the title acquired general dignity at last.

Family

Family, for all that it originated in the Latin word for "household of slaves," when used in the phrase "the wife and family" evokes a minor protective glow. Used by itself, "one's family" is neutral or has an overtone of dispraise. *The wife and kiddies* or *your wife and children* are sure-fire appeals to a man. *My son*, *son*, *my daughter*, *daughter*, all have strong emotional connections. If the child breaks with his father, the father blandly says "You are no son of mine," "You are my daughter no longer," vetoing biological fact with the greatest of ease.

Your wife, my wife, the wife, are strong in appeal; because the husband regards his spouse as his most valuable possession, one which certainly requires more tactful handling than any other investment. When he is with another woman, however, or with a gang of "the boys," the overtone ranges from a sigh to far worse. *The missis, the old lady*, and similar phrases have no more pull than *maternal ancestor* or *domicile. Spouse* is colorless and inert. *Helpmate* and *helpmeet* are destitute of appeal. An altered custom of modern living may furnish the probable reason. *My husband, your husband* are indeterminate in appeal.

Mother-in-law, by common consent, has about as much emotional pull as *measles. Father-in-law* is tepidly in the same category. Our custom is to introduce in-laws as *Mother* and *Father.*

Girl to Wench

American girlhood, our womanhood, protecting American womanhood, women and children first, are all sure-fire glow-words. *American boyhood, American manhood, just kids, barefoot boy*, are also effective. *Boy scout* and *girl scout* are not quite so potent; while "I've done my scout deed for the day" is more often used lightly than not, among adults.

The reverse English of emotional appeal is evoked by *brat, wench, slut, twirp, tramp*, and so many more.

Crabbed Age and Youth

Infancy, childhood, boyhood, girlhood, youth, are all heart-stirring. But not *juvenile*—we think of it too constantly coupled with *delinquency;* and not *adolescence*, or *puberty. Sweet sixteen* has an appeal that *sweet thirty-nine* lays no claim to.

Old age, the "sunset of one's life," *one's declining years*, all these awaken deep chords of emotional response. Contrast with these *senility, dotage, second childhood*, which stir no heart-throbs. *Old maid* and *spinster* are almost as derogatory as *mother-in-law.*

Virtues and Vices

Honor, honesty, the truth, decency, virtue, right, morality, modesty, humility, cleanness, virility, strength, health, wealth, fineness, nobility, gentility, all of these are warm-hearted words. There is a weakening, due to their bookishness, in *probity, veracity, sobriety,* and other virtues often placed in the heavy-weight class.

Consider a few of their opposites, to sense the different ring: *dishonor, dishonesty, lying, falsehood, deceit, wickedness, sinfulness, evil, wrong, immorality, indecency, immodesty, shamelessness,* and also *shame, arrogance, haughtiness, dirtiness, filth, effeminate, weakness, sickness, disease, illness, poverty, meanness, boorishness, peasant, bourgeois, lower class,* these are a few of the thousands of words that awaken our dislike or antipathy, instead of our sympathy.

The Flag

The flag, America, patriotism, our country, The Star-Spangled Banner, Uncle Sam, even *Yankee Doodle, our boys, the boys in blue, the Blue and the Gray, Dixie,* are all national emotion-awakeners.

For words evoking the opposition emotions, recall *traitor, Judas, Benedict Arnold, unpatriotic, disloyal, Rebel* (in the North, that is), *Yankee, damn Yankee, carpetbagger, scalawag* (in the South, these four). All these awaken our instantaneous emotional dislike.

In all these cases, the emotional appeal functions for or against, irrespective of our conscious willing, as automatically as an electric light flashes on when the button is pushed.

Heavens on Earth

Prosperity, success, achievement, security, liberty, freedom, happiness, the upturn, in the black, boom times, the full dinner pail, two chickens in every pot, are all these heart-warmers? Not quite. *In the black* is limited in appeal to those who know its meaning and are sympathetic with corporation finance and Wall Street activities. *The full dinner pail* had the appeal once. This declined, as labor raised its aims, and the food level lowered. We may eliminate the chickens also, and star the others as emotion-awakeners.

Contrast with these *panic*, *depression*, *hard times*, *recession*, *failure*, *flop*, *insecurity*, *slavery*, *serfdom*, *unhappiness*, *the down grade*, and, more recently, *in the red*, and you find the sort of words to tie to the project or the party you oppose; while the former words are to be attached to your own project and party.

God and His Angels

God is one of the great emotion-summoners, along with *mother* and *home*. It was unqualifiedly so, until modern science became so critical. It is still a magnificently effective word with most hearers.

But recall that it is the word, and not the meaning, that has the magic. *The Deity*, *The major Christian Deity*, lack most of its appeal; *The All-Father* has lost ground. *Christ* is very powerful in emotional appeal; and so are *Jesus*, *The Savior*, *The Redeemer*, *The Good Shepherd*, *The Lamb of God*, *The Son of Man*, *The Man of Galilee*. But, except perhaps among Catholics, there is no appeal in such a synonym for Christ as *The Paraclete*. Here are other New Testament synonyms that have no more appeal in themselves than any unemotional description:

> Emmanuel, The Alpha and The Omega, The Word, The Image of God, My Messenger, The reputed Son of Joseph, The Seed of the Woman, The Seed of Abraham, The Anointed, The Bridegroom, The Door of the Sheep, The Root of David, The True Vine, The True Bread from Heaven, The Hidden Manna, The Morning Star, A Horn of Salvation, An Elect Stone, A Rock of Offense, The Advocate, The Amen, The Last Adam, The King of Saints.

Three hundred more could be listed from the Bible, all as emotionally ineffective as the first group are effective. To the contrary, *The Bible*, *The Scriptures*, *The Old Testament*, *The New Testament*, *The Gospels*, and many of the books by name, are definite emotion-awakeners.

Why Heart-Warming Words Win Your Plea

The reason why these words are emotion-awakeners is no mystery. It is based upon our own emotional reactions at our most impressionable ages, which means first of all childhood, and second, youth and young manhood or womanhood.

Psychoanalysis has explained the matter with some completeness. Our understanding of the other fellow, and why certain words bowl him over, requires at least a speaking acquaintance with this science.

Our childhood is the most important period of our life for its influence on all the rest. We are then most impressionable; and aspirations, emotional slants and attitudes, and ambitions acquired then are never abandoned, but largely control us until death. Think how often you return in dreams to your childhood home, to the company of your parents perhaps long dead, to your school days, to scenes where you were beginning life! Dreams express our deepest wishes, as a rule, usually in the form of wishes fulfilled or achieved: that is, as wish-fulfilments. Even in our most mature years, our habit is, in dreams, to translate vexing problems into scenes and problems of childhood; and to let our preferred solutions be those determined by childhood emotional attitudes.

This is as true of an unhappy childhood as of a happy one. The man or woman is the child, slightly and only intermittently grown up. A childhood ambition, no matter how silly it may appear to a mature mind, will vex and harass us until sooner or later it is fulfilled, directly or symbolically. This explains the popularity of the *If I Had a Chance* radio program, where successful men and women are allowed to say what they *wanted* to be and didn't become; and are allowed to achieve the wish before the audience. Audience and performer are alike thrilled at this.

Thus your expression of your plea will amount to an *If I Had a Chance* for your hearer. Strategically you lead him to believe that what you offer will give him the achievement of his childhood wishes. Nothing will persuade and convert him more quickly.

Think of the eagerness with which grown people take part in and enjoy childish games, even infantile games, practical jokes, and all the rest! As children, they took part in these games, usually as the victim, or as the loser. Matured, they have the same emotional delight in the games; but now their maturity makes them more fit to be the leader, or the winner. Grant that it is not a mature activity: it still remains that it is more soul-satisfying than almost anything people do. Satisfying the childhood wishes of your hearer is the swiftest way to achieve your own desire.

And these words listed above, the heart-warming words, are all tied up with childhood wishes.

The *mother* is, especially at first, the most important object in the universe of son or daughter. The *home* is almost as vital: the one place where one is *at home*, and keeps one's own treasured little possessions, and is fed and clothed and sheltered and, usually, loved. The *father* is vital; but too often he is regarded as a tyrant, making those nearest to him suffer for his own failures. *God*, *Christ*, *the Bible*, awaken awe and veneration in all those with Christian religious training. Even the atheist, especially as he grows older, emotionally reverts to these. *Patriotism*, with all it stands for, comes early to the normal child, and remains strong. It is always tied up with parades and flags and Fourth of July and winning the war and other concepts which may not coincide with man's matured judgment, which has come to see, for instance, that war is not so clean and sweet and helpful a thing as he once believed. But the childhood thrills remain on tap, to set one to shaking inside when the band plays *Over There*. One's own desire for *wife*, *husband*, *family*, *babies* is rooted in childhood and built by early listening and reading, and is a major influence, even after the achievement brings an acid to the soul, as sometimes, indeed too frequently, it does. *Just kids* and all the rest call forth a return in imagination to our own childhood, that hour which memory recalls as composed of carefree eternities—forgetting measles, warts, goslings, and the abysmal despairs and fears that once dwelt in the child's life-crucified heart. *Honor* and the other virtues, *pros-*

perity and the other security objectives, are taught to us early, and remain guiding stars even when on relief.

I have left out *love.* Man has cheapened it, and woman has cheapened it, too often. Yet this cheapening has not even flawed its surface. It still remains the greatest of these.

Remember always, not these *things,* but the words we were taught to call them, are the glow-words. If *maternal ancestor* had been used from the start instead of *mother,* it would undoubtedly have the power, and *mother* would have no more emotion-awakening virtue than a dried octopus in a Chinese grocery store. It is not enough to refer to the things childhood treasured; these must be referred to in the words that childhood first learned, and loved, and never abandoned.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that people, collectively or individually, are creatures of thought primarily: logical machines, who think out the advantages and disadvantages, the right and the wrong, of things, with the accuracy of gravity scales weighing sugar. People, collectively and individually, are creatures of emotion, desire, wish, aspiration, dream. You will never win your plea by firing or lighting only the brain. Even an appeal that wins by successfully invoking the hearer's self-centered nature appeals to his *me*-love, not his me-appraisal. You will win your plea by warming his heart until it widens and you have started an emotional flow *toward* you. That is why the heart-stirring words are so essential.

This technique always applies to winning a plea for something you favor. If you are trying to defeat some project you disapprove of, use the kindred words, repeatedly listed above, that awaken dislike, distaste, repugnance:

> This is not really a plan to benefit your mother. It's a scheme to give power to your mother-in-law!
>
> My opponent is not a patriot, a true American; he is a traitor to everything decent and American in the world.
>
> The road he proposes will detour you into failure and ruin, and forever kill your chances of achieving prosperity and success!

We will see later that, in an hour of opposition, where your ambition is to crush the opponent, you must not pull your punches. There is no referee to award you a decision on points or a technical knockout. You need a genuine knockout. Win it.

Use words that will start an emotional flow toward you and what you propose; and that will badge as "Unclean!" whatever you oppose.

Appealing to the More Intelligent Hearer

In general, the first six commandments for successful word-usage appeal as definitely to the most intelligent of your hearers as to the merest creature of impulse and emotion. When we reach heart-warming words, for the first time we reach a method of persuasiveness that will not be responded to alike by the emotional spindrift and the intelligent person. This calls for fuller understanding, on your part, of what words are heart-stirring to the intelligent.

Those emotion-awakening words already given of necessity touch the intelligent as they do the unthinking. If the intelligent are already on fire with emotion, which has flooded over their normal brain-functioning and intelligent caution, they will respond exactly as the unthinking do. If, however, they have not been roused in advance—and this is more usually the case—the more common heart-glow words may fall flat on their ears, merely because of their overfamiliarity. Thinking people in many cases have weighed in advance the precise functioning of mother, father, home, family, the stock virtues, the flag and jingoistic patriotism, and God; and from wide scientific reading and sober unimpassioned thought may have developed a definite antipathy to any plea which they can classify as emotional flapdoodle.

To make this clearer, modern psychology and sociology show how frequently the tie of mother-love, with spiritual weaning postponed perhaps forever, is a wrecking influence to be resisted, rather than a blanket virtue. The same applies to the father, for instance when he is moved primarily by selfishness; to the home, if it function harmfully; to the family, if it strangle and obstruct rather than aid; to stock black-and-white virtues, which do not take actuality into account; to selfish, shortsighted, war-rousing and primitive use of the flag and patriotism; to God, if He be identified with primitive "an eye for an eye" vengeance, with some method of creation that science decries as superstitious rather than factual, or with anything else that the thinking man or woman of today rejects. In all such cases, an appeal to an intelligent person, emotionally unroused and able to weigh the obvious emotion-rousing quality of your plea, may evoke revulsion, a refusal to act, and in the end opposition to your plea and your cause.

Yet the appeal in all its potency is still there, and may be evoked by you, providing you tap lower, to the realities in all these things, which even the intelligent person would be the first to grant. There is, even objectively, an impressive essential quality in motherhood, which deserves protection and aid. A mother bore each of us, in pain and travail. Even if her motive was all self-centered, yet flat equity will cause a gratitude in us, and a shield to her as the means by which the race continues. ***Father*** too has a deep appeal, even if we have to translate it into what father ***should*** be, rather than what specific instances are. Increasingly this is true of the home as it might be under ideal conditions; the family as we would have it function. The most intelligent person serves his virtues and serfs himself to them more intensely than the unthinking: even if these are a service to beauty, to sanity, to collective improvement, to clean dealing and honest speech and living. Only in the recoil from bitterness of soul does a Timon, a Coriolanus, a Benedict Arnold, turn against flag and country: and even in the moment of treason, he loves these more passionately than the unthinking herd animals do: loves these as he would have them be—uncorroded, unselfish. The thinking man may intellectually broaden his concept of country to include the whole world, of fellow countrymen to a world brotherhood or "every living creature," of the flag to some symbol for world union, peace, sanity, improvement, happiness: but the concept is always there, and may be appealed to directly. And if an anthropomorphic God, made in man's image and dowered with man's limited organs and attributes, does not impress, the thing he symbolizes, the first cause of the universe, the inner urge toward truth, beauty, decency, these are served by the thinking with all the fervor of their natures. And this too may be tapped, in pointing out that your plea and your cause work toward the deepest consecration of your hearer.

With the intelligent, the heart-warming appeal may have to be reslanted, away from anything resembling claptrap or flapdoodle utterance. But the appeal is as strong in the end, and wins as surely.

Always Phrase Your Proposal in Glow-Words

Whatever you are pleading for, and no matter how insignificant it may be, the way to win your fight for it is to make it stand, in your hearer's mind and, more importantly, his heart, as an effort to achieve his emotional attitudes toward something that stirs him deeply.

An example from the Old Testament illustrates this fully. A number of complicated instructions were to be given to the Jews, such as not eating pork, and not sowing a field in two kinds of seed, and not killing, committing adultery, working on the Sabbath, coveting, and a whole world of other do not's. If Moses had ordered these on his own authority, they might not have been followed. Perhaps some of them have never been entirely followed. But in every case the commandments were worded as coming from the lips of God Himself. This naturally won the fight for them, and made them the basis for our Western civilization, our American method of life.

Or take the plea of *Horatius at the Bridge*, as given by Macaulay:

> But how can man die nobler
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his gods?

Once you have clothed such an appeal in the familiar words beloved since childhood—always with your own fresh, original, and individual turn of speech—you cannot lose your case.

How shrewdly the orators and poets have always said it! Recall Sir Walter Scott's celebrated passage beginning:

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> "This is my own, my native land!"

This stirs us still. The poets, said Shelley, are "the unacknowledged legislators of the world." The orators become your Lincolns, your voices of industry or labor, your Franklin D. Roosevelts, your Hitlers. You may not approve of all they do; but how magnificently they do it, releasing the latent energy in words to the last erg!

This book is to equip you with *their* secret.

These commandments for successful word-usage are growing like *The House that Jack Built.*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words* instead of overlong foreign words.
6. *Use courtesy as a shock-absorber* to minimize the initial friction.
7. *Use heart-warming words.* These make your hearer win for you.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER NINE:

Beware of Poison-Label Words

Become a Propaganda Detective

PROPAGANDA MEANT originally an organized movement to spread a doctrine. It has come to include secret or clandestine spreading of ideas, facts, gossip, or the like; to help or injure a person, an institution, or a cause. In this use, there is an overtone of dishonesty in it. While propaganda may still be used for honest education in any cause you espouse, it is more usually used for sly, underhanded, dishonest methods of indirect persuasion. Such as the charge, clandestinely spread two decades ago, that a Republican candidate for President had Negro blood—propaganda especially circulated in the southern states, where this appeal to race prejudice would be strongest.

Clearly you will not wish your cause won by any such underhanded method. It tends always to be a boomerang—it was in the case referred to, for the Republican was elected. In self-defense, it is important for you to equip yourself to become a propaganda detective; identify the clandestine or even outright dishonesty and brand it as such; and proceed to win your own plea by open and aboveboard methods.

The propagandist almost always uses a definite group of poison-label or rabble-rousing words, instead of words of honest opposition. This chapter will deal with these words; analyze the source of their appeal, especially among the unintelligent; and equip you to combat them with persuasive truth.

Beware of the Man Who Labels the Opposition: "Poison!"

It is a common practice of those urging a weak or unethical cause to paint the thing or group they oppose as "Unclean!", as poison, as disgusting, nauseating, wicked, immoral, un-American, and the like. All these may be classed collectively as poison-label words. The purpose is to so brand it that, no matter its merits, no sane person could think of favoring it or adopting it.

At times the method is the direct frontal attack: "My opponent's proposition is suicidal, communistic, anti-American, ruinous from every point of view." The American language is rich in adjectives and nouns of vituperation and opposition. At times the attack may be subtler, yet still annihilating and devastating. This may be accompanied by soft soap or dishonest flattery, as the dagger is eased into the opposition:

> Naturally, no person of intelligence can take such a crack-brained proposal seriously.
>
> The less we say about the opposition idea the better, Mr. Blank. We understand the American ideal too well to entertain for a moment—
>
> I wouldn't say a thing against the opposition, except that they simply don't *understand* or comprehend the situation at all. It's a pity they lack the balanced judgment—

Sometimes the dishonest propagandist descends to the strategy of pretending to favor the cause he opposes; but sooner or later the identifiable poison-label words will be injected slyly:

> I think this is a splendid idea of Mr. Zilch's. It seems to me it would be wise to adopt it. Of course, it does overturn a few ancient American customs. I must admit there'll be no free speech left when it's adopted—

and so on, putting the dishonest opposition in the form of grudging admissions. Another typical dishonesty, while pretending to favor it, is to tie it up with some movement or person your audience detests. As, to continue,

> It is true that the movement might properly be called communism. Again, it is such a proposition as Mussolini himself might favor.

Grudging admissions: "I don't believe it will actually increase unemployment; though of course I know that a Gallup Survey says it will—and that's been reliable hitherto. And are we really to believe what its opponents say—that it will reduce the prosperous eastern manufacturing cities to starvation and revolution?" And so on and on. Thus the propaganda speech, while it opposes the proposition, frequently pretends to favor it.

At times, the mask of hypocrisy is worn to the end. At other times, it is let down when the point is won—as it was by Mark Antony in his subtle propaganda against Brutus, Cassius, and the other revolutionists he pretended to side with.

"Give a dog a bad name," says the venerable proverb, "and he'll deserve it." The proverb is not true of dogs; it is true of the method of the propagandist.

Rabble-Rousing: Causing an Audience to See Red

The method preferred by the less scrupulous propagandists is to give the hunting cry of the pack, and rouse the rabble to a pursuit.. It is a thoroughly dangerous method. The danger primarily comes from the fact that the rabble, once aroused, may run completely amok, and turn and rend themselves after they have exterminated the opposition, and include the propagandist in the final massacre. "Sowing the dragon's teeth" was the phrase used of the Phoenician Cadmus, founder of Thebes. When he sowed the teeth of the dragon he had killed, armed soldiers sprung up from the ground. They would have killed him, but wise counsel told him to hurl a stone among them so that each man struck would think his neighbor had struck him. Cadmus threw the stone and mutual slaughter ensued, with only five survivors, whom he set to work to build his city. So the released mob spirit may do, to the wreckage of civilization or part of it; and you will be lucky to be among the survivors. Napoleon was the Cadmus of the sown dragon's teeth that history calls the French Revolution. If the mob spirit is once roused, it is well to have a powerful hydrant or enough tear-gas on hand, for the moment when the mob gets out of hand. Mobs destroy; only men can build.

The mob lacks manhood, then? Precisely. And here is why.

There are certain types of words that, flung again and again emotionally at opponents, arouse all the sub-basement animal passions in them, and ultimately reduce them to the level of a lynching mob. Rabble-rousing and its detection calls for some understanding of a psychology we have not encountered before: mass psychology, or mob psychology. Sigmund Freud was the shrewdest authority on this still cloudy subject. When a mob is thoroughly aroused, the process strips off all the mental, moral, and spiritual refinements that constitute civilization and culture, as you peel a peach or an onion. What is left is a horde composed of a primitive animal pack of sub-men, with all the blood-thirst and sadistic cruelty of wolves coursing a deer and tearing him apart, plus a dash of primitive man's weasel-like shrewdness. At such a time, the husk of thought cracks to bloody shreds useful only to serve the blood-lust, and every virtue of nobility, gentility, and love is sponged clean, as if the clock of man's progress had been turned back ten thousand years. So much so that a loving mother will then smile happily to see her beloved baby hacked into four bloody parts. Or as Shakespeare worded it in *Julius Caesar:*

> Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
> And dreadful objects so familiar,
> That mothers shall but smile when they behold
> Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
> All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds.

Note that here the simple prose statement is more powerful than the resonant oratory and poetry in the original. The thing becomes unbearable, when said in gnarled homespun words—so unbearable the mob-spirit and its works.

Stare with awakened horror at what this means. We know that mother-love is one of the deepest and most powerful of all human emotions, powerful far below the beginning of the human race. Yet rousing the mob-spirit may snap it off abruptly, and substitute for it the combined blood-lust of wolf and weasel.

This spirit may be annihilating, when released against us. And, since words can rouse it, any impartial study of the emotional power of words must include it.

To achieve their destructive end, words to arouse the mob-spirit must be uttered in an atmosphere of emotional excitement. I have heard the Reverend Charles Stelzle, that great organizer of Christian movements, say in a reverent sermon, "After all, Jesus was an anarchist, as far as wealth on earth was concerned." I have heard my conservative father say, "After all, I suppose I'm a socialist; we're all really socialists." I've heard religious speakers say, "The earliest Christians were all communists," because, of course, they shared everything they possessed in common. Here we have three of the typical rabble-rousing words, when used in an emotionally appealing way; here they are a mere contribution to thought.

But the moment a speaker says, with fire and scorn in face and eyes and voice, "The real labor leaders are all socialists," "The C. I. O. is really a communistic organization," "The Wall Street wolves are all anarchists," the hearer begins to see red. This is an expressive and accurate ancient phrase. Swift anger and hatred bring a rush of blood to eyelid and eyeball, and throw a bloody film over every object we then behold. Seeing red is the first stage toward the mob spirit.

Rabble-rousing words are, of course, ineffective, unless they are used against someone who is disliked in advance. If you are yourself a devout labor man, the statement that labor leaders are socialists you will meet by saying, "Don't be ridiculous!" If you belong to or believe in the C. I. O., and are told that C. I. O. members are all communists, you'll probably shoot back, "That's a lie, and you know it!" If you are a fervent convert to the New Deal, and are told that Franklin Roosevelt is really an anarchist, your reply will range from "Nonsense," often accompanied by a muscular movement of your arm causing your fist to collide with the speaker's features, to "Your judgment is ill-balanced to the point of insanity, and I'd rather not hear any more such vacuum vaporings."

And yet, even in these three cases, the use of the rabble-rousing word has set up a faint current of wonder and suspicion.

Let this be said to you often enough, and you'll begin to be hypnotized into believing it. The words themselves set up currents of suspicion, antipathy and hatred; they waken the blood-lust. This is why propaganda detection is so important.

An unemotional use of these words may merely contribute to thought. A mildly emotional use of them labels the thing so dubbed as poison. A wildly emotional use of them rouses the rabble.

Types of Poison-Label Words

A few of the outstanding types of poison-label words are:

Red and Un-American

Poison-label words include all words referring to a political or economic system differing from our own, which we have been persuaded or taught is damaging to our institutions and ideals. For instance, any of these words may give the dog a villainous name, with varying overtones:

> Red, communist, socialist, bolshevist, anarchist, nihilist, I. W. W., wobbly, radical, Populist, un-American, pacifist, unpatriotic, Nazi, fascist.

Remember, as always, it is not the thing, the idea, that is vital; it is our emotional tie-up with it, by which we have come to believe that it is treasonable to what we stand for. The words are innocent, as far as their meaning goes. At times their use has been harmless and unemotional, or even favorable.

Take *red*. "Red as a rose," "red as the heart's blood," "red, white and blue"—all of these are heart-warming phrases. The Reds were one of the four powerful parties in ancient Byzantium, who competed in the chariot races at the Hippodrome; and they were as highly regarded as the Blues or the Greens. The red is one of the two opposing sides in chess, in checkers, in backgammon. Two of the card suits are red. Even "in the red," from the use of red ink to show a loss or deficit, evokes melancholy rather than hatred. But to say of a man "He's a Red," or to refer to Red propaganda, a Red spy-ring, the Red menace, a Red dictator, the Red Army, Red Square in Moscow —this is a red of a different emotional color.

Communist, *socialist* and *anarchist* describe economic and political programs evolved by sociologists, to which people of world distinction subscribe. Anatole France was proud to call himself a communist; Shaw badges himself as a socialist; Tolstoi boasted to the end that he was an anarchist. There is no memory of this, when the words are used as poison labels. A nihilist was a patriotic liberty-loving Russian under the Tsarist regime, protesting at the risk of his life, and the lives of all his bomb could reach, against grinding upperclass oppressions. An industrial worker of the world is as important, when spelled with small letters, as an industrial executive of the world. Put it in capital letters, briefen it to *I. W. W.* or *wobbly*, and its aggressive labor warfare often earned it the mad-dog badge. A *radical* means literally one who goes down to the roots of things. In this accurate sense, a lady transplanting a zinnia in her garden is a radical—or the zinnia dies. I can't say much of a good word for *Populist;* but originally it was as harmless as *Republican* or *Democratic.*

But a long build-up has taken these words, *Red*, *communist*, *socialist*, and the rest, and riveted onto them, in popular imagination, horrors that make the Spanish Inquisition as mild as a strawberry festival in Greensboro. What's wrong with a Red? Well, we have been taught that he stands for the abolition of all private property; for sharing everything equally; for nationalization of women and the end of marriage, the home, and the family; for atheism and the destruction of God and church; and for a world-wide international revolution, a universal bath of spilt human blood that will end western civilization forever. No less than all this, and plenty more. Grant that most of this is infinitely ridiculous: that is the emotional reaction that the hearer automatically gets. And the rabble is roused, and the blood-lust awakened.

Atheist and Infidel

It doesn't have to be an economic-political poison label, not by a long shot. The teachings of the Christian church have sunk into the minds of the youth of America and the West, until they are emotionally sure that an *atheist* or *disbeliever* is the devil's first cousin, and that boiling in oil is too good for him—as indeed it was, for many centuries not so long ago. So the rabble-rouser flings out *atheist, agnostic, blasphemer, infidel, heathen, pagan, unchristian.* History is largely the dismal record of the response to this sort of rabble-rousing. It is effective still.

For centuries the Christian world stole from and raped and murdered and massacred a race inclined to be peaceful, industrious, and scholarly—calling out as they did so *Jew, Christ-killer.* A decade ago, this practice was regarded as the lowest example of medieval barbarism. In Germany, the Nordic rabble-rousing has enshrined it as a high Nordic virtue. It still remains one of the lowest examples of medieval barbarism.

It is becoming clearer that the most blasting group of poison-label words are the opposites of the heart-warming words, wherever these have emotional entanglements as deep-rooted as the heart-throb words; and are used to badge the opposition with. The mob never cares whether the cap fits or not. The blood-lust wants blood, and reaches a stage where any blood will satisfy it. Never forget that hate developed before love, and cruelty before kindness. Early life needed hatred and cruelty, in order to survive. They pop up still with the skunk cabbage, while love is a late bloomer.

This means, of course, that there is no such poison-label quality in synonyms for the words given, which lack the emotional ties referred to. To call a man *an economic egalitarian* would make the hearer or the crowd wonder what new sect he belonged to. To call him a *believer in the perfectability of human nature without artificial governmental supervision* would hardly cause a dent in his good name, and would never bring the lynching rope to mind, as *anarchist* does. To call him *a racial brother of Jesus* would lift and ennoble him, in most countries. It is the word, and not the fact behind the word, that makes a man or a thing or an idea unclean and poisonous, and that in the end unleashes the Niagara passions of the mob.

Nudism versus Sun-Bathing

Related to the last group of bad names for the dog are—

> immoral, wicked, evil, sinful, lewd, lascivious, filthy, dirty, foul, prurient, pornographic, erotic, free lover.

What a hurricane of opposition this last concept arouses; and who among those caught in this emotional maelstrom stop to consider whether they actually favor "enslaved love" as opposed to "free love"? *Nudist* is still potent as a poison label, except among the growing believers in sun-bathing and wind-bathing. Notice how a shift to these heart-stirring words, *sun*, *wind*, and *bathing*, alters your attitude toward the fact! You may still oppose *nudism*. But how can you, in sanity, oppose sun-bathing—unless you still hold with the early Christians that the pagan practice of *bathing* was immoral and inspired by the devil: cf. *bagnio* and *stew*, each meaning house of prostitution, and originally meaning *bath;* while since childhood you have been taught how valuable sunshine is? So *nudism* is still under a cloud of moral reprobation, and *sun-bathing*, its euphemistic synonym, is more than tolerated, for its heart-winning constituents.

Mossback versus Progressive

Another group of subtler poison-label words is involved in the Occidental conception of *progress*—a warm-hearted word standing for a conception not shared in by most of the world. In China, it was until recently a major indictment to say that a person favored any change in anything: were not the ways of our fathers absolutely perfect and unimprovable, and our sole duty on earth to duplicate in our own lives what they had done? In the West, the rate of change still increases, and is called progress. We have all been taught since childhood that we must believe in progress—be *up to date*, be *modern*, keep step with or abreast of the times, be forward-looking, work for "The World of Tomorrow," and so on. The denial of progressiveness constitutes a never-failing method of damning a man or a proposal, by using such words as:

reactionary, unprogressive, mossback, Tory, antiquated, antediluvian, neolithic.

Conservative is a kindred word, although many a man still prides himself on deserving it, even if he is on relief. For yourself, do not let mere labels fool you. Be proud to call yourself a conservative *and* a radical as well: one who believes in conserving all the worth-while things in our culture; one radical enough to dig down to the roots of any proposal, eliminating the evil and nourishing the good. It is excellent response, answer, or rebuttal to accept the term hurled at you, and by proper heart-throb appeal sanctify it as a term to be proud of, instead of one to be ashamed of. *Quaker* and *Methodist* are only two among the many words that commenced as words of reproach, and were adopted and lifted proudly into badges of merit.

Note that, of all these words meaning unprogressive, only *mossback* is of the tough wiry homespun type. It is of course true that, in attacking, polysyllables are effective, through their overtone of ridicule. *Antediluvian*—that is, dating back to before Noah's flood—is an excellent example.

Jackass and Skunk

Since the domestication of animals, these furred cousins have lived so close to man that it is not surprising that animal names have been used, in praise or attack. Almost invariably these are of the homespun type. It is a compliment to call a man a *gay dog;* but the reverse, to say that he leads a *dog's life*. Calling him a *dog* outright is a definite poison label, especially when qualified, as in *atheistic dog, dog of a disbeliever*. The attack grows stronger, as he is called *a dumb ox, an ass, a jackass, a pig, a hog,* or *a swine*. To call a woman *a lamb* or *puss* flatters her cuddly quality, as calling her *a chicken* grants youth to her. *Old hen,* however, dowers her with tough clucking old age. To say that she is a *goose* dispraises her thinking ability, as calling her *a cat* describes her method of hunting, and does not omit her claws.

Wild animal names are equally potent. In praise, a man may be called *a lion* for courage, *a cock of the walk, eagle-eyed,* wise as *an owl,* busy as *an ant,* or *a ferret* in detecting crime. Even to say he is *foxy* is a tribute to his shrewdness. To say he is *slippery as an eel* or *slimy as a worm* may reach the poison-label class. *Monkey, ape,* and even *gorilla* are half complimentary, through a nostalgic tug in all of us to return to the Tarzan Caveman days. We see mounting heights of attack in *making a monkey out of a person, poor fish, snake, snake in the grass, weasel, jackal, hyena, vulture, buzzard, skunk, ravening wolf,* loan-*shark*. *Shark,* however, has a flattering overtone, as when we say *a shark in mathematics. Inhuman* is brutal poison labeling; *beastly* is strong, *bestial* stronger, and *brutal* perhaps strongest of all. To place a man in the hearer's imaginary zoo is a devastating way to dispose of him.

Attacks on Sanity

The negative of most of the heart-warming words, if it has some emotional connotations dating from childhood, is potent poison-label usage. Ponder the virulence of the attack involved in calling a man or a plan—

> un-American, unpatriotic, uncivilized, unchristian.

There is a constantly changing crop of words of attack, just above the level of slang. Instances are:

> soapboxer, spellbinder, tub thumper, crackpot.

Demagogue, whose original meaning is "leader of the people," has become a synonym for rabble-rouser; the opposition always uses it of any successful man who handles words well.

Kindred words are such good old reduplications, often Anglo-Saxon, as:

> hocus-pocus, hodgepodge, shilly-shally, gibblegabble, namby-pamby, harum-scarum, mumbo jumbo;

and such words as:

> hokum, bunk, crank, baloney, tripe, a lot of rot, balderdash, nonsense.

This brings us to the immense field of words implying a greater or less degree of insanity in the person or proposition opposed. These range from the mild to the destructive:

unwise, ill-considered, injudicious, thoughtless, insane, crazy, idiotic, feeble-minded, moronic, cretinic, lunatic, a nut, goofy, wacky, screwy, cockeyed.

They all label *poison* on the bottle. Even if the contents are the best medicine in the world, any intelligent person will stop, look and listen before sampling—and then probably not. Unless he detects the dishonesty in the propaganda.

Byzantine Logothete

Overlong alien words jeer at and make fun of the opposing idea. The average person is quick to guffaw at words that sound too bookish and unintelligible. *Technocracy* ailed and may have died from its unfortunate title. Upton Sinclair's *Epic* (End Poverty In California) *Plan* had a title that never could quite gain popular appeal, for all the word-wit it involved. Use the homespun words in favor of what you favor; the use of ridiculing polysyllables damns what you oppose.

Lowbrow wisecracking against evidences of highbrowism are potent with almost any audience, even when dishonest propaganda. Any small-time scientist could have routed Lester Ward by referring to him as the expert on *noölogy* ("And I'm an expert on yes-ology, *not* no-ology!") and *androclexis* ("It sounds to me like some newfangled name for the hoof-and-mouth disease, or for a bad case of galloping hives!"). Thus we add to the unfair opposition word-weapons the use of flabby polysyllables used in ridicule, when in the opposition.

Problems of Rabble-Rousing

The whole thing may be summed up that the dishonest propagandist pastes a label marked *poison* on the container holding the person or proposition he opposes.

This is similar to the old-fashioned dishonest method used in bargaining and barter. After praising to the skies what a man had to sell, he would begin to run down the thing he wished to barter it for. He cheapened it, until even its owner was hypnotized into believing it was not so much after all. Similarly, all successful efforts to cheapen the efficacy of what is opposed aid in the fight. This is a mild and subtler use of poison labeling.

It is, almost invariably, unwise to descend to rabble-rousing yourself. It will usually be far better to use the true-talk opposition words with the deepest emotional entanglements. They will do the work for you, once you have released their latent emotional word-energy. If in addition you detect and expose the dishonest opposition propaganda, your fight is won.

If one of your allies, one fighting for the very things you are fighting for, descends to actual rabble-rousing, that puts you in a predicament. Naturally, your side must show cooperation and teamwork. You cannot attack your own ally, and then effectively turn and attack your joint enemy. The best you can do is to point out that the opposing person or proposition is definitely harmful, and no doubt deserves everything said against it. Then be sure to cool your own words a little before applying them.

If rabble-rousing is used against you, your cause is not yet lost—providing you can get a hearing before it is too late. Your opponent's demagogic appeal can hardly have reached all those concerned, and probably not even a majority of them. Proceed, therefore, to line up as many of those interested as you can on your own side. With these to back you, take this slant of attack: "Criticism describes only the critic." Let this sink in; drive it in. "It's like throwing mud and filth at a white marble statue. These cannot hurt the statue. Only a guilty conscience could have inspired the opposition to such reckless and dishonest vituperation and name-calling. The hit dog yelps: *we* are not yelping! It's all a smoke-screen, to hide their own guilt. But if you want a *real* picture of the opponent or the plan proposed—" And then turn in, with all the honest emotion-rousing words at your command, and turn the tide against the opposition.

It may work. If not, you're sure to get a handsome monument.

In attacking, it is wise to take the offensive from the start. This puts the enemy on the defensive right away, fighting with their backs against the wall. This is, incidentally, an excellent time to puncture the wall, and give them a jab from the rear.

Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just,
But six times he who gets his lick in fu'st.

Or, anticipating the attack, you may prepare a counter-offensive of vaster size and more hard-hitting quality than the opponent can possibly use against you. Thus you put on him the burden of commencing the strife, which you terminate by one enormous barrage of honest and unanswerable appeals to your hearers' emotions.

Warning: Appeal to the Emotions, Not the Brain!

The brain, thinking, and logic originated as weapons of the emotions, to aid them in their fight for the realization of their desires. All who have taken part in debates can say with certainty that decisions, whether on the part of the audience or of supposedly unbiased judges, are as a rule given on the emotional reactions of the judges, largely arrived at before the debate commences; and not on the logic of presentation. Unless some shrewd trick wins in spite of advance audience- and judge-hostility.

All the logical arguments in the world fail, if they do not punch that button that releases the current of emotional opposition in your hearer. You must link up the opposition with something your hearer is opposed to. Do that successfully, and your cause is won. Not through logic; through an appeal to the emotions.

I have heard speaker after speaker talk with flawless logic, where I marveled at the speaker's command of his subject in its every ramification, and the sheer logical perfection of his address. But if he omitted the emotional appeal, he invariably went down to defeat. The emotion of self-interest will do; but there must be some plea to the heart—or the heart, which dictates what the brain accepts and the tongue speaks, remains deaf to the most brilliant plea.

The heart has the brain in its pocket. Aim at the heart, and you cannot fail.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words* instead of overlong foreign words.
6. *Use courtesy as a shock-absorber* to minimize the initial friction.
7. *Use heart-warming words.* These make your hearer win for you.
8. *Beware of Poison-Label words.* Become a propaganda detective.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER TEN:

Spice Your Words with Wit and Humor

Release the Floodgates of Laughter

ONE OF THE MOST potent of all weapons in word-usage lies in wit and humor, shrewdly applied. Once the floodgates of laughter are opened and the powerful stream bursts through, a whole new reservoir of emotions is tapped in your hearer. This can be your great ally; or it can kill your cause quicker than Cleopatra's asp.

Laughter is a kill-or-cure matter. Learn to use it right; or your opponent will hang you higher than Haman's hair on it.

In the famous anti-evolution Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee, Bryan sought to squelch Darwinism finally by shouting out at Clarence Darrow, the lawyer defending young Scopes, "You may try to make a monkey out of me, but you can't make a monkey out of my grandfather!"

Darrow retorted, quick as the flick of a pony whip, "You don't need any help from me in succeeding in that, Mr. Bryan." And the case was won.

Laughter may return like a flung boomerang to demolish the one who threw the wrong remark; as when Taft said of the Presidency that it ought to be "like Caesar's wife—all things to all men."

Laughter can be used effectively against one's self or the cause one favors, if the laughter is gentle and leaves no sting. It is as effective as courtesy in removing the initial friction caused by envy, jealousy, suspicion, antipathy, or inertia. It is sometimes more effective. We recall that the hearer always instinctively resents the speaker, to some slight degree at least; the natural resentment of anyone for anything approaching the know-it-all attitude, indicated by the fact that the speaker is selected to address him. When the speaker turns the laugh gently on himself at the start, he punctures this faint opposition at once, and there is no friction any more.

A poet from the deep South, noted for his informal singing of Negro spirituals, was for years the rage on concert platforms, for all of the unschooled simplicity of his singing and his own accompaniments. Recognizing the fact that the audience tended to come with some faint resentment against him, as an entertainer holding the spotlight—each one being sure that, given the chance, he could do a lot better at whatever his own entertainment happened to be—he always disarmed criticism from the start by saying: "There is only one thing wrong with my singing of these Negro spirituals. But that's hardly my fault. You see, I ought to have been born a quartette."

This always evoked a mild ripple of laughter, or more—always sympathetic. Still with a bland apologetic face, he would continue, "My accompaniments are strictly Scriptural. My left hand never has the faintest idea of what my right hand is doing."

By now, he had the entire sympathy of his audience, and had earned the reputation of a wit as well. Each hearer would say to himself, "He's certainly not stuck-up. And I must remember that good one he pulled." By turning the laugh on himself at the start, he drove away any stored-up antipathy or disinterest, and the audience could enjoy the spirituals with him. Between each song or group of songs, a similar release of the audience's tension, he found, always helped. It was not by accident, he reminded himself, that Shakespeare always followed his scenes of most unbearable tragedy with lowbrow clowning.

A similar turning of wit against himself was brilliantly used by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., then governor-general of the Philippines, in 1932, when Franklin Roosevelt was first elected President. An interviewer asked the younger Roosevelt, "Just what kin are you to the President-elect?"

"I'm his fifth cousin, about to be removed," he replied.

The whole country chuckled for months over that remark.

Laughter can be used to demolish a cause you oppose, often without leaving hard feelings behind. Lincoln was one of the world's most celebrated users of humor, both in support of causes he favored, and in opposition to those he did not. On one occasion, he wished to deflate an inventor who insisted that his new gunboats should be adopted. The inventor said excitedly, "Don't you realize, Mr. President, that they'll only draw two feet of water!"

"I have no doubt," said Lincoln blandly, "that they'd navigate wherever the ground was a little moist." —The typically American humor of excessive exaggeration.

Again, a delegation of ministers called to protest to Lincoln against appointing Grant commander-in-chief, on the ground that he overdrank whiskey.

Honest Abe studied them thoughtfully. "Is that so! Well, gentlemen, if you'll just find out what brand he uses, I'll send a case to each of my other generals."

This laughed the complaint away entirely, by the subtle reminder that, whiskey or not, Grant won battles, while the models of sobriety lost theirs.

The Function of Wit and Humor

Psychoanalysis comes to our aid in explaining why people laugh, and at what, and what is the effect of the process. You may not accept the following theory, but it will do you no harm to become familiar with it, and test it out for yourself. Psychoanalysts say that a joke or witticism releases some antipathy in us toward the thing made ridiculous in the anecdote. According to this theory, we never laugh at what we feel no antipathy toward. Thus a joke against Christian Science, which would set the world to chuckling, would seem pointless and, indeed, discourteous to a good Scientist.

If you protest that you laugh at jokes against Irishmen, Scotchmen, a man's wife, ministers, doctors, and so on, yet have no antipathy toward these, it might pay you to probe a little more deeply into the workings of your unconscious mind. For many of our emotions are buried deep, fed by both individual and racial stems. Grant that you may regard your wife as the tops in every way, there come moments when you have an inevitable recoil: as when she blunders to victory in bridge over your brilliant play, or the like. The antipathy may not be deep; but it is there. And so you snicker gently at the simple story:

> "Did you hear about the awful fright George got on his wedding day?"
>
> "Oh, yes. I was there; I saw her."

If a man were trying to sell you a bill of goods, a new car, or a house, and knew that your wife opposed your buying it, this would be an admirable story for him to tell. You would undoubtedly laugh at it, and thus release your gentle antipathy toward your wife; at the same time you would side emotionally with the teller of the story, and tend toward overriding your wife's objections, and buying whatever the man had to sell, that she opposed. Or if *you* were trying to sell the article to a man whose wife opposed the purchase, you could use the story yourself, and probably score with it.

Suppose you had an Irishman as a business rival, and knew that an indirect attack was better than a direct one. Recognizing the general, albeit slight resentment against the Irish, as against any group even partially alien, you might casually tell this story:

> A man, arrested for murder, bribed an Irishman on the jury to oppose the death penalty, and hold out for a verdict of manslaughter.
>
> The jury was out for a long time, and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irishman, and whispered, "I'm tremendously obliged. Did you have a hard time of it?"
>
> "The divil's own time, me lad. The other eleven all wanted to acquit you."

This scores a double point: that efforts to do things dishonestly often turn out to be boomerangs, where simply honesty would have won without effort; and that Irishmen, in their loyal zeal, are sometimes blind to the real issues involved.

If you are trying to secure the election of a friend of yours to a club you belong to, and the club members object to him because he is not generally popular, you might tell this joke, popular among Democrats during Hoover's presidency:

> Hoover left the White House one night, forgetting to put any change into his evening clothes. He introduced himself to a stranger, and asked to borrow a nickel, to call up a friend.
>
> "Here's a dime. Call up both of them."

The story frankly admits that although a man might not have many friends, he might still be a figure of major importance.

If you were trying to persuade your son or a friend to apply himself more energetically to his work, this joke might be effective:

> A census-taker was questioning a Negro. "Have you any visible means of support."
>
> "Sho, boss. Hyah she comes now!"

Or the other story of the colored man who said—of course he worked; he always got white ladies for his wife to wash for. These stories gently tap the friendly yet patronizing spirit which indicts the Negro for a tendency toward laziness; and at the same time have a closer application to the problem before you.

If it is a tendency toward exaggeration, even to the point of downright mendacity, that you are attacking, here is another story with a side swing at the Negro.

> "You say you're more than a hundred years old, Uncle Jake. Then you must remember Lincoln."
>
> "Oh, yassuh, boss. Many's de time I's seed Marse Abe drive up Pennsylvania Av'noo in his big kerridge."
>
> "You might even have seen Andy Jackson."
>
> "Marse Andy? Sho, suh! A-sittin' on his big black horse—"
>
> The sceptical questioner said, "Perhaps you were there when George Washington hacked the cherry tree."
>
> "Wuz I dere! I druv de hack myself."

If you want to score, with gentle raillery, against coffee weaker than you prefer, here is a Western story that is most appropriate, and cannot be resented:

> A stranger arrived at an Arizona mining town, consisting of a station, with a lunch-counter, and no house nearer than over the hill. He ordered ham and eggs and coffee. The lonely waitress, eager to have at least some conversation, stared out of the door after serving the food. "It looks like rain."
>
> "Yes, but it smells like coffee."

If you wished to flatter a woman, and at the same time make her lean toward your advice rather than her husband's, here is a story that gently implants in her mind a doubt of the certainty of her husband's complete devotion:

> A bridegroom took his bride, during the honeymoon trip, to his favorite roadhouse, famous for its waffles and honey. He ordered waffles for each of them. They came, accompanied by maple syrup.
>
> He beckoned the waitress over, and whispered to her: "Where's my honey?"
>
> "She left last week."

Here is a humorous story to indicate the cost of limited knowledge of your subject, misapplied logic, and so on. It will not seem nearly so funny to women, of course, as to men:

> A Texas rancher, embittered because his young wife eloped with a traveling salesman, leaving him custody of their one child, a son of one, raised the boy so that he never heard of or saw a woman; though he learned everything about cattle and horses. When the boy reached twenty-one the father took him to town to sign legal papers, trying to smuggle him in and out without sight of a woman. As they were leaving the son saw a pretty schoolteacher crossing the road. "Oh, father, what is that? I want her."
>
> The father sighed; but the damage was done. He explained the matter to the teacher, who with some persuasion agreed to marry the young man. After the marriage, returning to the ranch, the father's bitterness returned. He informed the young couple that he was going to ride around the ranch, a four day's trip, leaving them to get acquainted.
>
> On his return, his son greeted him heartily. No sight of the wife. Finally the father asked, "But where's your wife?"

> The son shrugged. "I forgot to tell you. Going to the spring for water, she slipped and broke her ankle."
>
> "Well, where is she?"
>
> "I had to shoot her, of course."

Notice that each story you tell scores some point toward achieving what you wish, in addition to relaxing your hearer's emotions in your direction. If you want a subtle attack on some rival who at times overdrinks, this story will aid:

> A deputy sheriff was sent to take an inventory of the contents of a house. When he did not return in six hours, another one was sent to discover the cause of the delay. The first official was found snoozing on the floor beside his incomplete inventory, which had on it only: 1 sideboard. 1 full bottle whiskey.
>
> The word "full" had been scratched out, and "half-full" substituted. Then "half-full" had been overlined, and "empty" written instead. At the bottom appeared: 1 revolving carpet.

A story involving drink from a different slant is effective to point out to your hearer how the right bait will always win.

> A fisherman, needing bait, and seeing a snake about to swallow a frog it had caught, took the frog for bait. To compensate the snake, he poured a little whiskey into its mouth, as a joke.
>
> He had hardly finished using the frog for bait, when the snake swam up, holding another frog in its mouth.

To soften the direct blow of calling the people opposing your and your helper's cause lunatics, tell this prize-winning English joke:

> The keeper of an insane asylum said, "Our swimming pool is getting so popular, especially with patients who like to dive, that we've about decided to put some water in it."

A joke to warn against acting on a misunderstanding is slanted against the Nazi regime:

> An old Berlin woman, with a dreadful temper and tongue, loved her pet dog more than anything in the world. When it was run over and killed, no one dared tell her, for fear of her temper. A Storm Trooper volunteered to.

> The neighbors hung around to watch him get kicked out.
>
> Instead, he came out smiling, arms loaded with presents.
>
> "What in the world happened?"
>
> "Well, I told her, and she kissed me and gave me all these."
>
> "It's impossible! Tell us everything that happened."
>
> "Well, I went in, and she stood up and saluted. 'Heil Hitler,' I said, 'The dog is dead.' "

One of the wittiest stories, the point being against forcing an issue prematurely, comes from *The New Yorker.*

> A father and mother finally decided it was time to tell their twelve-year-old son the "facts of life." The father accordingly told him the prepared story of the papa and mamma flowers and the little birds and bees; the papa and mamma cats and the little kittens; and ended up by explaining that a little brother or sister was expected soon. "And now, my son, as man to man, if there's anything I haven't made clear, ask me frankly, and I'll do my best to explain it."
>
> The boy turned toward his father, with a concentrated stare of aroused interest. "Father, what *is* a spiral staircase?"

Jokes That Are Boomerangs

Beware of stories, however, that snap back and lash you with their point. Obviously you must tell a joke only to a person or group who will think it funny; and this calls for careful analysis of the joke in advance, and of the hearer's emotional biases.

Emile Gauvreau, then managing editor of the New York *Mirror,* addressing the Congress of All-Russian Soviets in Moscow, told this mild story, an interpreter repeating it to the audience:

> Here's a traveling salesman story to end all traveling salesmen stories. A traveling salesman came to a farmhouse, at midnight, explaining that his car had broken down, and so on. The farmer shook his head sternly. "I can't put you up. I haven't got a daughter."

Gauvreau smiled at his audience, expecting a smile in return. Instead, many in his audience began to sob, handkerchiefs to their eyes. In amazement, he asked the interpreter, "What did you tell them?"

The interpreter stared at him mournfully. "I explained that, so dreadful were farming conditions in America, that the farm families could not afford to have children!"

Again, a lecturer in mining West Virginia told this story, quite popular in New York:

> A prosperous Jew appeared one morning in the federal court, and asked to be allowed to change his name from Abe Rosenberg to Pat O'Brien. The Judge smiled, and signed the order. A month later, the Jew appeared in court again.
>
> "What can I do for you, Abe—I mean, Pat?"
>
> "Judge, I want I should change my name."
>
> "But you changed it, only a month ago! What do you want to change it to now?"
>
> "Well, Judge, I thought maybe I change it to John Smith."
>
> "But why in the world!"
>
> He smiled craftily. "Judge, every time I tell anybody my name is Pat O'Brien, they say, 'But what was your name before you changed it!'"

The lecturer waited for the laughs. They barely came. When he had finished, he asked his chairman, a lanky mining foreman, "Why didn't they laugh at my joke about the Jew who changed his name?" The foreman said, "Well, sir, around here most of us has changed our names. Chiefly for horse-stealing."

The boomerang joke always does more harm than good. A bit of shrewd analysis in advance will prevent your telling it.

Wit and Humor on the Offensive

A notable use of wit and ridicule on the aggressive is found in Clarence Darrow's brilliant defense of Dr. Sweet, the Negro physician of Detroit accused of firing on the mob that was trying to drive him out of his home. Of the policemen who testified against the doctor, Darrow said,

> I don't know where the rest came from. Some of them seemed to come from some institution, judged by the way they talked.

Said in his inimitable slow drawl, and with the sympathy of the audience won by his rugged honesty from the start, every such statement shattered the state's case, and made the jury grin with appreciation. He was always utterly unpretentious; but such a statement released, by laughter, the widespread dislike of policemen, and scored a point for his side of the case.

Or take this bitter satire, a little later in the same speech:

> The Police Department went up there on the morning of the eighth, in the city of Detroit, in the state of Michigan, U. S. A., to see that a family was permitted to move into a home that they owned without getting their throats cut by the noble Nordics who inhabit that jungle.

What a brilliant application of all that we have been saying! The heart-warming references to the United States of America, the family, the "home that they owned"; the savage satire in "getting their throats cut," "noble Nordics," and the final whiplash in describing this well-to-do corner of Detroit as a jungle—there you see the release of the full latent power in words, the sort of power that you will exercise as a matter of course, as soon as you absorb this book and apply it to your own speech. Or another magnificent example of ridicule:

> Dr. Sweet scraped together his small earnings by his industry and put himself through college, and he scraped together his small earnings of three thousand dollars to buy that home—because he wanted to kill somebody?

Of course, this brilliant bitterness punctured the charge of conspiracy completely. Nobody could believe that an industrious, frugal, law-abiding doctor would devote his life to saving and home-purchase, as part of a conspiracy to kill a white man he had never even seen, did not know, and had no individual resentment against. Again,

> It is a new idea in Detroit that a colored man's home can be torn about his head because he is black.

To find its parallel, we must go back to Elijah on Mount Carmel, when the four hundred rival prophets of Baal had appealed in vain for fire from Heaven to burn their bullock sacrifice,

> And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened.

Elijah won his case. And so did Darrow. Dr. Sweet lived; and, after the people had captured the four hundred prophets of Baal, Elijah himself slew them by the brook Kishon.

So potent are humor, wit, ridicule and satire in opposition. They are always spices to good word-usage. They may spice the dish for your adversary, or win a warmer sympathy for yourself, if directed by you against yourself and your own cause. Laughter releases the locked chambers of the heart, and opens it for you to fill it with passionate devotion to your own cause, or with death and destruction for the cause you oppose.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words* instead of overlong foreign words.
6. *Use courtesy as a shock-absorber* to minimize the initial friction.
7. *Use heart-warming words.* These make your hearer win for you.
8. *Beware of poison-label words.* Become a propaganda detective.
9. *Use the spice of wit and humor.* These aid either purpose.

(*To be continued.*)

CHAPTER ELEVEN:

Choose Your Words as For a Radio Speech

Speak as Naturally as You Breathe

THIS CHAPTER DEALS primarily with actual speeches. But every word in it applies to conversations, as well.

How many pupils and friends come up to a teacher of effective word-usage, and say, "I've got to make a speech, and the prospect appals me."

"Appals you? Why?"

"It makes me nervous even to think of it. I *know* I'll have stagefright. I won't know how to start—what to say next—how to end. And I really haven't got a thing to say!"

One of these may be *your* mental hazard; your imaginary bogyman, who's preventing your success as a speaker. Or all of them.

Now watch how a breath of common sense will lay these specters forever.

What is a speech?

A speech is anything you say: from the most casual remark to a stranger, an application for a job, a proposal of marriage, a sales talk to a prospect, clear up to a report to a board of directors, a sermon, a formal address or oration, or a formal debate. A writing—*any* writing—is merely one of these speeches written down.

The same rules apply to both:

> Be natural. Be conversational. Speak to the point. End when you have finished.

In other words, speak as naturally as you breathe—with the added shrewdness of emotional appeal, which by now you know you must release whenever you use words.

What is a speech? What *is* anything you say?

Here is the all-important correct answer. The moment you let it stick and stay in your own soul, most of your speech-making problems are over forever.

> *A speech* is nothing but breathing—breathing your breath through vocal cords arranged so that they make intelligible sounds, words, and sentences. That is all. Just breathing, to convey your meaning to others.

You are not self-conscious and nervous about your breathing, are you? You can breath before one person, or a million, or a microphone, or a dozen microphones, in perfect comfort, can't you? If you can, and of course you can, you can speak just as easily and simply and naturally, once you realize that speech is only breathing.

Certainly you've never found any difficulty in speaking to a small group of people, to intimate friends, to your own family, to one person, or to yourself. If you can speak successfully to one person, even to yourself, you can speak successfully to every person in the United States. If you still do not believe that, or indeed passionately believe the reverse, you have your own private hurdle to jump over: and this book will help you. You have been miseducated, at some stage in your career, into this suicidal error. After all, it is an *imaginary* hurdle, remember. Jump ahead, though, if it will make you feel any better.

First let me repeat this secret of all good speaking: be natural and conversational. Speak to the point, and end when you have finished.

Never get elocutional, artificial, bookish. Flapdoodle speaking went out with the old Fourth-of-July oration. Most speakers of that period never realized that July fifth ever arrived. Arty elocution, in stilted artificial language, always fails before a common-sense conversational appeal, which is far more emotion-rousing than any artificial elocution. For conversation includes everything from "Good morning" to "Your house is on fire!" "The dam has broken!" "My God, they're beginning to shoot at us!" "The ship is sinking!" "We're saved—our prayers are answered!" Genuine emotion, yes; artificial emotion, never. Conversational, always.

Before the radio brought every nationally and internationally famous speaker on earth inside your own living room, there might be room for argument on this point. You *might* have insisted that great speakers use elocution, artificial oratory. There is room for argument no longer. You have heard the great achievers talk—turn on the radio right now, and listen to their splendid homely pleas coming through the air!—and you know that speakers are most effective when they talk like ordinary people.

Never forget that in your own speaking.

Make Your Gestures as Natural as Breathing

Even dumb people can gesture. —To make their meaning clear, or at least clearer.

You ask a dumb person the way to the post office, and he points in the right direction. You walk in that direction, and find it in two blocks. All gesturing should be that intelligent and natural.

But you can speak; you are not dumb. When this question is asked of you, you say, "Two blocks down that way," and make the same gesture. You have made your meaning clearer than a dumb person ever could. But your gesturing was as natural. Keep your gesturing always natural.

If you want to say, "I appeal to every one of you," your hands automatically spread wider, palms upward, to embrace the crowd. If you want to say, "I've got a bullet here in my wrist that I got at Château Thierry," it is natural to point with the left hand toward the scarred right wrist held out for your hearer or hearers to see.

All gestures should be as natural and spontaneous as these. Again, it is wise to choose the best living models—television will soon make that increasingly easy—and follow their examples.

Use Your Voice as Naturally as You Breathe

Helen Keller, the famous woman who began deaf, dumb, and blind and conquered these incredible difficulties, learned to speak artificially. She has never heard her own voice. The product is absolutely monotonous. Dead. Empty. Ghastly. But you forgive it all, honoring the miraculous greatness of soul that had led her to conquer her terrible burdens.

The natural human voice has a range like a lark's song. Listen to children talking unobserved. Hear how their voices rise triumphantly into the head-tones, sink to a whisper, drag down to an awed low note. Listen to any group in natural animated conversation, with this voice soaring upward to out-talk the others, or in natural excitement; to the pulsing emotion cascading in another voice; to the significant pause, the effective whisper, the low note of foreboding.

Then go away and talk that way! Always.

For that is natural speech. As natural as breathing.

When you reach the deepest emotional heart-warming words or points, then only let your voice vibrate with emotion that sets your hearers on fire to do what you want them to do. For that is natural: you *feel* the heart-warming points yourself, and naturally emote over them. If you don't feel them, then observe others carefully when deeply moved, and try to be like them.

This pulsing vibrating method of conveying emotion is only one of the methods—the method most effective with a large crowd. There are other methods, as effective, or more effective. Only experience will teach you that emphasis comes in climax order from (1) a raised voice; (2) a tensely lowered voice; (3) a quiet restrained emotionless voice, letting your heart-warming words themselves set your hearers on fire; (4), best of all, a pregnant and impressive pause just before you deliver the most important point.

When God spoke to Moses from the burning bush, there came a vast roaring sound first, followed by a still small voice. God spoke in the second. The precedent is worth following.

Monotonous speech is unnatural, and puts your hearer to sleep. Use your head-tones naturally, just as you use them in animated conversation. Use your emotion-throbbing speech, your impressive restrained unemotional words, your whisper, your pause, as naturally. Once you have learned to be entirely natural, letting your words flow as your reined emotion dictates, your word-usage will be successful, no matter the vocal equipment you start with. President Theodore Roosevelt had a voice too high, that rose to a squeak in certain moments of excitement. For all the greater skill in resonant eloquence of Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt was the most eloquent man alive in his time. For he was a doer, an achiever: and the whispers of the doer ring louder than the roars of the emptily oratorical.

The right use of words can make you a doer, an achiever. Then your words will be listened to as his were.

How to Jump That Imaginary Hurdle, Stagefright

You think you're alone in being subject to stagefright? Every effective speaker has had it at least once—sometimes to an appalling annihilating degree. They overcame it. So can you. And easily, too.

Many boys and girls stammer. So did Demosthenes. Demosthenes cured himself, we are told, by filling his mouth with pebbles from the beach, and learning to pronounce each word perfectly in spite of this added handicap. I knew of a man who cured himself, and each of his children, by the following Spartan method. Whenever one stammered, he stopped whatever he was saying and repeated aloud, syllable by syllable, "Talk slow and stop stam-mer-ing." All right, it is sometimes embarrassing. Keep it up. It will work.

You can banish the tendency to stagefright far more easily than this family conquered stammering.

Here are methods of eliminating stagefright. The first should work. After giving it a good trial, if you need a more drastic remedy, proceed to the second. Then to the third. And so on. But few need many of these methods.

Remind yourself constantly that speaking is as natural as breathing: *is* breathing, with your vocal cords under control. This will eliminate stagefright, in most cases.

Saturate yourself with your subject, so that you *know* you know more about it than any man living. You'll get so full of it that stagefright becomes ridiculous. You *know;* and it's no effort then to share a little of your knowledge.

Anticipate the moment of stagefright, which may come during any speech, and cure it by repeating the thing you have just finished saying, in slightly different words, as if for more emphasis. By this time, full command of memory will have come back to you, and you will sail triumphantly ahead, your audience never dreaming how close you came to yielding to this imaginary mental disease, stagefright. Incidentally, this is a method many still use, in making any long speech, whenever a brief flood of blinding blankness flows over them. Naturally, if your speech is written, as so many speeches to be delivered over the air are, the danger of stagefright is enormously lessened. James Montgomery Flagg, in a recent minstrel show given over the air, finished his tap dance triumphantly, then went back to the mike to resume his talking. He had lost his place in the script, but he grinned, and said, "Just a moment, now," and in a second was sailing triumphantly ahead. Nothing was wrecked, nothing damaged. Learn to take any such happening in your stride, and if anything your audience will side with you the more, for your minor human failing.

A fourth remedy, if your case of stagefright is chronic and deep-rooted, is pre-hypnotic suggestion. Tell yourself repeatedly the day before, and go to sleep telling yourself, "I *won't* have stagefright when it's my turn to breathe—" Beg pardon, "speak." The two are the same. This is surprisingly effective. This same self-hypnosis, by the way, is the best way to memorize anything—statistics, a price-list, a poem. Saturate yourself with it just before going to sleep, and during sleep your unconscious mind usually does the rest.

For the sake of your own self-confidence, if you have the faintest trace of shyness, systematically practice talking or explaining something or telling some joke, first to one or a few people, and then to ever larger groups. The actual experience of being on your feet and talking to a crowd breeds a self-confidence that will never leave you.

Eliminate Faults in Speech as You Would in Breathing

It is obvious that you have too much regard for your own appearance to breathe faultily. You learn to do it with the least possible effort, without attracting attention to it. You don't snort like a wheezy grampus, or breathe with your mouth too wide open—the preferred fly-catching technique—or otherwise vary from the regular breathing of mankind. If you did, you know that these would call attention to a physical deficiency; and you don't want that. If you are badged with any of these defects, you set to work and quietly correct them.

Faults in speaking are as important as faults in breathing, but no more important. They are to be eliminated as carefully. They can be corrected as easily, once your attention is called to them. Your best models are the living ones: the people whose speech you and the world justly admire, for its pleasantness and persuasiveness. Watching such speakers in action, hearing them in actual conversation and over the radio, are continual lessons in correct speech. Not that you will imitate them: but that you will see how each expresses his own individuality most persuasively, and proceed to express your own individuality with similar persuasiveness.

Once you have a fault located, place all your emphasis on *doing the right thing;* not on *avoiding the wrong thing.* If your fault is saying "I ain't going," don't repeat to yourself: "*Don't* say 'I ain't going.'" Instead, repeat to yourself: "Say, 'I am not going.'" Repeating errors engraves them on the mind, and tends to deepen the fault. Repeat the correct form to engrave it on your mind, and to make its use habitual.

Here are the ten negative commandments in speaking: what *not* to do. Don't dwell on these. Read them through, and check those that apply to you. Then list the correct forms, and put your emphasis on them. And don't bother again with the others. Faults are as contagious as good usage. And you want only the good usage.

THE TEN DON'TS IN SPEAKING

1. *Don't be a "D'you understand?" speaker*

Avoid all annoying mannerisms of speech, such as constantly repeating "Listen," "See," "Do you understand?" "Do you get what I mean?" "Isn't it awful!" "I'll tell the world," "Imagine!" "Is that so!" "You don't say so!" "To tell you the truth—" "As a matter of fact—" You don't want to be remembered by any such annoying theme-song. A constant repetition of these will drive any hearer to distraction, and cause him to turn off *your* station: that is, to turn down anything you are pleading for; and often to eliminate you from his circle of acquaintances. Shape your sentences—what you really mean to say—in advance, and bring them out perfectly, and then stop talking.

2. *Don't commit vulgarisms*

Avoid errors of grammar and literacy. Speak correct English, not vulgarisms, such as "Queen, you said a mouthful," "Them there potatoes," "I ain't got no knife," "I would of went to the city," "Me and John are going," and so on and on. Living models and a little study will win for you here.

3. *Don't mispronounce*

Speak accurately, with proper pronunciation of every word you use. Overcome mispronunciations and annoying accents, even if you have to pay a teacher to show you how. Get a copy of Phyfe's *18,000 Words Often Mispronounced*, or Vizetelly's similar book, and use this to make sure where you are in doubt, and to settle arguments dealing with pronunciation. And yet, this does not mean be a pedant. Most people mispronounce *quintuplets* and *communique*. You may prefer to accent the *quin* and add the fourth syllable to the second word. Yet there is something in talking like the overwhelming majority of your fellow countrymen.

4. *Don't be a clam*

Unless you want to be regarded as a dour boor, don't limit your conversation to yes and no. Learn to talk briefly and interestingly on every subject—or admit ignorance and interest, and listen and learn. Only a human clam makes the other person do more than his share of the talking. Happy social relationship requires that each member of every group contribute to the conversation.

5. *Don't hog the spotlight*

Do not hog more than your share of the conversation. Take your fair proportion of the time, and continue talking as long as others are interested. Be sure that you use this time better than the others use their time, too. But make it your business to bring each other person into the conversation. They will deeply appreciate this, and this will aid you in winning your point with them.

6. *Don't be your own ditto-mark*

Avoid repetition, except of the points in your outline. Stop when you are through. This is especially important in telling a joke. Once you have reached the point, stop. Unless you are asked to explain it, such an explanation always weakens the point of your story. If a joke falls a dud, go ahead with something else.

7. *Don't serve stale echoes*

Don't spend your time quoting proverbs and platitudes and the opinions of others. Let them make their own speeches. Use them only to corroborate your own points; and interpret your quotations, so that your own individuality is never forgotten.

8. *Don't be a know-it-all*

Don't pretend all-knowledge, or otherwise show arrogance. You'll be surprised how often such an attitude is punctured.

The crowd delights in seeing you taken down a peg. Even if you are the world's expert, assume the proper humility. You can persuade better so. And you can always learn, on any subject.

9. *Don't get a mad on*

Keep your temper. This makes you twice as strong as the person who flies off the handle. Awake the emotion in your hearer; rein and bridle your own, and ride it.

10. *Don't ramble*

Sometimes I think this is the most important of all. Avoid loose thinking and loose speaking. Be right and accurate in all you think and say, and you cannot lose. Don't ramble off irrelevantly and inconclusively, forever on mental and verbal detours. Tie up everything you say with the subject being discussed. Don't tell a joke, unless it's appropriate to the theme.

11. *Avoid bodily mannerisms and silly gestures*

For good measure, here is one final warning. When you are not gesturing naturally, avoid annoying bodily mannerisms: running your hands in and out of your pockets, swaying your body backward and forward or from side to side, scratching your ear—anything that will distract attention from *what* you are saying. And don't gesture like a dead frog with a galvanic battery attached to make its muscles twitch. For instance,

> The wind blew (business of puffing out with your lips), the trees nodded (business of bowing your head vigorously), the birds fluttered from tree to tree (business of being a graceless canary in flight), the dog pawed a hole in the ground (business of pawing a hole).

Use gestures only when needed to make your meaning clearer.

An Outline for Every Speech You Ever Make

Here is a foolproof outline for every speech you ever make:

I. *Introduction.* A brief start, emphasizing some point of contact with your hearers.

II. *Your Points or Arguments:*
   a. Open with a strong point, involving some point of contact with your hearers.
   b. Follow this with your less important points, in climax order; that is, in increasing strength of appeal.
   c. Your strongest point.

III. *Conclusion.* A summary or brief restatement of your points, ending with a plea for accepting what you propose—and some contact for the conclusion.

Always Contact Your Hearer

Establish from the very start a point of contact with your hearer or hearers. Let your first words tie up yourself and your cause with the interests of your hearers. A neatly turned joke against yourself, which may at the same time subtly flatter your hearers, is an excellent opening.

Here are a few simple openings of speeches by Franklin Roosevelt, past master of contact:

> We, the several hundred members of the Warm Springs' family, are gathered here again for our annual Thanksgiving dinner.—November 24, 1938.
>
> It is recognition of this philosophy just quoted from Justice Cardozo that has made the University of North Carolina representative of liberal teaching. And it is my recognition of your recognition of that philosophy that brings me so willingly to Chapel Hill today.—December 5, 1938.
>
> On this, our twenty-ninth birthday, we can look backward with pride and forward with hope and courage. We rejoice that our organization has reached full maturity. Because the nation never had greater need of the Boy Scouts than it has today.—February 8, 1939.

You can hardly encounter a Roosevelt speech without some such similar simple tie-up between himself and his hearers to start with. Study his speeches, and all others as deft, for the proper way to get your audience with you from the start.

Arranging Your Speech for Climax

Instead of being the most difficult part of speaking, this is one of the simpler tasks. But it must be done in advance, and calls on you for all your skill in understanding the hearer's viewpoint.

Get the threefold order of the main part of your speech forever firmly fixed in your mind:

a. A strong point, involving contact.
b. The less important points, in climax arrangement.
c. Your strongest point.

Remember always that this means *strong* and *strongest* from your hearer's viewpoint, and then go to it.

This calls for your best salesmanship in advance, in favor of whatever you are trying to sell—some actual product, some idea you wish carried out, your proposal of marriage, or whatever it is.

Take the simplest of these—the proposal of marriage. Here and always you will weigh each argument from your hearer's point of view primarily. Suppose these are the arguments you intend to use to lead up to "Will you marry me?":

1. I know you love me.
2. I love you more than I've ever loved any girl.
3. My income will provide you a home and all comforts.
4. Your younger sister marries in June; why not beat her to it?
5. Think of the fun we can have, seeing the world together!
6. I know how much you want a home and children of your own.
7. You've always wanted a Lincoln; I have one.

Now which is the best contact argument; and which could be the last one, the climax? It all depends on the girl—and have you ever met any two whose deepest desires were in commuting distance of each other? In all probability, Argument 2 should open. Ideal contact; presumable strength. The most important of all—the closing point—would have been 6, a few years back; it's poison ivy to some modern girls. Weigh 3, 4, 5 and

7, and one of them will probably be your clinching point. Always depending on the girl. Number 4 is an almost sure-fire knockout; 3 or 7 would win with the merchandizing type of damsel; and 5, with the fun- and thrill-lover. Do your best; and, if you've appraised her with reasonable skill, you're sure to win. In most cases, she has determined that in advance.

Once you have arrived at your opening, Argument 2, and have selected your conclusion, the rest should be arranged in the ascending order of climax.

Don't be surprised if she says, "Nitwit—I've been wondering when you'd get up the nerve to ask me. Good Lord, yes!"

If by any chance she refuses, then use the time to rearrange your battalions, and bring up your reserves, and call into play all the persuasive methods explained throughout this book. You can't lose—you'll win her yes, I mean.

If it's a sales talk for a patented vermin exterminator, the technique is the same. Here you may not know the faintest thing about the prospect, beyond the fact that she is presumably the mistress of the house, with no love for vermin.

Courteous flattery to start with, of course. Something of the general character of, "The moment I saw this house, I said to myself that, from its exterior, it ought to be less annoyed with vermin than any house in the neighborhood. And yet, if any *do* escape here from your neighbors', would you like to see how quickly they join their bug ancestors by the Kilbug Patent Process? And, once you've installed a Kilbug as a reception committee, I'll promise to visit your neighbors and try to stop the supply at the source. . . ." And, as a general climax point, "And the amazing thing is, that the cost, including installation, is infinitely less than your time is worth, wasted wondering when your neighbors' overflow will decide to visit this lovely house."

If you need a snappier opening, the experts on salesmanship will recommend such sure-fire starts as:

> Would you be interested in selling any vermin we can discover here at a dollar a bug? Once we have installed a Kilbug Patent Process Exterminator, we are so confident of its efficacy that we could safely make that offer.

> The Field Museum recently paid $5,000 for a rare bug. Once we've installed our Kilbug Process in any house, we could safely offer that much for any vermin left alive.

Be ready at a moment's notice (the trial-and-error method) to alter your attack. If the housewife says, "There are more bugs in this house than in any house I've ever seen," drop all lightness, and say, "Then I've come to the right house. I'm offering you the one guaranteed bug-exterminating process on the market today—which will make your house so free of vermin you'll want to see one, just for old time's sake!" If she says, "The very idea that I have vermin in my house is an insult!" say, "I'm offering you guaranteed insurance, by this process, that you can always say that, no matter who calls!" Where there's a sales product, there's a way.

Suppose you are making a speech against the closed shop in your business, the pipe manufacturing industry. Suppose you have selected the following as the more important points against it:

1. It will make it necessary for me to pay higher wages, with no additional income.
2. It will mean letting our labor relations be run by an International Union, located elsewhere, not by our own men.
3. It is un-American, imported from Russia. It is un-American to let a union dictate whether a man shall work or not.
4. It has increased strikes wherever it has been tried.
5. It will throw our business to a rival city, which defeated the closed shop, and produces more cheaply.
6. It will strengthen the local Democratic machine, which works hand-in-glove with labor unions here.

In which order are you to arrange these, for persuasive presentation? Which will win your fight for you?

Clearly, this will depend on the audience you are speaking to. Your two most important points, of course, are the first or contact point, and the last or climax point. Clearly, Point 1 is of interest chiefly to the speaker, and should be glossed over as the first of the weaker arguments—appearing, then, as Argument 2. Before a Chamber of Commerce, Point 5 is strong, and might be the contact point. Before a Republican audience, Point 6 is potent, and should be either the contact or climax point. Before a labor audience, Arguments 2, 3, and 4 are strongest, if properly presented. These object to: (2) outside management of home labor's affairs, (3) un-American forcing a man to join a union he doesn't want to, and (4) more strikes, hence less income, for labor, as well as for capital. Probably Point 2 is strongest for the contact point. Argument 3 (un-American) before almost any American audience is a smashing climax point. That leaves Argument 4 to come just before the climax point.

Remember, this book deals with how to present arguments, not whether they are socially beneficial or not. The closed shop may be, as its advocates insist, as American as tobacco or American store cheese. It is common poison-label propaganda for the opposition to call it a Communist plot. If one side calls it stalwart Americanism and the other side tags it as a crack-brained alien importation, that side will win which presents its appeal best.

Arrange your speech in climax order *before* you begin to speak. It is the substructure and framework of your speech. Get it firm, and the speech will endure, and win.

Formal Debating

Little need be added to indicate how formal debating differs from informal and formal speeches already covered. One important thing is that the outline for the whole case divides the burden of proving your side among the speakers, somewhat in the climax order referred to:

1. First speaker—contact point and strong point.
2. Second speaker—the less important points, in climax order.
3. Third speaker—the strongest climax point.

Each speaker, to establish his point or points, will proceed to make his outline according to the method already given.

In rebuttal, it is forbidden to bring up new material. Carefully select the opponents' points that can be hit hardest, and use these for your rebuttal climaxes: dealing first with his stronger points, which you cannot answer so effectively. Always weigh each point by its emotional appeal. No one can defeat the heart-throb appeal and its reverse English used in opposition.

Sit Down When You Are Through

As long as your act is going big and getting over, keep it up. The worst thing in the world, for the success of your cause, is to continue talking, after a large proportion of the audience have begun to wish you had finished half an hour before. Nobody ever threw brickbats at a speaker for speaking too briefly. It is a correspondingly strong point in your favor that you have cinched your appeal and stopped, when the audience wants to hear more. Their applause will say that, too, and it will spell success for your cause.

Your conclusion should contain a summary, and a plea for a decision in your favor, always with contact in mind.

Perhaps your most effective trick is to bring your climax to a close, and then give the summary, and then hold the audience tense for a moment, as if you had more to say—more that they wanted to hear. Then, with a courteous smile, as if saying "That is all; I leave the rest to you," sit down, so that they are stunned and silenced a second, because you have stopped. The applause will be all the more heartfelt and spontaneous, and the certainty of your winning your plea all the greater.

Choose Your Words as For a Radio Speech

It is impossible to overemphasize how vital it is to your success for you to stop talking when you have won your point. The day of twelve-hour sermons, forty-eight hour filibustering speeches in the Senate, and long-winded orations has ended forever. It ended when the radio became America's pet method of circulating ideas. Long speeches were chiefly valuable because there was little else to listen to; or as an opportunity to nap. Improved beds render napping during a speech unnecessary. As for the radio. . . .

Radio goes by clockwork. Each fifteen minutes is ticked off with the precision of a woodpecker tapping for worms. When the time comes to sound off your program, it stops. You may continue talking into your mike all night; it is being broadcast no longer. You are talking to a dead instrument, while Jack Benny or Paul Whiteman have the air you still want. Speeches for the radio are arranged and timed accurately with this in mind. Take advantage of this, and mark on the margin of your speech or outline what time you intend to devote to each point. And then, in general, stick to your plan.

Over the radio, your time is limited. You must make every second count. This prevents your wasting time—your own, and your hearers'.

Knowing that you have no time to waste, you will end rambling misstatements, requiring you to continue: "No, I don't quite mean that. I mean that I propose so-and-so," leaving your hearer in a dense fog as to what you really *do* propose and favor.

A radio station can be shut off any moment, and the dial spun to the Hill-Billy Quintet or the newest recipes for the delicatessen-store wife. This means that the radio speech has got to have pull and sparkle every moment of the time. No speaker gains by going into a depressing swamp of words, with the hearer helpless to escape him. No radio speaker dares to enter such a swamp; for his hearer can always escape, by the simple expedient of switching to another station. Be as shrewd as the radio speaker, avoid the swamp, and let the speech rouse and glitter all the time.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR SUCCESSFUL WORD-USAGE

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words,* instead of overlong foreign words.
6. *Use courtesy as a shock-absorber,* to minimize the initial friction.

7. *Use heart-warming words.* These make your hearer win for you.
8. *Beware of poison-label words.* Become a propaganda detective.
9. *Use the spice of wit and humor.* These aid either purpose.
10. *Choose your words as for a radio speech,* aimed at a climax.

CHAPTER TWELVE:

How to Mine for Word-Gold

Do You Deposit New Words Daily in Your Word-Bank?

WHICH IS WORTH more to you: your vocabulary, or your money?

You can't get the necessities and luxuries of life without paying money for them. You can't, as a rule, get money, without knowing the persuasive use of words. Evidently each is indispensable, each is invaluable. You are rich in money in proportion to the size of your bank account and your investments representing money. You are rich in vocabulary in proportion to the size and effectiveness of your word treasure.

Words differ in their value to us, just as coins or tokens representing money differ in value. "Not worth a Continental" showed the worthlessness of American money, before Hamilton's genius stabilized it. A lot of our words aren't worth a continental, either. You wouldn't want your financial resources in Confederate money, Tsarist rubles, or Hohenzollern marks. You don't want words of that type, either. You need heart-warming words, knotwood words, courtesy words—and the more of them the better—as well as the merely useful words, to tie these together for their full effectiveness.

You make a deposit in the bank, whenever you are able to. Otherwise, with your expenditures and the bills you pay, you'd soon be as much in the red as Wall Street in 1930. Do you spend the same energy making deposits in your word bank, your vocabulary? If you don't, it's full time you started to.

As a matter of fact, you do; and you always have. Every new word that you meet and like and adopt becomes a part of your vocabulary; when you use it, an active part. But you have probably done this in a desultory aimless fashion, trusting that the good Lord would put words in your tongue as you needed them. That system, applied to your money, would buy you a speedy one-way ticket to the County Home. Applied to your vocabulary, it is sure to purchase for you a one-way ticket to Failure.

Here are some of the better ways of building up a word-balance that will put you, as far as your vocabulary goes, in the class with Rockefeller or Ford. Only a simpleton chooses a difficult method, when an easy method gives results as good, or better. The easiest way is the way which consumes the smallest amount of time and gives the most pleasure, for the same results. There should be as much fun in receiving a new and usable word as in receiving a check for deposit.

Words have one advantage over money: they are as miraculous as the self-renewing self-refilling widow's cruse. Use them, and you still have them, almost or quite as good as new. We are all looking for a dollar that does as much.

Let Your Favorite Speakers Be Your Teachers

In this radio age, you must have picked out your favorite Voices of the Air, whether they include Franklin Roosevelt, Al Smith, Herbert Hoover, Graham MacNamee, Carter Glass, Charlie McCarthy, Father Coughlin, Amos 'n' Andy, or even louder and funnier speakers.

The next time you listen to any of them speak, start your list of WORDS TO LOOK UP. Put down every word they use whose meaning is unknown or foggy to you, or which you are not in the habit of using. The first convenient opportunity afterwards—and don't get in the habit of postponing this, either—look up, in the largest dictionary you have access to, the meaning, the pronunciation, and the derivation of the word. The meaning shows you how to understand it; the pronunciation, how to say it; the derivation often throws light on how to use it.

It won't be a long list at any one time, either; for you will find your favorite speakers usually employ words that you know. Let's listen in on President Roosevelt as he addresses the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, affectionately called Auburn —the day before last April Fool's Day. This was the celebrated speech in which he galvanized the whole South into renewed activity by using one phrase, "getting the South out of hock to the North." And did all Southerners stand up and cheer at that, and commence looking at our harmless-looking pawn-tickets!

Here are the four WORDS TO LOOK UP that that speech yielded:

allocated; arson; conserve; erosion.

The latest edition of Merriam-Webster's *New Unabridged Dictionary* gives us:

allocate (ăl′ō-kāt) from Latin *ad*, toward or in addition to, plus *locare* to place—to distribute or assign; allot; apportion.

arson (är′ s′ n) from Latin *arder*, *arsum*, to burn—the malicious burning of a dwelling house or outhouse of another man, which by the common law is a felony.

conserve, as a verb (kŏn-sûrv′), from Latin *conservare*, to preserve, from *con*, with, and *servare*, to keep, to guard—to keep in a safe or sound state; to save; to preserve from change or destruction.

erosion (ē̇-rō′ zhŭn), from French *érosion*, from Latin *erosio*, derived from Latin *ē*, out, plus *rodere*, to gnaw 1. Act of eroding, or state of being eroded; 3. *Geology*. The general process of the wearing away of rocks at the earth's surface by natural agencies.

These are our four words, with the results of our dictionary excursion only slightly simplified. None are intrinsically heart-warming words. None are knotwood words. All are valuable, and are coming increasingly into the general vocabulary.

The meaning of the marks indicating punctuation, called diacritical or distinguishing marks, is easily found at the bottom of each page in the dictionary.

We observe that *allocate* is close kin to *locate* and *local*, with which we are already familiar; *arson*, to *ardor* and *ardent*—and this is news; *conserve* to the *conserve* or *preserve* we enjoy as a sweet at mealtimes; and we are startled to find that *erode* and *erosion* are related to *rodent*, or gnawer, the class of mammals including the mouse and the rat. So much this first practice of the WORDS TO LOOK UP game has already yielded us!

Let's try again—this time a speech of Owen D. Young's, made over the NBC network, September 13, 1933. Only four of his words must go on our list of WORDS TO LOOK UP:

ballyhoo, curtail, flair, hysteria.

Perhaps you think you understand all four fully, and know all you need to know about them. Here is part of what our word search digs up:

ballyhoo (bǎl′ ĭ-hōō or bǎl-ĭ-hōō′), from or connected with the village of Ballyhooly in County Cork, Ireland—noisy or active demonstration to attract attention, originally to a sideshow; often applied to sensational writing and propaganda.

curtail (kûr-tāl′), from *curtal*, an adjective by popular etymology associated with *tail;* from French *court*, Latin *curtus*, short—to shorten; abridge; diminish; lessen; reduce.

flair (flâr), from the Middle English word derived from the French *flairer*, to smell, from Latin *fragrare*. a. Discriminating or sagacious sense; instinctive discernment. b. Taste combined with aptitude.

hysteria (hĭs-tēr′ ĭ-ȧ̱), through the Latin from the Greek hysterikos, from *hystera*, womb; probably akin to Latin *uterus*—1. *Medical.* A psychoneurosis characterized by emotional excitability and often by a great variety of other symptoms, as partial losses of memory and of sensation, functional paralyses or contractures of the limbs, loss of appetite, nausea, vasomotor derangements, etc., frequently simulating organic diseases, but probably due to mental causes, as autosuggestion, dissociation, or repressed emotion. 2. Any outbreak of wild emotionalism; as, war hysteria.

What a word treasure-trove! Of these four, before looking them up I knew only the derivation of *curtail*, and the amusing popular etymological mistake connected with it. Now I know more about *ballyhoo;* much more about *flair,* a homespun word surprisingly akin to *fragrant;* and I have discovered the astonishing origin of *hysteria.* I am forced to add to my WORDS TO LOOK UP:

psychoneurosis, vasomotor, simulating, dissociation.

It frequently happens that the WORDS TO LOOK UP game is like an endless chain-letter. But there are vocabulary dividends every time it is played, and permanent gains in word-knowledge and word-efficiency.

Do this approximately daily, whenever you listen to your favorite speakers, or whenever you read their speeches in the newspaper. Do the same thing when you hear or read speeches by those not your favorites. Do the same thing when you peruse *The Saturday Evening Post*, *True Story*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Parisian Nights*, *The Epworth Herald*, or whatever you read. Preserve these lists, with pronunciations, derivations, and meanings. Thumb through them often enough to keep them fresh in your memory. Practice using these new words accurately so they won't grow mold.

It will not be long before your vocabulary will be something to write home in.

Aiming for Useful Words

Use the same method in reading those parts of the Bible that you enjoy reading. This is the well of pure Anglo-Saxon undefiled, more so than Chaucer; and it is far more familiar and useful. Get a copy of *Mother Goose,* and do the same thing. You will find heart-warming words, homespun words, and true-talk opposition words galore in it. In one jingle, *Tom Thumb's Alphabet,* we encounter:

bouse, joiner, flip (a drink), vintner, zany.

All good hearty usable words. How many are in your vocabulary? What about adding them now? Within a few pages I encounter:

usquebaugh (we get *whiskey* from it), porringer, mickle, tory, lackey, chandler, delve, pate, bodkin, drake, rook.

Five of these are in good usage today: do you know which five? Several more should be. The same result will occur when you use a good list of proverbs and quotations.

And always, keep the words in a Vocabulary Checking Account, not in a Vocabulary Savings Account. These words gain muscular strength and stamina as you use them. Don't let your vocabulary grow flabby from disuse.

A stiffer task may be the suggestion that you read and study books of facts, for the fun of it. Get familiar with the words and ideas of as many of these as interest you:

> Biology—the science of animals, birds, insects, and plants. You will find these full of resemblances to your neighbors; and your linking these (the psychologists call the process *generalization,* and say it is the highest achievement of the mind) will be enjoyable and valuable brain exercise.
>
> Chemistry.
>
> Physics.
>
> Astronomy and its subhead, geology—the study of the earth, including the part you occupy at this moment.
>
> History.
>
> Books of travel.
>
> Books of adventure.
>
> Biographies.
>
> Good fiction.

All the time you are listing your WORDS TO LOOK UP, and adding them to your living vocabulary.

Suppose you decided to dip into *The Outline of Man's Knowledge*, easily available in a reprint edition, and certainly in the nearest public library. Here are a few of the words you might list as WORDS TO LOOK UP:

History—Men in the Stone Ages:
    inertia, gibbon, Cainozoic, fossil, skeletal, sub-men, eoliths, convolutions, Neanderthal, aurochs, nomadic.
History—The Reawakening of Civilization:
    feudalism, Renaissance, scepticism, toll, third estate, epochal, democratized, guillotine, taille.
Chemistry: atom, molecule, chemical compound, electron, proton, atomic number, nucleus, ratio, olefiant, protoplasm.

Zoology: protozoa, ameba, mollusk, termite, aphid, polymorphism, albatross, stickleback, dinosaur, mammal, vestige.

Most of these words, of course, are defined for you, in such a popularized treatment of knowledge. By now, you are ready to add to your WORDS TO LOOK UP three summaries of words discovered: HEART-WARMING WORDS, HOMESPUN WORDS, TRUE-TALK OPPOSITION WORDS. *Toll* goes on the first of these three lists; *termite* and *mollusk* on the second; and quite a few under the third.

All the time, your vocabulary keeps growing and strengthening. Pick your own favorite reading, in the universe of facts. Enjoy the reading as much as possible; and, as an invaluable by-product, keep making your daily deposits in your word-bank.

Seeking the Homespun Words

Most books on vocabulary building send you on the search for such jawbreakers as:

perimeter, ambidextrous, theses, translucent, expunge, impeccable, vagary, parsimonious, recalcitrant, succinct, fetor, curmudgeon, preterition, fractious, antistrophe, imprecations, exacerbate, caesura.

I confess that some of these stump me. They are all admirable to use as polysyllables to smite the enemy with, á la "Byzantine logothete." They play no or small part in your usual fight to achieve persuasiveness in word-usage. Any one of them could be singled out and used, if appropriate, as a weapon of attack. But beware of using too many of them in the same speech! Your hearer will weary of the strain of trying to remember them, and will resent your show of apparent bookish learning.

Learn them, by all means, when you happen to feel that way. But such words are, in general, a detour from acquiring word magic—from releasing the latent energy in words, to make them achieve success for you.

But what about tackling some of the homespun words that will be infinitely more serviceable? How many of the following can you define and use accurately?

mull, chert, shoat, burl, cache
erne, cull, knout, brash, winch
hutch, ewe, punt, crass, nave
gauche, gill, cote, tern, blear
skink, poll, mews, bin, colt
drake, coot, parr, sine, tarn
smolt, scald, tope, gnome, guimpe
jape, troll, byre, brig, mead
seep, newt, coign, crypt, copse

Let's get to work on some of these, and see what they yield. The first group of five, for instance:

mull (mŭl), from Middle English *mul*, *mol*, dust. 1. To powder, pulverize, crush, grind, squeeze, or the like. 2. To work mentally; to cogitate; as, to *mull* over an idea.

chert (chûrt), English dialect, origin obscure—Any impure flintlike rock, essentially of cryptocrystalline quartz or fibrous chalcedony, usually dark in color.

shoat (shōt) English dialect, same as *shote*—a young hog, a pig.

burl (bûrl), Middle English, from Old French *bourle*, tuft of wool—1. A knot or lump in thread or cloth; 3. An excrescence, often of flattened hemispherical form, growing on the trunks of many trees, and used for making bowls and veneer; also, veneer made from such excrescences.

cache (kăsh) from French for a hiding place, from Latin *cogere*, to force—a. A hole in the ground, or a hiding place, especially one used by explorers for concealing and preserving provisions or implements which it is inconvenient to carry. b. That which is hidden in a cache. c. *Logging.* A storehouse for camp supplies.

We learn, in addition, that *mill* is akin to *mull*, *bureau* to *burl*, and, of all things, *cogent* to *cache*. Thus we begin to learn something of the family connections of the words we use, which will permit an ever shrewder use of them.

Make up your own list of knotwood sticklers, and get to work on it.

Making a Game out of Vocabulary Growth

Practically all word games can be played alone. All of them are more amusing and instructive when played with others, either by giving a time-limit for solutions, and scoring by the number correctly arrived at; or by taking the total time required to get all correctly.

The Derivations Game

Give the derivations of the following words, and explain the connection.

capricious, disaster, tansy, crucial, tantalize
duchess, sinister, pecuniary, goodbye, geology
ephemeral, homicide, carnation, annals, Occident
centipede, incubator, secure, prenatal, nominal
millipede, quadruped, holiday, dexterity, legend
viaduct, intramural, influence, fugitive, ineffable

Let us take the first five (after you've done your best on them) and see what we get:

capricious: French, from Italian *capo*, head, plus *riccio*, hedgehog; akin to Italian *capra*, goat. Whimsical, like a goat: Compare *Capri;* Tropic of *Capricorn.*

disaster, French, from the Latin meaning ill-starred. The connection is astrological. Compare *aster*, *astral.*

tansy, from the Greek *athanasia*, deathlessness, immortality. The connection lies in the fact that the flower, *tansy*, will last a long time after being plucked. Compare such flower names as *immortelle*, *pearly everlasting.*

crucial, from the Latin *crux*, *crucis*, a cross. The connection is, some test as extreme as crucifixion.

tantalize, from the Greek Tantalus, a king punished for his sins in the lower world by having water and food close at hand, which receded whenever he tried to reach them.

The derivations of all the rest are as interesting. Compose for yourself, and for your friends, out of the dictionary or any book using such words, similar lists; and have others in your group do the same. It is amusing to draw up the lists, and come back to them a month later and see how high you can score on them. And all the time you are adding to your effective vocabulary.

Vocabulary Stock-Taking

A method of testing the number of words in your vocabulary is to take any small dictionary, and select any ten pages at random. Then check which words on these ten pages you know the meaning of. Get the total number of these words. Multiply this by one-tenth the number of pages in your book; and you have arrived at the number of words in your vocabulary.

I had a pupil in word-usage try this recently. He took a standard desk dictionary 886 pages long, containing 83,000 words. For his ten pages, he scored 169 words; giving him a total vocabulary (169 times 88.6) of 14,973. A month from now, he will try this method again; and then a year from now. Thus he constantly takes stock of his vocabulary and its growth; and so may you.

It adds to the accuracy of the test if the words on the ten pages are dictated to you by another person, who adjudges whether you understand them or not. Played in competition between a number of contestants, this Vocabulary Stock-Taking is as entertaining as it is valuable.

Synonyms and Antonyms

A *synonym* of a word is any word in the same language having the same or nearly the same essential meaning. An *antonym* is one having the opposite or nearly the opposite meaning. Lists of both synonyms and antonyms may be found in any good thesaurus, or any book dealing with synonyms and antonyms.

An admirable way of testing the resources of your language is to write down all the synonyms you know for each word in a given list.

I. Write down all the synonyms you know for:

wet, beautiful, to strike, easy, slowly,
evil, high, to eat, sad, bravely,

Wet—

hot, worried, to make, flower, naturally,
place, valley, to die, color, thoughtfully,

The answers for the first five of these might include:

wet: moist, damp, watery, undried, humid, dank, muggy, dewy, juicy, soggy, sodden, muddy.
beautiful: beauteous, handsome, pretty, lovely, fair, personable, comely, seemly, good-looking.
to strike: to knock, hit, bash, tap, rap, bat, slap, pat, thump, beat, bang, slam, punch, thwack, buffet, swat, whip, lash, smite, smack, cuff, spank, thrash, pummel.
easy: facile, not difficult, not troublesome, not irksome.
slowly: tardily, dilatorily, leisurely, deliberately, languidly, sluggishly, apathetically, phlegmatically.

II. Distinguish, as far as possible, between the meanings of each of these synonyms.

This will aid you in accuracy of persuasive speech.

III. Write down all the antonyms you know for the words listed.

IV. Distinguish, as far as possible, between the meanings of each of these antonyms.

V. Make up your own list of words, and write down synonyms and antonyms for them.

Word-Lists

Drawing up lists of words, as many as you can in each list, is an invaluable way of testing your vocabulary. You can thereafter preserve the lists, and from time to time add to them as many words as you can. You might underscore the heart-warming words, star (*) the knotwood words, and mark otherwise (as, ′) the true-talk opposition words, to make the lists more effective.

The bases on which you can make up lists are innumerable. Examples are:

I. List all the nouns you know ending in *-tion.*
List all the nouns you know ending in *-ness.*
List all the adjectives you know ending in *-ious.*
Similarly, with adjectives ending in *-al.*
Similarly, with verbs ending in *-ize.*
With verbs ending in *-ate.*

List all the words you know with the prefix *trans-*. With the prefixes *anti-* and *ante-*.

II. List all the mammals you know beginning with *b;* with *t;* with *o,* etc.

Make similar lists of birds; trees; flowers; fruits; qualities; cities; countries, etc.

III. List all the words with prefixes, which have no form *without* the prefix:

Examples: coeval (there is no *eval*), apposite, inept, desperate, etc.

Word Games

There is amusement, and also benefit to your vocabulary, in playing games dealing with words, whether new or old. Here are some of the most effective ones.

The Famous Few

In 15 minutes, write down as many world-famous people as you can think of whose names begin with any letter agreed on. Only last names count. World-famous includes any name commonly known: as, Remington of the Remington typewriters, Armstrong of the linoleums, Cannon of the towels, and so forth. Groups of names, such as the popes named Leo, score only one, unless you can differentiate between them.

It is wisest to put classifying name-openings at the head of your sheet of paper. Thus, for *b,* put BA, BE, BI, BL, BO, BR, BY; adding appropriate names under each. The letter *s* is especially difficult, with SA, SC, SCH, SCHL, SCHR, SL, SE, SF, and so forth. Vowels are hardest of all.

The amazing thing is, no matter how often you play the game, your list may leave out the most obvious names you know. In a recent playing, with *R* as the letter, only one player included the Roosevelts, the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds, and the Rogerses—Will, Ginger, H. H., and so on. The post-mortems as the lists are read and scored are most amusing; especially when such hopefuls as Rin-Tin-Tin and the fictional Romeo must be rigorously excluded.

Hidden Words

Select a word of ten or more letters, preferably one with plenty of vowels: as, *advertising*, *commemorate*, *independence*, *omnipotence*. Within a stated time, the players must make out of its letters as many words as possible of four or more letters. Any letter may be used in each new word as many times as it appears in the original word, but no more. Proper names and foreign words are excluded.

It is best to head your sheet with the letters in alphabetical order, indicating how many times each may be used. Thus, for *advertising:*

A D E G I(2) N R S T V

and write appropriate words under each. This is an excellent word, since it includes the terminals *-d*, *-s* and *-ing*. Thus you would have *rave*, *raved*, *raves*, *raving*, for instance.

At the end, lists are read aloud and the totals arrived at, the largest list winning.

Categories or Guggenheim

Let the players select five categories or classifications that seem to be equally well known to them, such as: birds, lakes, capital cities, composers, actors, flowers, and so forth. Then have each player draw a rectangle on a sheet of paper, dividing the space into six compartments, each way, as shown in the diagram. The five categories chosen should then be written in across the top, and a five-letter word chosen, preferably one without an unusually difficult letter (Q, X, Y, Z) to write down the first column as in the diagram. Then, in fifteen minutes, each player writes down one word beginning with each letter in the five-letter word in the appropriate space. The lists are then read, each player scoring one for each correct word *not given by any other player*. If two or more give the same word, all lose credit for it. A phrase, like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, or Custer's Last Stand, may be used under any letter (except an article, preposition, or conjunction) commencing any of its words: such as *H*, *W*, or *L* for Longfellow, *C*, *L*, or *S* for the picture or battle.

pictures
poster

A Categories diagram, properly filled in, would be:

	Flowers	*Poets*	*Rivers*	*Islands*	*Drinks*
C	canna	Chaucer	Congo	Cook Islands	coffee
O	oleander	Ovid	Orinoco	Orkneys	orangeade
R	rose of Sharon	E. A. Robinson	Rio Grande	Réunion	raspberry soda
A	ageratum	Addison	Allegheny	Australia	ale
L	larkspur	Lanier	Loire	Long Island	lemonade

To avoid having your word scratched off because another player has it, *rose of Sharon* is better than the simple *rose.* The largest possible score is twenty-five; and the highest score wins.

Heads and Tails Ghosts

This is a greatly improved form of the spelling game of *Ghosts.* In the old game, a player gives a letter; in rotation each player to the left adds a letter. If a player ends a three or more letter word, he receives a black mark. Three such black marks make one a ghost. Anyone speaking to a ghost at once becomes a ghost too. The survivor wins. Each player is required promptly to add a letter, or challenge the preceding player. If the challenged player cannot give an acceptable dictionary word that he had in mind, he receives a black mark; if he can, the challenger receives it.

In *Heads and Tails Ghosts,* the letters may be added either after the original letter, or *before* it. If the new letter is added after the letter or letters already given it is merely stated; if added before, all the letters must be given in proper order. Thus, if *L* were given first, and the next player said *C,* this would make the word torso *LC.* Then, if the next person wanted to add an *R* before the *L,* he would say *RLC.* Moreover, a player does not receive a black mark unless he ends a word of at least four letters. Each player is allowed to keep the condition of the unfinished word by marking it on a sheet of paper. Such prefixes and suffixes as are permitted by the dictionary often furnish outs against receiving a black mark.

This is one of the most fascinating of all word games. It requires all of one's ingenuity to create the picture of a word from a fragment in its center. Thus, the following letters were recently given, in the order indicated by the numerals:

R	L	C	R
4	2	1	3

The fifth player, unable to visualize any word with *RLCR* coming in this order, challenged. The word was girl-crazy. Hyphenated words permitted by the dictionary may of course be used, the hyphen not being named.

Rhyming Tom

In this, the leader says "I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with *ewe*," or any other word. In rotation the players to his left ask a rhyme word for *ewe* by definition. The leader must at once reply with a rhyme for *ewe* which fits the definition. When a player fails to think of such a word and define it, he receives a black mark; when the leader fails to give a rhyming word which fits it, he receives a black mark. The leader has written down the word he originally thought of and put it out of sight; and, if it is guessed by a player, the turn passes to his left. This is not a game for rhymers primarily; non-versifiers often defeat the rhymers at it. Identities are forbidden: that is, if *bear* has been asked, *bare* or *forbear* cannot be given.

The game sparkles, because of its tricky definitions. It might go:

> I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with *ewe*.
> Is it not many?
> No, it's not *few*.
> Is it a ship's complement?
> No, it's not *crew*.
> Do meteorologists debate as to whether it goes up or down?
> No, it's not *crew*.

This last could have been worded, "Is it a form of H_2O?" "Is it the warmer form of an autumn plant-killer?" and so on.

Note that, by the rule barring identities, when *few* has been given, the flower *feverfew* cannot be thereafter asked; when *crew* is used, *accrue* is barred; and dew makes *due* improper. Also, if *accrue* had been the word chosen by the leader, a question calling for *crew* as the answer would trap him: "Yes, it's *crew*. The word was *accrue*."

Other Word Games

Any good book of parlor games will include such games as *A to Z*, *Word Golf*, *Hangman*, and others which all add to your vocabulary. Anything which focuses your attention on words, and the different things you can do with them, aids in increasing your vocabulary. Thereafter your own selectivity will elevate to constant usage the most effective of these words.

Keep Your Vocabulary Growing

To keep your vocabulary at its maximum peak of effectiveness, so that heart-warming words, knotwood words, true-talk opposition words, and all the other words you need are increasingly at your disposal, your methods will include:

Making a list of WORDS TO LOOK UP from your favorite radio and other speakers, and getting their pronunciations, etymologies, and definitions. Doing the same with the Bible, *Mother Goose*, proverbs, all types of fact books, and indeed all your reading. Listing from the results, HEART-WARMING WORDS, HOMESPUN WORDS, TRUE-TALK OPPOSITION WORDS. Using these in your actual speech.

Constantly accumulating homespun and other serviceable words.

Making a game out of vocabulary building, played alone or with others.

Taking stock of your vocabulary at stated intervals—and making sure that it grows.

We have already discovered, as John Selden said, that syllables govern the world. Let's see what part winning words have played in history.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN:

Word Victories, from the Caveman to the Dictator

History Is a Record of Winning Words

HISTORY IS A RECORD of man's winning word-usages.

Even historians have failed to realize the truth of this fact, and its importance; although it resides in the very nature of man, and his activities which are significant enough to be preserved in history. Once you comprehend the supreme importance of word-usage in history, it will throw a new fire into your own word-usages. For not only are words the material out of which history is written, but it is as amazingly true that words themselves are the elements which have fused men together into those mass activities that constitute history.

History is the record of man's mass movements. What tied men together for these mass movements? —Such mass movements as the Jewish rise from Egyptian slavery to Solomon's empire. As the growth of Rome from a foul little village to overlordship of the world. As the spread of an epileptic camel-driver's sway until its tide almost encircled the Mediterranean, with a knife held at Europe's heart. As the world-trampling of the Mongol hordes under Genghis Khan and Timurlane, the crashing surf of the crusades, the humbling of the kings under Napoleon, the upthrust of modern labor, modern world wars and mailed-fist nationalisms. What was the glue that united men for these mass movements?

Grazing animals, like the bisons that once possessed the plains of our continent, form immense herds. They herd primarily for warmth and protection in their eternal search for grass to stuff their bellies. Man was never a grazing animal. Like the great apes, he was almost a solitary. Cavemen never horded together. Men in the hunting stage clotted into small groups, or not at all; the tiger, the lion, do not gang up on their prey. Men in the cattle- and sheep-herding stage did not form large groups; their labor was essentially solitary. Men in the early farming stage did not farm in herds; the primitive farmer tilled his field alone. But farming, especially after slave labor came in, allowed man more leisure than any earlier system of food-getting; and this leisure permitted cities to seed and swell. Now for the first time human hordes began to be assembled. Hordes of hunters, envying the ease, the sloth, the riches of the cities. Hordes of herders, moved by the same selfish desire for loot. These flooded against the cities, and pillaged and ravished and gorged and drank their fill, and then returned to their hunting or their herding. In self-defense, the cities formed vast armies. But the attackers usually won, and finally settled down to ease and sloth and riches themselves.

What glued these hordes together? They were made up of solitary men, suspicious of each other, each intent on his own selfish affairs. What altered individual selfishness to group selfishness? How could the miracle be achieved, so that solitary man was turned into horde man, with tens and hundreds of thousands moving as one? The motive was selfishness, of course: desire for loot, for rapine. But each man wished this only for himself. How could these individual desires meet and mate and be welded into a power vast enough to topple over an empire? No mere symbol could do it: no sign or badge, no banner or flag. Without words, no symbol could stand for loot and rapine to tens of thousands of solitary men. It took *words* to set them on fire: words that fired the heart of each one of them, and said, "Only together can we win the loot each of us longs for." The assassin's knife held high, the naked sword, the swastika, never rallied armies behind them, until the power of words gave meaning and magnetism to them. The swastika has existed harmlessly since prehistory. It acquired bloody rallying significance only when Hitler's magnetic oratory clothed it with symbolic magnetism, as the symbol of separate selfishnesses united into one horrible flood of world persecution and pillage.

Words, rallying heart-warming words, corroding poison-label words, alone could transform man the solitary into man the horde-animal, and weld millions into the white heat of a common purpose.

—Never forget that your words can do as much!

The coasts and plains between Egypt and Mesopotamia, called The Fertile Crescent, have been inhabited by many races since man emerged from mere brutishness. Among these were such Semitic races as Arabs, Canaanites, Amorites, Kenites, Phoenicians, the exiled Greeks from Crete called Philistines (who gave Palestine its name), the world-trampling Hittites, the Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, European Crusaders, Mongols. None of these today possess world power. One small group of Semitic tribesmen, enslaved in Egypt, rose in a slave revolt under the powerful words of a great leader. They were not favored geographically or otherwise more than these other races; less so than most. Yet the fiery words of their leader, which are still alive in the hearts of the world today, did the miracle. These tribesmen overran the land. They held it a thousand years. They became such a unit that they inhabit every land today, a mighty force to be reckoned with. —The Jews. The others failed, through lack of proper word-magic. The Jews succeeded, because of the genius and the heart-warming appeal in the words of their great leaders.

In surveying world history in the light of its winning slogans, we keep in mind the ten commandments for successful word-usage—the qualities that make words great, to bless or to kill. All history merely underscores what has been written already here of the power of words. Only a few words echo unforgettably down the centuries. All of these have the qualities already stressed in this book: qualities that *your* words will have, henceforth!

And God Said, Let There Be Light

Moses was the first great spokesman of the Hebrews. His career started when he was a fugitive from gross Egypt in the desert wilderness under Mount Sinai: a wanderer without a people, whose people were slaves without a homeland. Here he made a covenant with Jehovah, who was thenceforth to be the God who would lead the Jews to success. The words of Moses, according to the Pentateuch (the first five books of the Old Testament), were usually dictated to him by Jehovah. It is so with many early religious writings. The important thing to us is what these words were, and wherein their appeal lay. Inspired by this covenant, Moses announced two great rallying-cries to these slaves:

> You are God's chosen people.
> Jehovah, your God, will give you the Promised Land, Canaan.

He brought words direct from the mouth of God:

> I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God.

This message excluded the *goyim,* the "nations" or gentiles, the rest of the world. It came only to the Jews, and fused them into a race set apart by Jehovah for a high destiny. Moses brought the promise direct from the mouth of God:

> I have said, I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt. . . . unto a land flowing with milk and honey. . . . I will give it to you for a heritage.

The Promised Land. . . . This word came to a herding people. "Milk and honey" had the appeal to them that "bread and meat" could never have had. Great David later could find no higher metaphor for Jehovah than to write,

> The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

So magical was this, that the Christian world still sees its God as the Good Shepherd. For the shepherd loves his sheep, cares for them, guards them, gives them a life of ease. A herding race can have no higher ideal. These words have made it a world ideal, applied to God himself.

Set on fire by the words of Moses, his successors Joshua and the Judges marched into Palestine and conquered much of it. David completed the conquest, and his son Solomon humbled the known world. The ethics of the original promise and of the conquest need not concern us; the outstanding facts are the fiery words, and the Jewish desires lit by these words, which glued them together into an irresistible force. The Promised Land was won; and, except for the two captivities, it was held for a thousand years—down to the coming of bloody Rome. When the United States has lasted for 837 years more, let us regard this as a brief period.

So far, this has not differed intrinsically from the thousands of other conquests that flow together into history. The Jews have the Promised Land, they call themselves God's chosen people: other races again and again did as much. But now comes a difference. We shall not single out any one great spokesman as the creator of the next two great rallying-cries, but shall treat together the most eloquent group of spokesmen that any race ever had, the group called the great insurgent prophets. Their rallying cries were:

> Jehovah is a god of justice, who will rule the world in justice.
> The Jewish Redeemer will come from the house of David.

The Hebrew word *mishpat*, here translated *justice*, and elsewhere *judgment*, means accurately all the ancient institutions of the herding race, as opposed to the agricultural and city cultures surrounding them. Successively the great prophets assailed all that opposed this *justice* of Jehovah: oppressions of their own kings, worship of foreign gods or *Baals*, all traces of local Baal-worship still surviving. Thus Amos:

> Let justice roll down like waters!

Thus Isaiah:

> Rulers shall govern in justice.

Thus Micah:

> Here, I pray you, ye heads of Jacob and rulers of the house of Israel, is it not for you to know justice? . . . Jehovah is a god of justice.

They determined that this Jehovah should be worshipped, and not some city Baal masquerading as him. The heat of their passionate zeal to make converts to this ideal, as opposed to the sensual city morality adopted by so many of the kings, caused them to describe Jehovah in ever nobler terms, in words that still ring in our hearts: a god of brotherhood, of love, the creator of all things, the ruler of all men. The captivities came, as they had warned those who would not follow their vision; and this strengthened their case. For primitive man judged a prophecy only by whether it came true or not. So it was that Jewish monotheism, the worship of one god, emerged triumphant. It is this conception of God that Jew and Christian alike worship today.

One thing more was needed to perpetuate the Hebrew group, a race primarily uncontaminated by other races: and that was the prophecy that the Redeemer of the Jews would come from the seed of David. The primary intention must have been to waken the Jews into hope, in spite of alien oppression and captivity. This it achieved, with the enormous by-product of immortality for the race, as long as that prophecy is hugged to its heart.

So it was that the Christian Redeemer came of the seed of David.

And all clothed in heart-rousing words.

"*And the Greatest of These Is Love*"

Out of Judaism emerged Christianity. Its first effort, to convert the Jews to what Paul described to the converts in Corinth as—

> Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God,

was phrased by James with immense eloquence:

> Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. . . . What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he have faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? . . . Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead, being alone.

This effort was immeasurably broadened by Paul's appeal, which went to all the gentiles. He called all his converts to await—

> the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints.

He sought to unite all men in the faith, with an inspired welding that might turn them into a world army for righteousness:

> There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Jesus Christ.

Is it beginning to be clear what manner of words it was that altered man the solitary into man the group-member? Moreover, Paul made the invitation more appealing, by describing Christians as—

> being justified by faith.

Added to this was the enormous message of the Gospels, promising the coming of *the Kingdom of God*, *the Kingdom of Heaven.* Here was a cause worthy to enlist all of a man's efforts, as long as life lasted! The final command made sure that the faith would never die from inactivity:

> Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

And think of the enormous potency of describing Jesus as "the Son of God," and His constant references to "my Father which is in Heaven."

Fired by the vision wakened by these words, Christianity set forth to capture the world. As far as our culture is concerned, it succeeded. But what we are here most interested in is the fact that not only are all these heart-warming words and phrases made so because they are the core of the religion that we first learned; but the added fact that all of these are heart-stirring words and phrases in their own right. This more than doubles their appeal. Add to these *the Good Shepherd*, *the Prince of Peace*, "and the greatest of these is love," and you are near the secret of the irresistible appeal of this world religion.

Greece and Bloody Rome

The great empires preceding Greece—the Berber empire, the Hittites, Babylon, Egypt, Assyria, Media, Persia—must have had their resonant slogans, which welded them into unities. But these have largely dulled to silence in the cavernous centuries that succeeded them. Their rallying-cries must have been intrinsically selfish, excluding outsiders; and, while we might study their technique and local application, they could have no direct appeal to us. The same is true of Phoenicia, that merchant-hearted near neighbor of Palestine. It was more favored geographically than the Promised Land. It achieved, for its own selfish ends, colonization, commerce, and the phonetic alphabet among man's inventions. These invaluable trader gifts have lived; but the race that fathered them died of its own enduring selfishness, its inability to broaden its cause to include its neighbors and ultimately us. Phoenicia became a football of the nations, and is today a mere fringe of dozing Syria.

Greece gives us some memorable lessons in successful word-usage. The shrewdness of calling all non-Greeks *barbarians* united the Greeks. Ultimately this was a boomerang that killed its originators. Contrast this with Rome's brilliance, in calling all the world *Roman*. There is strength in *Spartan discipline*, *laconic speech;* but it is a strength which repels.

The effect of words shrewdly used is evident in an incident that took place while Athens suffered under its home-grown dictator, Hippias. Whenever the Spartans asked anything of the oracle at Delphi, it replied,

> First set free the Athenians!

This propaganda had its effect, and reluctantly Sparta sent an army to the relief of its oppressed enemies, and drove out the crude early dictator. And then, from the West, a giant barbarian came. . . .

Rome, even as a squalid village, was happily christened *The City of the Seven Hills.* The last score of centuries have hailed her as *The Eternal City.* Both of these pluck the heartstrings. Her rulers were *patricians*—that is, *men with fathers;* their subjects, the *plebeians—of the masses. Patrician* and *plebeian* retain their old meaning and vigor even today. The tribune's *Veto*—"I forbid"—is a power we still grant to our executives. Note the shrewd affection awakened by the ancient phrase, *Father Tiber.* War was Rome's major occupation, and gave rise to many of her rallying-cries. *Divide and conquer* was her policy toward her enemies; and it worked. These had to pass *under the yoke (sub jugo),* or be *subjugated:* a graphic symbol for surrender. The most destructive of all poison labels, *Carthago delenda est* ("Carthage must be destroyed!") was repeated by bitter old Cato until the rival city had been annihilated, and its site ploughed under with salt. Carthage was pilloried in man's annals by the phrase *punic faith,* as a synonym for treachery; for all that later historians adjudge that Rome's faith was far viler. Once the conquests were made, the Roman policy expressed itself in the magnificent sentence,

> All roads lead to Rome.

So well was this lived up to, that roads joining the lesser cities in the empire were forbidden for centuries.

Julius Caesar, Rome's outstanding genius, fathered many remarks which still re-echo in our hearts. He *crossed the Rubicon* with his legion—a forbidden act amounting to a declaration of war—with the remark that brought to his support the innate love of gambling in the people:

> The die is cast!

His words notifying the Senate of a victory made him godlike: *Veni, vidi, vici*—"I came, I saw, I conquered." Added to the homespun strength of these words was the use of the poetic device of alliteration, the repetition of the initial *v* and the terminal *i,* together with the pleasing repetition in the rhythm. Poetry is early in man's memory, and its devices are in the tradition of heart-warming words. Caesar justified his divorce of his wife Pompeia, at rumors of her misconduct with Clodius, by a phrase which won his cause with all Rome:

> Caesar's wife must be above all suspicion.

Even his death-cry pillories Marcus Brutus as the eternal symbol of treacherous ingratitude: *Et tu, Brute!*—"You too, Brutus!"

Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* is built around the power of eloquent speech. Of the three great orations in it, the magnificent address of the Tribune Marullus is the one that uses glowing heart-arousing words to achieve its purpose; but this purpose is merely to dismiss the crowds that have gathered to celebrate Caesar's triumph. That he earns, and no more. The funeral oration of Brutus is primarily logical; and, in the absence of opposition, it might easily have won its point: popular approval of the murder of great Caesar. But this is followed by Mark Antony's oration. Reread this, for the essence of successful word-usage. Like a master magician, he twists the heartstrings of a hostile crowd, until they are utterly his slaves. With brilliant strategy he refers to Caesar's financial benefits to all of them; to his refusing the crown; he shows them the mantle Caesar wears, reminding them of his great victory the day he first wore it, and points to the assassins' gashes in it, and Caesar's blood upon it; and, as a climax, he reads the will of Caesar, bequeathing seventy-five drachmas to each of them, and his arbors, orchards, and walks as a public park for them forever. The conquered mob scatters to burn great Caesar's body, fire the traitors' houses, and avenge the murder. Words did it all. Heart-stirring words.

Caesar's successor, Augustus, has gilded his own memory forever by his quiet boast,

> I found Rome brick, and I left it marble.

He and those who followed him quieted the prostrate world in a gasping truce called ironically *the Roman peace*. But the very use of *peace* here disarmed opposition. The starving rabble were pacified with *bread and circuses*—free corn, and the bloody gladiatorial games, with diversified bloody persecutions of Christians at frequent intervals as an added attraction. And, to end the unwieldy rule of might, came Attila, the *scourge of God,* and the other raiders who brought barbarous freedom instead of servile civilization; and the world began to move again toward today.

And of all Greek and Roman history, what we remember most is the heart-warming words, the homespun words, the true-talk opposition words.

The Dark Ages Brighten

There are few word-gleams to lighten the murk of the Dark Ages. The Arabs were wakened to fanaticism by the cry—

> There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.

His Koran echoed the ancient Hebrew call:

> One hour of justice is worth more than threescore and ten years of prayer.

Submission to *kismet,* or fate, and the *jehad,* or holy war against all unbelievers, gave momentum to a drive of sanctified looting that lifted the crescent in a great sweep that ultimately stretched from Constantinople, down Asia Minor, across Africa clear to the Pillars of Hercules, across through Spain, and to its high-water mark at Tours, where Charles the *Hammer* (Charles Martel) ended the tidal wave.

All Europe thrilled to the preachings that brought on the crusades—those frantic efforts to place the cross above the crescent, and to regain for Christendom the birthplace of Christ, the *Holy Land.* Pope Urban thundered,

> Enter upon the road to the holy sepulcher; wrest the land from the wicked race and subject it to yourselves.

Note the expressed self-interest of his hearers in the end of the appeal. St. Bernard was the bloody evangel of the second crusade:

> The Christian who slays the unbeliever in the Holy War is sure of his reward, the more sure if he himself be slain. The Christian glories in the death of the infidel, because Christ is glorified.

The endless warfare of these centuries was minimized by the *Truce of God*—a weekly moratorium on warfare lasting from Friday morning until Monday. Even the barbarous Inquisition was sanctified by being called *The Holy Office;* just as the medieval German empire was ticketed the *Holy Roman Empire,* and the unholy ganging of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France to undo Napoleon's work was dignified as *The Holy Alliance.* Call a skunk by a pleasant name. . . . The Mongols ravaged much of the civilized world after loot, but their selfish rallying cries are forgotten by us.

Meanwhile, Christianity, in the form of missions, paved the way in the most distant lands for Occidental culture. As long as the American Indians, the natives of Africa, China, and elsewhere worshipped their own gods, these might declare their own jehad against the Europeans. But acceptance of Christianity ended the fear of this, and opened the world to Occidental trade, in which the Christians felt that they could hold their own. The Renaissance had for its rallying-cry to restore the learning of Greece and Rome—and these words, honored in antiquity, won their fight without great effort. The Reformation won by appealing to the deep-seated heart-throb words dealing with Christ and the Gospels. Thus the supporters of Luther fought against—

> the heavy unchristian yoke of the "parsons" . . . . [to] lead them to evangelical liberty.

Two main rallying-cries roused Europe to the explorations and discoveries that more than doubled the size of the known world, in the century after 1450: America as *El Dorado*, the "land of gold," and the appeal to make these heathen lands Christian, "for the greater glory of God." The English colonies in North America were largely settled for "the right to worship God in one's own way." The immense appeal of this is obvious.

England moved slowly toward democracy. The selfish barons wrested from cringing King John *Magna Carta*—"the Great Charter"—and the people slowly fought for a share in these rights:

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

The merchants sought to sugar-coat the pill administered to the colonies, of squeezing out of them every last possible penny of revenue, by calling the precious scheme *The Mercantile Theory of Commerce.* But this had no more appeal than the outworn *Divine Right of Kings,* which torpedoed the crafts both of the Stuarts and of George III. The dank little island could not bridge the waters that isolated it from the rest of the world; but it could unite much of this into an *empire,* with the slogan:

> The sun never sets on the British Empire.

No one mentioned that, with equal logic, it never rose either.

France roused at last against the insane arrogance of a kingling who declared,

> The State, it is I. . . . The sovereign authority resides exclusively in my person. To me solely belongs the power of making the laws, and without dependence or cooperation. The entire public order emanates from me, and I am its supreme protector. My people are one with me. The rights and interests of the nation are necessarily identical with mine and rest solely in my hands,

and the ignorance of an alien queen who said,

> If the people cannot get bread, why don't they eat cake?

Greatest of the Revolutionary slogans was *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*—still the trinity of stars over France. The *Declaration of the Rights of Man* was their tocsin:

> Men are born and remain equal in rights.

But this grew into a strange illogical monstrosity, the *despotism of liberty,* as the *Committee of Public Safety* worded it:

> We must establish the despotism of liberty to crush the despotism of kings.

Napoleon, the *Absolute on Horseback,* reshuffled the court cards of Europe at his whim; but his aim was all selfish, and died as his cancer-rotted body betrayed him at last.

Germany tugged at the heart as the *Fatherland.* But Bismarck, as early as 1862, stated his doctrine of *Blut und Eisen:*

> Not oratory and majority resolutions decide the great questions of our time. . . . but iron and blood.

It was only in 1886 that he reversed the order of these. This appealed to all the morbid cruelty in man's nature, with the objective *Deutschland über Alles*—"Germany over all." Kaiser Wilhelm II is best remembered for his address to his brother Heinrich, leader of the newly created navy, in 1897:

> Should anyone dare to harm our good rights, then hit with the mailed fist.

The German ideal emerged slowly, and perhaps a 1916 remark of General von Kries, in speaking of the inhabitants of Poland, sums it up as well as any:

> The lives of human beings are to be conserved only if it makes for the state's advancement; their lives are to be sacrificed if it is to the state's advantage.

Meanwhile, Occidental labor was slowly set on fire by the *Communist Manifesto* and the other writings of Karl Marx, with their definition of modern production as *the class struggle,* their description of the wage system as *wage-slavery,* and a shrewdly persuasive battle-cry:

> Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain!

On the surface, this has all the appeal of the great looting cries of the past. It was given ethical standing by the insistent doctrine that *Labor produces all wealth,* and soon emerged with an attractive slogan, *From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs.* Communistic Russia, as we shall soon ascertain, stems directly out of this winning word-usage.

The World War came—with slogans consciously designed to rouse every human being on the globe. Germany fought for *a place in the sun,* for German *Kultur.* It scorned a treaty as *a scrap of paper*—one of the costly boomerang phrases of history. The Allies fought against *the barbarous Hun,* sought to feed *starving Belgium,* and, with Wilson as the sloganeer, waged *a war to end war,* and *a war to make the world safe for democracy.* The Americans bridged the centuries, when they landed in France with the salute, "Lafayette, we are here!" And meanwhile Italy shopped shrewdly between her pledged allies, the Central Powers, and the Allies, Premier Salandra giving as her rallying-cry: "Sacred egoism." The Versailles Treaty, on its surface, was one of man's idealistic achievements, expressing *freedom of the seas, open covenants openly arrived at, protection of the rights of minorities,* and so on. Under the surface were the seeds which produced the Nazi movement, and much else history had rather forget. Fascist Italy awoke to *revive the Roman Empire.*

You may approve or disapprove of the results of these recent happenings. The important thing is that, whatever the motives of the war-makers and peacemakers, their activities were sold to the world by strategic propaganda, at times brilliantly phrased. If there were better possibilities before mankind, their salesmen fell down on the job, and mankind signed on the wrong dotted line.

So Words Govern the Globe

We may redefine history as:

> the record of man's mass movements, inspired by winning word-usages.

We can add to this that only winning word-usages glued the masses together, and made history possible.

Where the slogans have been missing, mass movements have been no more than the suicidal migrations of the lemmings, those ratlike creatures which solve overpopulation by westward mass movements, ending in their swimming to death in the westward ocean.

Asia has had no mass movements with winning slogans—except the three religious movements seeded on her western border, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. Asia, the womb of the races, has disgorged her migrations of human lemmings westward, southward, eastward. But these have not retained contact with Asiatic history. After prehistory, Aryan and Semite, Mongol, American Indian, Polynesian, spread from Asia. But this is merely source information, not history. It has no more continuity than the record of a transplanted zinnia. The Mongols looted, and their power died. China stagnated, twitching in her sleep. Japan slept, until the West awoke it to be an imitative menace. India slumbers still, restless at the parasitic European overlords. There was a brief Boxer rebellion in China against the *foreign devils.* Its reparations fund still supports Chinese students in American universities. This lack of rousing slogans has made Asia an inert gridiron on which history is made by others.

Africa has originated no mass movements, no appealing slogans. Nor has the transplanted Negro done this. None, that is, that has reached outside of his own race to affect European culture. The American Indians, the native Australians and Polynesians, have a record that is, to us, as blank. History, since ancient times, has been the record of European movements and slogans, now supplemented by European settlements, notably the United States and other American countries.

All history, then, is one long argument in favor of releasing the full hidden power in your own words. Remembering this, let us observe the influence of words on the history of our own land.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN:

"The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave"

The Spirit of '76

WHEN WE REACH the history of our own land, examples of the conquering power of words thrust themselves out at us, like hands flung up to cheer the flag. Each of us in advance can think of a hundred examples, to one from a foreign source. Foreign rallying-cries may amaze us by their skill; but to us they are at most a play we see across the footlights. This is because these American slogans are our business: part of that past that has brought us where we are; ruling our present; shaping our future. These words, at first, were of necessity chiefly political. We will come to the nonpolitical, more personal words soon enough.

During Oliver Cromwell's protectorate in England, Virginia remained loyal to the Stuart cause. On his restoration, Charles II rewarded the colony—how? Not by a gift of money, or, lands, or power over the other colonies. Such gifts would have been gone long ago. Instead, he placed Virginia's coat-of-arms on his own shield, and named it a *Dominion*—"The Old Dominion." After two hundred and seventy-nine years, Virginians still proudly use this name. The same shrewdness is shown in modern business when an assistant's plea for more salary is met by giving him a title instead: "Third Executive Vice-President," or something like that. Even if his salary is reduced, along with the added dignity, he is the gainer, in self-esteem, in the eyes of wife and family and friends, in actual credit with everyone. *The Old Dominion* gives excellent precedent for this. So each of these political word-usages may be translated into words to use in our own problems.

Massachusetts did her best to damn her by-blow colony, Rhode Island, by calling its population *the Lord's debris.* Boston called her swift rejection of the Stuarts in 1689 *The Glorious Revolution.* This played its part in getting her ready for the greater revolution eighty-five years later. Penn named his capital *Philadelphia,* "the city of brotherly love." But he used the affected imported Greek form, instead of a homespun, heart-throb, English word; and the name became something of a boomerang.

In 1763 the French were driven from the continent, and events moved rapidly toward the split with England. England might talk all she pleased of *The Mercantile Theory of Commerce, The Navigation Laws;* to the Colonists, by 1774, English laws were officially styled *The Intolerable Acts.* The hard-hitting slogan of Burke, the English orator who fought so valiantly for colonial rights,

> The power to tax is the power to destroy!

was expanded into the slogan "Taxation without representation is tyranny!"—soon shortened to "No taxation without representation!" For all the use of the device of internal rhyme in this, it remained over-syllabled and Latiny. "No vote, no tax!" would have been stronger. The shooting of five colonists by British soldiers in Boston was promptly dubbed *The Boston Massacre.* The very name roused the people to indignation, during an emergency when rabble-rousing was fully justified.

In 1770, citizens of Baltimore forced the captain of the *Peggy Stuart,* containing a cargo of the hateful taxed tea, to burn his ship in the harbor. They were not disguised, either. In 1773, Bostonians disguised as Indians boarded similar ships, and dumped the tea into the harbor. The first incident is forgotten in history; it was not christened with a title to stick in men's hearts. But *The Boston Tea Party* is forever a part of American history, because of the word-magic in its sardonic title.

Patrick Henry, a dynamic young Virginia lawyer, was the outstanding popular leader of this period, due to his fiery use of words. He castigated George III for the Stamp Act, and all America thrilled to his conclusion:

> If this be treason, make the most of it!

Sons of Liberty groups were organized in New York and the the other colonies—a title as brilliantly appealing as the later *minutemen* ("ready at a minute's notice") for the colonial volunteers. Just before "the shot heard round the world" at Lexington and Concord, Patrick Henry thundered at a convention in Richmond, in his native Virginia:

> The war has actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Not one word fails to stand the test of supreme word-effectiveness.

With such a spirit, worded so magnificently, the Revolution commenced its wearing fight toward success. On July 4, 1776, Thomas Jefferson's *Declaration of Independence* altered the Revolutionists from rebels to a united nation fighting for independence. The very title was a slap in the face of tyranny everywhere; while the wording—

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Governments. . . .

> And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

Grizzled John Hancock of Massachusetts, President of the Convention, signed his name in huge letters:

> There, George can read that without his spectacles!

So can the oppressed and dictator-ridden peoples of the world read it without spectacles. It earns the right to be called the battle-cry for a thousand years.

War. . . . Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys thundering on the door of Fort Ticonderoga,

> Open, in the name of the Continental Congress and the great Jehovah!

Let British Gage describe Washington's troops as *the rabble of New England*, they were men who could stand up and die for liberty, saying with Nathan Hale,

> I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

The formal declaration of war against England said: "Our cause is just. Our union is perfect." Now the King boasted of his *golden pills* or bribes to his counsellors, while the American volunteers fought with all their wearied souls against hired German mercenaries and the released savagery of the American Indians. The spirit of liberty, set on fire by Patrick Henry and the rest, won. Even cautious Washington called the Tories—colonists who sided with England against independence—*detestable parricides.* The phrase was as true either way; the word skill was in Washington's use of it. So it was that we were born into the company of nations,

> conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal,

to use Lincoln's immortal phrasing at Gettysburg.

How minor, compared to these, are the opposing voices heard in England! Samuel Johnson wrote, in *Taxation No Tyranny*,

> Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging.

John Wesley, founder of Methodism, wrote:

> There is most liberty, civil and religious, under a limited monarchy; there is usually less under an aristocracy; there is least of all under a democracy.

His hymn against the Revolution called it "ungodly homicide," and described the Declaration of Independence as a *covenant with hell.* Not until William Lloyd Garrison breathed life into these words did they mount to vitriolic effectiveness. These puny English voices could not stop the Niagara of winning American word-usage.

The Young Nation

The destinies of the Revolutionary Army had been entrusted to George Washington of Virginia, immortalized by Henry Lee as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He was for two terms the first President of the young republic, under a new Constitution with this significant preamble:

> We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity—

What emotional appeal is omitted? The shrewdness in making it the creation of "the *people* of the United States" instead of the states themselves played an enormous part in welding a nation out of the slack confederacy, and riveting it so that it held together even during the dreadful blood-bath of the *war between the states.* Its centralization of power was fought bitterly by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and other extreme libertarians. Meanwhile, the press in its favor proceeded to fling true-talk opposition words broadcast:

> The sloop *Anarchy* has gone ashore on Union rock.
> The old scow *Confederacy*, Imbecility master, has gone off to sea.

Federal punch became the chief brew in the taverns; *Federal tobacco mixture* in the pipes of the Constitutionalists. *Federal hats* were sold and worn widely. Thus even private business got on the band-wagon of this winning word-usage. Most important of all, ten amendments, a *Bill of Rights*, were promised by the Constitutionalists. They were adopted within two years, and assured *free religion*, *free speech*, a *free press*, *free assembly*, the right of petition, the right to bear arms, jury trial, and other substructures of democracy, forever.

For all of Washington's firm stand against the division of the nation into political parties, the inevitable cleavage occurred, between the *Federalists*, who stood for concentration of power in the national government, and their opponents the *states' rights* group: *loose construction* of the Constitution against *strict construction*. This cleavage continues to today, the party in power invariably standing for loose construction, that is, for more power for themselves. As Washington's second term waned, the opposition unavailingly invoked all the poison labels at their command. They called him *tyrant*, *dictator*, *despot*, *stepfather* of his country, and an impostor who should be hurled from his *throne*. He passed out of office sadly, warning against *foreign alliances and entanglements*.

Meanwhile, after a brief period of declared war against France under the Directory, and a *peaceful war* of non-intercourse and embargo, the War of 1812 against England broke out. Our frigate the *Constitution* became a symbol of victory under the nickname *Old Ironsides*. For all that disgruntled New England opposed the war as *Mr. Madison's war*, it was won handily—a victory polished off by Andrew Jackson's winning at New Orleans after peace had been signed, but before word of the signing had arrived.

A few words would have made all the difference, if they had arrived in time.

And now the united nation faced internal dissension.

The Black Shadow of Slavery

Monroe's second election was achieved without opposition, and the period was called *the era of good feeling*. It was the last the country was to know. Already the strife of sections had commenced; the South, New England, the Middle States, the pioneer West, were heroizing their *favorite sons*, sectional spokesmen who overlooked the welfare of the land as a whole, in bitter pleas for sectional advantage.

A vital step, that still dictates our foreign policy, appeared in Monroe's announcement of *The Monroe Doctrine* ("America for the Americans"). John Quincy Adams inspired it, saying that we ought not to trail after England "like a cockboat to a British man-of-war," a phrase brilliantly expressive. John C. Calhoun, so soon to be the voice for the entire South, spoke at first with a magnificent national viewpoint:

> Let us bind the republic together with a perfect system of roads and canals. . . . Let us conquer space.

Here we have political salesmanship at its highest, offering something which embodied the viewpoint of every American.

In the great strife between the sections, the West offered *Old Hickory*, Andrew Jackson, who soon became *King Andrew* to his opponents. And "king" was then a label like "poison ivy." When the fellow-Westerner Henry Clay aided Adams in defeating Jackson for the presidency in 1824, thus ending *the Virginia dynasty of presidents*, this was called the *corrupt bargaining*, and Clay was branded "Judas of the West." Calhoun, spokesman for the South, branded the 1828 tariff as "The Tariff of Abominations"; and only the Compromise Tariff of 1833 prevented bloodshed. Now occurred the strife of the *wildcat banks* against the entrenched *monster*, the Bank of the United States—a fight lasting until Jackson's victory over the monster. Jackson expanded the *spoils system* ("To the victor belong the spoils"), and emptied government positions like an overturned trash basket, to fill them with his loyal supporters. His hand-picked successor, Van Buren, was defeated for re-election in 1840 by the slogans of the Harrison adherents:

> Van, Van, is a used-up man! . . .
> Tippecanoe and Tyler too!

—Tippecanoe being Harrison's minor Indian victory, and Tyler his inconspicuous Virginia running-mate.

The match to the fire of sentiment against slavery was set off by William Lloyd Garrison, eloquent pleader for a cause at first popularly detested. As he wrote in his first announcement in *The Liberator,*

> On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm . . . tell the mother to gradually extricate the babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. . . . I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. . . . The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

He denounced the Constitution, which tolerated slavery, as—

> a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.

These heart-stirring words, this bitter use of poison labels, aroused rather than persuaded. Resolutions of the *plantation aristocracy* of the South against receiving petitions denouncing slavery—these resolutions were violations of the cherished Bill of Rights, of course—were damned as the *gag resolutions.* Not that there was anything moderate in Calhoun's magnificent opposition. On all major points, he announced,

> No two distinct nations can be more opposed than this and the other sections. . . . We are no longer a free people—a people living under a Constitution, as the guardian of their rights; but under the absolute rule of an unchecked majority. . . . Abolition and the union cannot coexist. . . . [Slavery] involves not only our liberty, but, what is greater [if to freemen anything can be], existence itself. . . . We will not, cannot, permit it to be destroyed. Come what will, should it cost every drop of blood and every cent of property, we must defend ourselves. There would be to us but one alternative—to triumph or perish as a people.

Meanwhile, Texas won its independence from Mexico, set on fire by the slogan *Remember the Alamo*—that ruthless slaughter of one hundred and sixty-six liberty-loving Texans by the Mexicans, with no single survivor. Our claims for Texas and for

Oregon, which latter Britain claimed, were labeled the *reoccupation* of Oregon and the *reannexation* of Texas—shrewd sales talk. The intransigent slogan *54–40 or fight* (referring to the Oregon boundary we claimed) won an election; although the diplomats retreated from it fast enough, once Polk, its advocate, the first *dark horse* candidate for president, had won on it.

To solve the conflict between slaveholders and *free states* over the new West, Lewis Cass of Michigan proposed *squatter sovereignty*—decision by the actual homesteaders. The spirit of Garrison spoke in the formation of the *Free Soil Party*—"Free soil, free speech, free labor, free men." Fiery-tongued Daniel Webster shifted from side to side, and in the end was called *Judas* for favoring the 1850 Omnibus Bill compromise. Seward, pleading against this, appealed to the *higher law*—"a law higher than the Constitution, the moral law." *Underground railroads*, or secret smuggling of slaves northward, flourished. Two rival systems of morals and ethics, each sure that it was God-inspired, locked arms in final conflict.

This conflict came to a head over Kansas—*Bleeding Kansas*, to the Abolitionists. The pro-slavery Missourians called the New England emigrants *an army of hirelings, reckless and desperate fanatics*, transported by *meddlers* from the North. In return, they were called *border ruffians*. The tricky pro-slavery Lecompton Constitution adopted by Kansas was branded by the North as the *Lecompton Fraud;* and it proceeded to describe the anti-Negro Dred Scott decision of the United States Supreme Court as—

> judicial robes polluted in the filth of pro-slavery politics.

When Buchanan sided with the *Lecompton Fraud*, Douglas attacked him, amid cries of *traitor, renegade, Judas.* As emotions heated, logic abdicated, except among the thoughtful few. Sectional selfishness and emotional bias spoke loudest, on both sides.

The Voice of Freedom

At last a man who combined kindliness with supreme shrewdness in word usage took the center of the stage: Abraham

Lincoln, *Father Abraham*, the *rail-splitter* from Illinois. He cleared the North of blame for wrecking the union by his—

> The crime of the North is the census of 1860.

That is, the North was innocent of all crime; while the South, aghast at statistical proof of its increasing weakness, had determined to create its own little pond, in which it could be the largest tadpole. He did not flinch, in accepting the 1860 Republican nomination for President, from saying directly:

> A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided.

His efforts as an executive, supplemented by his ringing eloquence, won full success for his dream:

> that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The South deliriously shrieked out the rousing minstrel song *Dixie*. It called the Northerners *Black Republicans* and *damn Yankees*. It plucked every heartstring in its rousing appeals:

> We fight for our liberties, our altars, our firesides. . . . Surely eight million people armed in the holy cause of liberty . . . are invincible by any force the North can send against them.

Horace Greeley, Republican leader as he was, pleaded of *the cotton states*, as he called them,

> Let the erring sisters depart in peace. . . . We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets.

The North called it *this infamous, hell-born rebellion*. Wild crowds shrieked out,

> John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul goes marching on.

Hardly more than a year before, the old fanatic had been executed for treason to the United States, after he had set up his own *putsch* government and captured the United States Arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia. Julia Ward Howe took this tune, pictured the South as the serpent whose head the inspired North was crushing, and ended:

> As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
> While God is marching on.

"Throw logic to the dogs; I'll none of it."

In 1861 the North marched, rallied by the boastful cry, *On to Richmond!* It took four bloody years to achieve this. The South's most beloved general was rechristened *Stonewall* Jackson. A bullet fired in error by one of his own patrols killed him. Lee, wearied with two days' fighting over Gettysburg, ordered the flower of his army to charge up Cemetery Ridge, while his generals pleaded with him, with tears in their eyes, not to summon this suicide for their cause. The stars and bars flashed brightly to the sky, as the deadly Federal gunfire cut down Pickett's men like sickled grain. Vicksburg fell, and Lincoln could write exultantly,

> The Father of Waters goes again unvexed to the sea.

Forever and ever the heart-warming words!

Now the Union armies for the first time adopted a systematic unified policy—the *Anaconda Policy*, of coiling around the Southern armies, and crushing them like a great constrictor. Sherman *marched to the sea*, splitting the *granary* of the Confederacy in two. The Democrats, in 1864, nominated the Union general McClellan, demanding peace after *four years of failure*. But what a negative, unimpressive slogan! Seward cried out triumphantly, at news of the victories at Mobile and Atlanta,

> Sherman and Farragut have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago platform.

Lincoln was re-elected. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and Grant permitted his men to keep their horses:

> They will need them for the spring plowing. . . . The war is over; the rebels are our countrymen again.

The bullet of a fanatic ended the career of the great liberator, and his enemy Stanton pronounced his best eulogy:

> Now he belongs to the ages.

Reconstruction and After

The spiteful weakling, Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, at once installed his governments in the former Confederate States. These proceeded to enact what the North called the *black codes,* which permitted the virtual restoration of slavery, by means of laws cleverly called *vagrancy laws* and *apprentice laws.* The Freedmen's Bureau promised the Negroes the lands of their masters, and to each one "forty acres and a mule"—a promise all homespun words. Congressional Reconstruction vetoed all this, *waving the bloody shirt* in Congress against the *traitors,* and placing the conquered South under the bayonet again. The Southerners rose under the illegal *Ku Klux Klan* against the *carpetbaggers* (Northern adventurers who had gone southward for loot, with no possessions but those in their carpetbags) and *scalawags,* or Southern renegades to the Confederacy. The *Solid South* was the result of this decade of horror. It has not lost its essential solidity in the more than half a century that has elapsed.

After Grant's two inept terms as President, the incomparable orator Robert G. Ingersoll proposed James G. Blaine as the Republican standard-bearer. He gave Blaine credit for winning the war; a man who had—

> torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander . . . [and] snatched the mask of democracy from the hideous face of rebellion . . . the plumed knight!

Blaine's personal record prevented his nomination, and another dark horse, Governor Hayes of Ohio, became the standard-bearer. The disputed election, settled by an Electoral Commission, elevated him instead of his Democratic rival, Governor Tilden of New York. Study the findings of that commission, if you have any doubt as to which controls men's actions: logic and fairness, or emotional bias! But words had not lost their power. Every picture of Hayes in the Democratic press for the next four years had FRAUD stamped on his brow. In spite of his excellent record, he was not even considered seriously for renomination. This one word killed his every chance.

The Civil Service was sneered at as the *Snivel Service*, and the Republican reformers as *Half-Breeds*. The hard times of 1881 punctured the Republican claim that their continuance in office meant *a full dinner pail* for every workman. Blaine, sneering at the reformers in his party as the *unco guid* (Scotch for uncommonly good, or goody-goodies) and *mugwumps* ("big chiefs"), was defeated by Cleveland, due to the famous boomerang phrase a Blaine supporter used, that lined up against Blaine stood "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Cleveland, after his election, spread his offices between the *deserving Democrats* and his mugwump support.

Dynamite and Assassination

Labor became aggressive in the brutal *Molly Maguires*, Pennsylvania Irish miners who took the law into their own hands. After the government had ended this movement with ten executions, Eugene V. Debs, the eloquent longtime Socialist candidate for President, canonized their memories, to his working-class hearers:

> The men who perished upon the scaffold as felons were labor leaders, the first martyrs to the class struggle in the United States.

This was effective, however, only to a limited group. The year of Cleveland's inauguration, the anarchist Johann Most came to the United States, his own slogan coupled with that of the Russian anarchist Bakunin:

> Extirpate the miserable brood! [That is, all politicians and exploiters of the masses.] . . . Let us rely upon the unquenchable spirit of destruction and annihilation which is the perpetual spring of new life. The joy of destruction is a creative joy.

This novel rallying-cry was expanded by Albert Parsons, a Chicago anarchist, two years later:

> Dynamite! Of all the good stuff, that is the stuff! Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe [gas or water pipe], plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate vicinity of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe science has done its best work. The dear stuff can be carried in the pocket without danger. . . . A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow.

Words can be used for any side of any cause, remember. Unless I misdefine Americanism, the anarchist appeal is as alien to us as kvass or hara-kiri. Add those two to WORDS TO LOOK UP, after looking up the Haymarket explosion and the trials that followed.

The Democrats indicted Cleveland's successor, Harrison, because his Congress for the first time had appropriated $1,000,000,000 in one year, calling it *a raid on the treasury*. Speaker Reed (*Czar Reed*, to the minorities) quietly remarked that this was "a billion-dollar country." Meanwhile, the West, largely debtor-class and shy of money, gave rise to the *People's Party*, or *Populists*. *Coxey's Army* of the unemployed marched on Washington to protest the panic of 1893. Its leaders were arrested on the Capitol lawn for "walking on the grass." But national resentment against the *money lords* of Wall Street continued to grow, and resulted in the selection of a Populist as the 1896 Democratic candidate. With his demand for *free silver*, at the ratio of *16 to 1*, William Jennings Bryan, another notable orator, cried out with tremendous appeal:

> Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

Were we looking for heart-rousing words? The ending is glorious. But, for all the strategy in the appeal to "the commercial interests" and the rest, this part lacks subtlety and heart-appeal. They slammed into him:

> Lunacy dictated the platform, and hysteria evolved the candidate.

This was from a New York Democratic paper, at that. McKinley was dubbed *the advance agent of prosperity*. The Republican press called Bryan *rattlepated idiot*, *hoax*, *anarchist*, *blasphemer*, and *lunatic*. This was unfair word-usage; for he hardly qualifies to stand beside Most and Parsons as an anarchist; and, as a fundamentalist Christian, it seems amazing that he should be branded as a "blasphemer"—the reason, of course, was the religious metaphor closing his speech. Reverend Thomas Dixon, a Southern anti-Negro novelist, called Bryan:

> a mounting, slobbering demagogue, whose patriotism is all in his jawbone.

These, and an ample Republican campaign fund, won for McKinley.

War with Spain came as scheduled. The Spanish ambassador, in an indiscreet letter, had described McKinley as—

> a cheap politician who truckled to the masses.

Bryan would never have called him this. But it did not help Spain's cause. The mysterious blowing up of the United States battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor, blamed on the Spaniards, awoke the irresistible slogan: *Remember the Maine!* Theodore Roosevelt dashed into the fray, leading his picturesque *Rough Riders*, who were at once taken to the hearts of America. Our taking of the Philippines, which indicated a bit of forgetfulness about the Monroe Doctrine, was window-dressed as *our manifest destiny*.

McKinley's *imperialism* was bitterly attacked. The Kansas City Democratic Convention met under huge placards:

> Lincoln abolished slavery; McKinley has restored it.

The *yellow press* led the attack in depicting the President as *Czar McKinley*, wearing an emperor's crown. Czars weren't especially popular about that time. Hearst's New York *Evening Journal* published, on February 4, 1901, a poem by Ambrose Bierce on the assassination of Governor Goebel of Kentucky:

> The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast
> Cannot be found in all the West;
> Good reason, it is speeding here
> To stretch McKinley on his bier.

Less than three months later, an editorial in the same paper, dealing with the President, stated:

> If bad institutions and bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done.

Early in September, while holding a reception at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, McKinley was assassinated by a fanatic. These last two quotations indicate that rabble-rousing words may be dreadfully effective for unadmirable purposes.

An Enemy of the People

Theodore Roosevelt, a magnificent phrase-maker, took McKinley's place. In 1906, opposing Hearst's candidacy for Governor of New York, he had his Secretary of State, Elihu Root, say for him that the assassin of McKinley was inflamed—

> by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines, and they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, to the exploiter of sensationalism and to the crude and foolish visionary who, for whatever reason, apologizes for crime or excites aimless discontent.

The following was quoted by Root from Theodore Roosevelt's First Message to Congress:

> I say, by the President's authority, that in penning these words . . . he had Mr. Hearst specifically in mind. And I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. Hearst then he thinks of Mr. Hearst now.

Thirteen years later, Governor Alfred E. Smith described Hearst as:

> A pestilence that walks in the dark . . . an enemy of the people . . . [using] irresponsible methods of misrepresentation and slander.

When Hearst called Smith *Alibi Al*, and said that he—

> has taken three days laboriously to prepare a vulgar tirade that any resident of Billingsgate or any occupant of the alcoholic ward in Bellevue could have written in fifteen minutes in quite the same style, but with more evidence of education and intelligence,

—and this is a bit of masterpiece in poison labels—Smith struck home with homespun slang. He described Hearst as—

> the owner of the enchanted palace with a thousand hills and a thousand cows grazing. While he and the Mayor were out brushing the flies off the grazing cows on the thousand hills they were both engaged in shipping the bull on to New York!

Before leaving Hearst, we should quote one of his 1927 telegrams to a tabloid editor:

> Important thing for newspaper to do in making circulation is to get excited when public excited. People will buy any paper which seems to express their feelings in addition to printing the facts.

This is, unfortunately, sound psychology. There is no finer point of contact with any hearer than what he is excited about. From that point, he can be led subtly into what anyone wants him to get excited about.

The Square Deal

Theodore Roosevelt always remembered this psychology. He popularized the national political sport of seeking to dissolve the great corporations or trusts as *trust-busting*—which derived out of the actual Western bronco-busting by which he had restored his own health. It did not mean trust-*destroying;* it meant trust-*taming*. Modern reformers would gain by remembering this. Theodore Roosevelt gave as his motto—

> Walk softly, but carry a big stick—

and he gave the *criminal rich* an uneasy time of it. His life was *strenuous,* and he added this word to the daily American vocabulary; as well as phrases such as *clean as a hound's tooth, malefactors of great wealth, the lunatic fringe:* the last a clever if tactless description of the extremists who first favored the causes the leaders of today are fighting for. He fathered *hyphenated American,* to damn the dual-allegianced German-Americans during the World War. His son and namesake still smiles when he recalls his father dismissing one annoyance as a *pussyfooted busybody.* Franklin Roosevelt likes to quote the origin of his phrase *The Square Deal,* from a Springfield, Illinois, Fourth of July address of Theodore Roosevelt's:

> A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

The conclusion is magnificently affirmative and American. No American has been so much quoted to me, in suggestions for this book. Franklin Roosevelt adds his own gloss to comment of Theodore Roosevelt's on statescraft:

> "A great democracy must be progressive, or it will cease to be great or a democracy." It is his warning to us of this day and generation that eternal progress is still the price of liberty.

Theodore Roosevelt congratulated the *captains of industry.* Yet he insisted,

> The biggest corporation, like the humblest private citizen, must be held to strict compliance with the will of the people as expressed in the fundamental law.

This gave what he called *predatory wealth* much temporary uneasiness.

The same vigor marked his walling Venezuela away from German claims, and his inspiration for the Panama revolution, to permit us to secure the Canal Zone. He did not hesitate to write to his Secretary of State:

> We should secure the Panama route without further dealing with the foolish and homicidal corruptionists at Bogotá.

He attributed Colombia's refusal to sell its own lands as dictated to the government by a group of *bandits.* Eight years later, he boasted in a speech at Berkeley, California,

> I took the Canal Zone, and let Congress debate.

When the Senate refused to ratify Secretary of State John Hay's seven arbitration treaties in 1905, the President commented:

> A treaty entering the Senate is like a bull going into the arena. No one can say just how or when the final blow will fall, but one thing is certain—it will never leave the arena alive.

Of McKinley's policies, Roosevelt's critics wrote that the President had *carried them out—and buried them.* Of the *Pure Food and Drugs Act,* following Upton Sinclair's exposure of packing-house conditions in his novel, *The Jungle,* Roosevelt said to Congress:

> The public welfare outweighs the right to private gain, and no man may poison the public for private profit.

By 1910, Roosevelt was calling his espousal of the *Progressive* Party cause (itself a shrewd bit of nomenclature) the *New Nationalism.* He said that the government would protect the people from corporations seeking refuge in the *twilight zone* between national and state jurisdictions.

In spite of La Follette's savage attack on Roosevelt for using himself, the real father of the Progressive Party, as a *stalking-horse* for the nomination, until Roosevelt was ready to take it, the strenuous one disclaimed diplomatically any desire for the nomination. But at the psychological moment he announced that his *hat was in the ring.* When the Republican party *steam-roller* decided all contests against him, he accepted the invitation to lead a third party:

> I am in this fight for certain principles, and the first and most important of these goes back to Sinai, and is embodied in the command, "Thou shalt not steal." Thou shalt not

> steal a nomination. . . . thou shalt not steal from the people the birthright of the people to rule themselves. . . . We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord.

Theodore Roosevelt was perhaps greater in attack than in pure persuasiveness. But note how unfailingly he uses the heart-stirring words for both of his objectives. His words constitute a textbook on winning style.

The New Freedom

In the 1912 Democratic convention, William J. Bryan, three times defeated as standard-bearer, still dominated. In earlier campaigns, he had gladly welcomed all contributions to the Democratic campaign funds, including those from corporation representatives. Scheming craftily, Bryan began by using all of his ancient eloquence to have the Convention pass his resolution providing that no candidate should be selected who was identified with—

> the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class.

Bryan at first favored his supporter of years, the old Democratic stand-by Champ Clark, against the cocksure ex-president of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson—who, incidentally, had once indiscreetly written to a friend that he hoped somebody would knock Bryan into *a cocked hat.* The moment that Clark's nomination became probable, Bryan flopped to Wilson. Observers believed that his objective was to secure a deadlock, with himself as the ultimate nominee. Instead, the convention at once selected Wilson.

Wilson developed into a masterly word user, as the apostle of what he called *The New Freedom.* He launched his direct attacks on *privilege*, as represented by the tariff, banking, and the trusts. Concerning both Mexico and the World War he recommended at first *watchful waiting.* It was under the pretense of *disinterested friendship* that he took over the governments of both Santo Domingo and Haiti. Latin America at least still writhes under this *dollar diplomacy.* In 1916, Wilson was re-elected, after a close race against Charles Evans Hughes, on the appealing platform,

> He kept us out of war.

"There is such a thing," he had insisted, "as a nation being too proud to fight." He had fought against the Republican insistence on *preparedness,* and had urged the combatants to arrive at a *peace without victory.* Within a month after his second inauguration he asked Congress to declare war against the German government, though—

> we have no quarrel with the German people.

And at last we were in the international fracas, where the victory was to go to the shrewdest coiner of appealing phrases.

In the United States, we all recall how the war was fought with slogans. There had been a pacifist movement, a Socialist movement, a German-American movement. If conditions had duplicated those during the Civil War, these dissenters would have continued, and increased in number. Most of them got converted. The rest pulled their holes in after them, almost without exception. The victory went to—

> Food will win the war.
> Ships will win the war.
> A war to end war.
> A war to make the world safe for democracy.

Sauerkraut was fumigated of treason by being renamed *liberty cabbage.* Even before the Central Powers capitulated, Wilson outlined his idealistic *fourteen points* on which world peace was to be based, including such rousing slogans as—

> Open covenants openly arrived at.
> The removal of economic barriers.
> The freedom of the seas.
> The reduction of armaments.
> Reparation of war wrongs.
> The rights of minorities.
> A league of nations.

With bland skill the diplomats cheered him, outmaneuvered him on every point, and weaseled all the idealism out of the resultant Versailles Treaty. Recognition of this, and the attacks of the Republican bloc that defeated both Treaty and League in the Senate, conduced to Wilson's swift breakdown. At least, the *noble experiment* of prohibition had been saddled upon the country—the result of two generations of shrewd word-usage by *temperance* advocates.

The country turned with relief to the Republican, Harding, who promised a *return to normalcy*—popularizing in the phrase a rare geometrical term. His successor, Calvin Coolidge, is remembered for his sentence declining a renomination: "I do not choose to run." He had here no objective but retirement from office, and succeeded in that. His running mate, picturesquely nicknamed *Hell and Maria* Dawes, contributed no word magic to our national store. Herbert Hoover, welcomed as the *savior of starving Belgium*, lacked reassurance in his one remembered slogan:

> Prosperity is just around the corner.

As an aftermath of the world-wide depression of 1929, a Democratic tide rolled another Roosevelt into the White House —who added to the *Square Deal*, the *New Nationalism* and the *New Freedom*, a governmental policy called the *New Deal*. We will let it speak soon.

This brings us down to today, in our own land. We have surveyed two and a half centuries of winning political word-usage in what is now the United States of America. We know, of course, that all of these can have personal application to our own problems. We have found that all the words history remembers come within our three classes: heart-warming words, homespun words, true-talk opposition words. The sprawling ponderous polysyllables that have been omitted outnumbered them enormously. Only the brief pithy hard-hitting words are remembered. Such as these words of Wilson, during the World War:

> This intolerable thing, of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of brute force and intrigue, which we now see so clearly as the German power—a thing without conscience or honor, or capacity for covenanted peace—must be crushed, and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of nations.

It is time to cast our eyes abroad—today.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN:

"I, Caesar, Speak!"

The Modern Caesars

TWO YEARS AFTER the end of the American Civil War, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, a middle-aged Jew, published a book on economics. Most of the reviewers dubbed it idle vaporing, with its novel talk of *the materialistic conception of history*, in which economics dictates all events; its picture of history as a *class struggle*, and of labor as becoming *class-conscious;* and its prophecy of a forthcoming world *dictatorship of the proletariat*, the propertyless workers. It thundered out:

> Force is the midwife of progress!

This foreign correspondent was named Karl Marx. The book was the first volume of *Das Kapital.*

Fifty years later, a middle-aged Russian lawyer made this book the combined Bible and fundamental law of all Russia. Today, under the son of a Georgian peasant cobbler trained for the priesthood, this same book dominates the lives and objectives of a hundred and seventy million people, occupying a territory more than twice as large as the United States; and it has adherents, often well organized, in every country in the world.

—And all this started by a book, and carried on by words!

A score of years ago, a turncoat from this faith, an Italian bricklayer, son of a pauper blacksmith, marched on Rome. Today his dictatorial corporative state, an effort to revive the Roman Empire, comprises a population of nearly forty-five million people, occupying an area larger than the Louisiana Purchase. The sole secret of this man's power is his magic skill with words, as journalist and orator.

A few years ago, the son of an illegitimate Austrian petty official, a former cobbler named Alois Schiklgruber, himself a vague socialist, had himself made chancellor of the German Empire. Today his dictatorial totalitarian state rules eighty million people—figures subject to constant correction—occupying a larger area than that of the German Empire in 1914. This man is the most magnetic orator on earth today.

A newspaper correspondent, a middle-aged lawyer, a peasant cobbler's son, a bricklayer, a paper-hanger—these five men the most powerful forces in recent history, and two of them long threatening to plunge the world into another World War, and finally doing it. . . . And all this achieved by the released power of words. . . . It looks as if the average man's words *may* amount to something, after all, if he uses them right! Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, all used them at their greatest effectiveness.

Walt Whitman visioned workingmen ruling the world:

> See, ploughmen ploughing farms—see, miners digging mines—see, the numberless factories,
> See, mechanics busy at their benches with tools—see from among them superior judges, philosophs, presidents, emerge, drest in working dresses.

But he advocated democracy, and did not vision to what strange heights of power and cruelty words might elevate men of working-class origin. The United States is one of the democractic nations opposed to both of these two novel dictatorial systems. The instability of world equilibrium today makes it essential to us to know how these giant mights grew from such pigmy beginnings. We will find the method the very one we need for our own success in life. All three of the dictatorships are the spawn of shrewd words of persuasiveness and attack.

The Road to Moscow

The great French Revolutionist Babeuf antedated Marx in his demands, long before Napoleon's shadow terrified Europe:

> Nature has given to every man the right to the enjoyment of an equal share in all property.

He called for an overthrow of the government conducted by *starvers*, *bloodsuckers*, *tyrants*, *hangmen*, *rogues* and *mountebanks*—were we on the lookout for poison-label words—stating,

> It is our duty to set up a *dictatorship of the poor.*

Naturally, the poor agreed. William Weitling, a German Communist, preceded Marx with the idea of the *class struggle.* He called for the *destruction of all exploitation of the labor of the poor,* and for a *provisional government of Communists,* who were to arm the proletariat and the artisans, thundering:

> Anyone fighting against the communist principles should be shot.

Lenin, while still an exile in Switzerland, studied Weitling's writings. Then Lenin blazed out his intransigent call to revolution:

> We repudiate all morality that proceeds from . . . ideas that are outside class conceptions. In our opinion, morality is entirely subordinate to the interests of the class war; everything is moral that is necessary for the annihilation of the old exploiting order and for the union of the proletariat.

Notice how thoroughgoing his demands were. In translation, they seem to lack homespun power; in Russian, they probably reeked with it. He announced grimly,

> Revolution is a serious business. It cannot be made in snow-white gloves, with scrupulously clean hands.

He flung out his battle slogan, which Walt Whitman would have agreed with:

> Let every kitchen-maid learn to run the government!

As to expropriating capital, he recalled Proudhon's statement, "All private property is theft," and demanded:

> Loot the loot!

He sneered at freedom—for the masses, that is:

> Freedom is a great word, but under the banner of freedom of trade the most plunderous wars have been waged; under the banner of freedom of labor, the toilers have been robbed.

He guaranteed victory under a slogan giving the people the peace they wanted, while giving to his Soviets the power that *he* wanted:

> Peace at all costs, and all power to the Soviets!

Soon he had broadened this to incorporate the soul demands of the four great groups interested:

> All power to the Soviets, land to the peasants, peace to the people, bread to the hungry!

His wit seared his points home in his hearers' minds, as when he said to the Russian journalist Karl Radek, "Have you not seen how the peasant voted against the war?" "When and how did he vote?" asked Radek. "He voted with his legs, by running away from the front."

"And this man is now become a god"—for Russia so regards him. His successor, Stalin, speaks as shrewdly. Just before his *purges* began, he lulled suspicion by saying,

> We knew that the policy of lopping-off might entail grave dangers for the party. The method of lopping-off . . . . is dangerous and infectious. Today, you lop off one limb; tomorrow another; the day after tomorrow a third—and what is left of the party?

Again, always with direct forthright speech,

> If any of us should get a swelled head, he will be called to order.

He called his major opponent, Trotsky, "the vaudeville Clemenceau"—an infinite insult, in Bolshevik minds. And then, after his major purge,

> If we want to be victorious, we must continue to bear Lenin's banner on high, guarding its purity and spotlessness.

To us, this would be the reverse of a heart-warming appeal. To Russian Communists, it was more effective than evoking Washington, Jefferson or Lincoln would be to us. And consider this farsighted demand, from the head of a great world state:

> We are facing a fortress—science, with its numerous branches of knowledge. This fortress we must capture at all costs.

A master in the use of contact words, he addressed the first newspaper correspondent he ever permitted to interview him, a Japanese, with—

> Welcome. I, too, am an Asiatic.

His brilliant speech ridiculing the opposition, in which he elaborated that they would hail a cockroach as the ruin of the Soviet government, must be read in its entirety to get its devastating effectiveness. He demands that Russia combine *revolutionary zeal* with—

> business practicality, inspired by the American spirit.

His survey of where communism may next conquer is shrewd, and appeals to the deep-seated selfishness of his people:

> The front of capital will not necessarily be pierced where industry is most developed. It will be broken where the chain of imperialism is weakest, for the proletarian revolution is the result of the rupture of the chain of the Imperialist front at its weakest point.

He suggests India as a possible place for this break,

> because in that country the Revolution has for its enemy a foreign Imperialism, deprived of all moral authority and hated by the oppressed and exploited masses of India.

Unfailingly the heart-throb words are used for appealing persuasiveness—as when Joseph Dietzgen, the philosopher of Marxism, hailed conscious organization of labor as *the redeemer of modern times.* Unfailingly, for attack, propaganda's poison-label words are used; and homespun words to give the whole utterance drive and weight. Many overlong syllables are spoken; but they wither swiftly in time. Only the three classes of words referred to are perennials, are evergreens, are tansy. No matter how completely out of sympathy we are with the aims of these speakers and even the language of their appeals, the skill of them is bound to win our admiration, and evoke our mightier efforts. Even the street signs are a definite government effort to sell communism and the revolution to the people:

> Let's Break Off with the Old World!
> The Revolution is a Storm That Blows Away Anything That Stands in Its Way.
> The Society in Which Work is Free Need Not Be Afraid of Idlers.
> He That Will Not Work, Neither Shall He Eat.
> The Worker Is the Marvel of the World.
> Art Is a Social Power.
> The Task of Science Is to Serve Mankind Unselfishly.

Trotsky, before he was officially classed as an undesirable, used words with tremendous effectiveness. He demanded that Russian industry advance, measured by an *international speedometer*, to keep up with the rest of the world, since the success of the regime must depend on increased production. Rykov, who had been premier for ten years, and who was purged into some cemetery in 1938, spoke as intransigently as Calhoun:

> We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that simultaneous existence of two systems—the Soviet system of our state, our dictatorship of the proletariat, and the system of capitalism—is permanently impossible. One of these systems must squeeze out the other. . . . No one can avert the inevitability of a decisive struggle of capitalistic and socialistic forces.

Lenin's veteran, Krasikov, used to come out with it directly:

> Crack them on the snout—that is Bolshevism.

Americans cannot fail to see the bitter power released in the socialist-communist attack and appeal. If we must answer it, we must out-talk it. And we can. And we will.

The Bloody Little Caesar

If Lenin was brilliant in his word-usage, and Stalin not far behind him in coarser skill, Mussolini and Hitler are two of the most effective word-users of the century. They owe their rise, their power, to word-usage alone. By words each capitalized on the bankruptcy, financial and moral, of his respective country. At that, their word-usages are almost poles apart from each other: Mussolini the fiery journalist, the genius of the written word, and Hitler the hysteric demagogue in every sense of the word, with a fire of frenzied passion that is hypnotic and overpowering.

Naturally, the appeal of a communist or socialist plucks different chords of selfishness from the appeal of a fascist or Nazi. The socialist editor of the Italian *Class Struggle* once said with bitter eloquence:

> The Republicans defend the fatherland. We rise superior to it and deny it. The proletariat has no fatherland; nor in truth has the bourgeoisie. In case of war we Socialists will not go to the front—we will raise insurrection within our borders. The proletariat must no more shed its blood for the Moloch of patriotism.

The same violent editor bitterly opposed the Italo-Turkish War and the rabid press articles which it evoked, as—

> manifestations typical, qualified, and cynical, of nationalist delirium tremens.

He mounted to wild bitterness:

> We are in the presence of a nationalistic, clerical, conservative Italy which proposes to make of the sword its law, of the army the nation's school. We foresaw this moral perversion; it does not surprise us. But those who think that preponderance of militarism is a sign of strength are wrong. Strong nations do not have to descend to the sort of insane carnival in which the Italians are indulging today; strong nations have a sense of proportion. Nationalist, militarist Italy shows that it lacks this sense. So it happens that a miserable war of conquest is celebrated as a Roman triumph.

The same editor pictured with vicious accuracy what Italy has become:

> Imagine an Italy in which thirty-six millions should all think the same, as though their brains were made in an identical mold, and you would have a madhouse, or rather, a kingdom of utter boredom or imbecility.

Can you imagine what punishment Mussolini, fresh from the taking of Ethiopia and Albania, would wreak on the author of this, if he could apprehend him? All of Coster-Musica's castor oil would not suffice for *his* torture!

The socialist author of the last four quotations is the peasant son of a pauper anarchist, so poor that he never tasted coffee until he was twenty, and had no mattress but a bundle of hay. His name is Benito Mussolini.

Just as Italy was a renegade to her treaty of alliance with the Central Powers during the World War, the thrill of nationalist adventure made Mussolini himself a renegade to all his previous principles. The ex-pacifist flung himself wildly into the war party, calling it *historical creation*—shrewd window-dressing for shrewdly conceived wholesale slaughter and destruction. When the war ended, he formed his first *Group of Combatants* (Fasci di Combattimento): a militia composed of ex-soldiers, with Mussolini writing their selfish demand for loot:

> We, the survivors, who have returned, demand the right of governing Italy.

As simple as that. What a chance the American Legion missed! He was still socialist enough, at this time, to include in his first platform an 85 percent tax on war profits. Italian capital has found out fully how voracious he is. As late as 1919 he was thundering,

> We utterly oppose all ideas of dictatorship.

Two years later, he saw his own movement still with clarity:

> Fascism is no longer liberation, but tyranny; no longer the safeguarding of the nation, but the upholding of private interests and of the most groveling and unenlightened classes existing in Italy.

When power came, he was forced to redefine his earlier positions:

> Liberty is no longer a chaste, severe maiden for whom generations in the first half of the last century fought and died. For the intrepid, restless youth who are now in the dawn of a new history, other words exercise a greater fascination, namely, order, hierarchy, and discipline.

It took all of his eloquence to hypnotize Italy into accepting this. He succeeded. Let him drive ahead:

> Fascism has already passed over the more or less decomposed body of the goddess Liberty, and is quite prepared, if necessary, to do so once more.

Those who know the Italy whereof he speaks, know that liberty there *is* dead, and that her corpse is carrion-smelling and maggot-crawling. But, since this is *his* desire, the amazing thing to us is that he uses such brutal frankness in phrasing this to the "intrepid, restless youth" so that it fires their selfishness too; and that these leaders of a modern land can boast that liberty is dead among them.

The spirit of tyranny down the bloody ages reeks in such remarks as:

> Discipline must . . . be substantial and absolute, almost religious. The workers must be taught that their duties are more important than their rights. . . . Every one of you must consider himself a soldier, a molecule, feeling and pulsating with the entire organism.

So all slave-drivers have spoken: *duties* are more important than rights. No more are Italians to be people, men and women; they are to be *soldiers*—that is, governmentally-trained destroyers and killers; and *molecules*. Pause on this last word. For the sake of achieving their selfish desires, which he promises them, Mussolini demands that each human being become a *molecule*. A molecule doesn't think at all, and isn't noted for size. Yet this is Mussolini's appeal to his people: lay manhood and womanhood aside, and become molecules!

Remember, such slogans as those of Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, and Adolf Schiklgruber Hitler have won the causes they pleaded for. Their appeal was to a selfishness deep-seated enough, in words so emotionally moving, that they were irresistible. We have found out that *any* cause can be won by releasing the latent power in words. In these cases, the cause was a return to accepting tyranny, torture, war, organized murder, unrebuked cruelty, servile dependence. Words, shrewdly put, won these causes. It is high time we analyzed such word-usage, and improved on it, in a more American cause.

When one Italian leader, the Socialist Matteotti, had the lack of tact to defy Mussolini, by revealing the wholesale frauds in fascist elections, and commencing to incriminate Il Duce's associates in terrorism and corruption, he was promptly murdered. The actual killers received what amounted to a judicial exoneration. The fascist soldiers marched through Rome, ribaldly singing:

> Out of Matteotti's body
> We make sausages now.

Such a song might have a boomerang effect, and inspire the belief in other countries that Italy was not ashamed of cannibalism. Mussolini came before the Chamber, and won them by complete confession of entire personal responsibility:

> But, after all, gentlemen, what butterflies are we looking for under the Arch of Titus? Well, I declare here before this assembly, before all the Italian people, that I assume, I alone, the political, moral, historical responsibility for everything that has happened. If sentences, more or less maimed, are enough to hang a man, out with the noose! If fascism has only been castor oil or a club, and not a proud passion of the best Italian youth, the blame is on me!

His directness of speech is less a matter of arrogance than what has been uttered by every leader of armed looters, from a fascist to an Alexander the Great:

> If I advance, follow me! If I retreat, kill me! If I am slain, avenge me!

Again,

> I hold out a great olive branch to the world. This olive branch springs from an immense forest of eight million

> bayonets, well sharpened and thrust from intrepid young hearts.

If the *olive branch*, signifying peace, means much to us, think what it must mean to Italians, world-leaders in olive raising! Again, the Mediterranean was to be more once more *an Italian lake.* Any opinion differing from his own was to be handled without delay:

> How are you going to avoid that this discontent spread and constitute a danger for the solidity of the state? You avoid it with force—by employing force inexorably whenever it is necessary.

As he has rejoiced at treading on decomposing liberty, so he rejects the democratic ideal, *equality:* as our Declaration of Independence puts it, "That all men are created equal," and with it government by majority:

> Fascism denies that the majority, by the simple fact that it is a majority, can direct human society; it denies that numbers alone can govern by means of a periodical consultation; and it affirms the immutable, beneficial, and fruitful inequality of mankind.

This *inequality* appeal is, of course, quite as shrewd as the *equality* appeal. The latter says, "You're as good as anybody;" the former implies, "You are *better* than anybody." It clearly comes under the category of flattery.

Here is Il Duce's promise of loot for all, as the reward for being good little molecules:

> For fascism, the growth of empire, that is to say the expansion of the nation, is an essential manifestation of vitality. . . . We are hungry for land, because we are prolific, and intend to remain so.

He pleaded with the English not to attempt to prevent his conquest of Ethiopia:

> An attempt is being made to commit *the blackest injustice against Italians*, that of refusing them *a little place in the sun.* Until it is proved to the contrary, I refuse to believe that the people of Great Britain wish to *shed their blood*

> and to *drive Europe towards catastrophe,* to defend *a barbarous country unworthy of ranking among civilized people.*

I have italicized five brilliant examples of word-usage here. (1) Any attempt to prevent the theft of a peaceful nation and the destruction of its independence is branded as "the blackest injustice against Italians." (2) Their objective, the kidnapping, abduction, and enslavement of a people, is called getting "a little place in the sun"—effective heart-throb wording. (3) He threatens England with having to shed its blood and (4) drive Europe toward catastrophe, if they seek to defend (5) a *barbarous* country "unworthy of ranking among civilized people." The logic in this last remark is: if *you,* who are reading this, have a barbarous neighbor whom you judge not fit to rank among you and your kind, you have a right to take all his property and enslave him. Try and do it—in America! But Italy did it, following Mussolini's brilliant use of persuasive and menacing words.

Behind him marches his nation-wide army of looters, who have often copied his word shrewdness, in their collective speech. Here is a typical example:

> The Executive Committee of the Fascio of Florence, which represents, to the city and all of Italy, a youthful company, dynamic, industrious, heroic, and, above all, operating in the light of day, in assuming all responsibility for the [1] holy yet mild acts of reprisal committed by [2] honest and valorous Fascists, from the beginning to the present hour, against [3] the disgusting bacillus of [4] that moral pestilence called the Italian Freemasonry—

The four numbered examples of shrewd word-usage speak for themselves. And this directed against the Italian equivalent of the fraternal order of Masons in the United States! Do you wonder that it is necessary that you become a propaganda detective?

Perhaps you think that the fascists are being misdescribed as national and international looters and assassins. Let their famous Black Shirt "dagger and bomb" song ring out in bloody benediction:

With the dagger and the bomb,
In a life of terror,
When the shell bursts our heart does not tremble.
We'll lead in the attack,
We'll throw ourselves on the enemy,
Armed with dagger and bomb,
And we'll drown him in his blood!

Consider this as a possible theme song for the Democratic or the Republican party in the United States, before you talk about American dictatorships. It takes us back to the dynamite apostrophes of Johann Most and Albert Parsons. They are both buried.

Whether you regard the Fascists as civilizing angels or as fiends out of a hell on earth, doing the devil's business, their shrewdness in word-usage is unquestionable. You have been listening to station ITALY, a land flowing with castor oil and blood. It is now signing off. . . .

The Superior Nordics in Germany

Three power-greedy men, at midnight, January 29, 1933, roused senile old President von Hindenburg from sleep, and frightened him into appointing one of them chancellor, though with only three cabinet seats out of eleven. Twenty-nine nights later, a week before the election scheduled to confirm Hitler's chancellorship, the Reichstag building in Berlin was disemboweled by fire. The hundred communist deputies, who held the balance of power, were blamed for this, as Nero once blamed the Christians for firing Rome; and were jailed. The Nazi spellbinders stormed the country, and secured a majority with Hitler named dictator for four years. The Nazi "four years" is like the Old Testament "forty years," a crude expression for as long as they can hold on.

This Hitler is probably the most fierily eloquent man in the world today. He has built his imperial dictatorship by the power of words, and that power alone. In that field he has been so far unconquerable. Just after the end of the World War, an incident occurred, when his hysteric oratory stormed a communist stronghold in Bavaria. As he tells it,

> At that moment they might have thrown me out of the window, especially when they produced a blind War invalid who began to speak against all the things that are sacred to me. Fortunately I also had been blind as a result of the war. So I said to these people, "I know what this man feels. I was even more bewildered than he at one moment—but *I* have recovered my sight!"

An unimportant Austrian War veteran in the German armies, Hitler contacted the German Socialist movement first as a spy for the army, and became a convert, and a leader who ran away with the movement from the start. His verbal Niagaras rolled out:

> You are humiliated. You are disgraced. Germany is a sick nation. Admit it. Concede the extent of your misery. You have been trying to persuade yourselves that you are content with this miserable republic.
>
> Those who stabbed you in the back, the Jews and the Marxists, are ruling you today. They prevent you from recovering your self-respect. They are the spiritual death of your nation. And your own spiritual death too. For *you* are Germany. *We* are Germany. Be men! Out with the traitors, the Jews, the pacifists, the republicans!

He would shriek out to an audience of women,

> You are mine, and I am yours, as long as I live!

Out of this wholesale union came the Blood Purge of 1934, and Hitler's blatant public claim of omnipotence and all-importance:

> If German traitors met a foreign statesman and gave strict orders to conceal it from me, I will have such men shot, no matter whether this clandestine discussion had been devoted only to the weather, old coins, and the like.

Hitler's own *My Struggle* (*Mein Kampf*) is the eloquent Bible of the Nazi movement. We have only space to dip into a few of its reeking emotional appeals:

> [Of the *Anschluss* or union with Austria] Common blood should belong to a common Reich. Not till the confines of the Reich include every German—

Notice how emotion runs away with all common sense, and requires the German living in Paris, Shanghai, Nome, New York, or South Bend to be still in the Reich. Remember, an audience forgives too large a demand, if this expresses its wish-fulfilment. It never forgives too small a demand.

> Austria's destruction was a necessary condition for the security of the German race. . . . The people love a ruler more than a suppliant. . . . Understanding of the Jews is the only comprehension of the inner, and therefore real, aims of Social Democracy. . . . The nonsense of Marxism rises grimacing out of the fog and mist of social phrases. . . .
>
> The Jewish doctrine of Marxism rejects the aristocratic principle in nature, and in place of the eternal privilage of force and strength sets up the mass and dead weight of numbers. . . . If the Jew, with the help of his Marxian creed, conquers the nations of this world, his crown will be the funeral wreath of the human race, and the planet will drive through the ether once again empty of mankind, as it did millions of years ago. . . . I must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator: by defending myself against the Jews I am doing the Lord's work.

The amazing exaggeration of effective emotional oratory is shown in this picture of what would happen if Marxism triumphed. Russia, for instance, shows no tendency toward complete depopulation. Again,

> The Austrian Empire was not composed of similar races, and was not held together by common blood, but rather by a common fist. . ... Democracy in the West today is the forerunner of Marxism, which would be inconceivable without Democracy. It is the feeding-ground of that world pestilence [Marxism]. In its outward form of expression, the Parliamentary system, it appears as "a monstrosity of filth and fire."

Such a picture of the Parliamentary system appealed to the German soul with overwhelming power. They *believed* it. What, to them, that we all know it is not so?

> A majority can never be a substitute for The Man. It is always the advocate not only of stupidity, but also of

> cowardly policies. . . . None but a Jew can value an institution [Democracy] which is as dirty and false as himself. . . . Protestanism . . . is most hostile to any attempt to rescue the nation from the clutches of its most deadly enemy [Judaism]. . . . An alliance waxes stronger the more the individual contracting powers are able to hope that they will gain definite, tangible advantage.

Did the predatory Fascintern Axis, Germany, Italy, and Japan, doubt this? Or the Stalin-Hitler liaison?

He said of the German Army in the World War:

> Through the mists of the past the gray steel helmets will appear, never flinching or turning aside, a monument of immortality. . . . The proper thing would have been to lay the burden [of war guilt] without cease upon the enemy, even if this did not correspond with the true course of events, as was nevertheless the actual fact. . . . The state's duty toward capital was comparatively simple and clear. It merely had to see that capital remained the servant of the state and did not contemplate obtaining control of the nation.

This attitude, the same as the Fascist, does not endear either to American capital.

> To the lying Marxist papers, lying is as much a necessary of life as mewing is to a cat. . . . The whole of education should be designed so as to occupy a boy's free time in profitable cultivation of his body. . . . The Army is the highest and final school of national instruction. . . . In the case of female education, the main stress should be laid on bodily training; and after that, on development of character; and, last of all, of the intellect. . . . North America, the population of which consists for the most part of German elements. . . . All that we admire on this earth —science, art, technical skill, and invention—is the creative product of only a small number of nations, and originally, perhaps, of a single race. If they are ruined, they carry with them all the beauty of this earth into the grave.

This heartfelt tribute to Germany is certainly moving—to Germans. It makes us wonder which German wrote the Old Testament, built the Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Taj Mahal, flourished in Thebes, Jerusalem, Bagdad, Delhi, ancient Peru and Mexico and Japan and the far corners of the earth.

> No Jew was ever a nomad.

What's history between friends?

> He was ever a parasite on the bodies of other nations.

Moses, David, Solomon, Judas Maccabees, Marx, Freud, Einstein, might be regarded as denials of this.

> There can be only success in winning the soul of the people if, while we are conducting the political struggle for our own aim, we also destroy those who oppose it.

Death to every anti-Nazi in the world—it's just that simple! Mussolini and the Russians said about the same thing.

> We are all aware that in the far future mankind will have to deal with problems, to cope with which some most noble race will have to be summoned as leader of the world, supported by the forces of the whole of the globe. . . . The national state will look upon science as a means for increasing national pride. Not only world-history, but also the history of civilization, must be taught from this point of view. An inventor should appear great not merely as an inventor, but even more as a fellow-countryman.

Inventors of the taming of fire, of the domestication of plants and animals, of the wheel, the lever, of all the early arts and sciences and governments and religions and philosophies only by a stretch of the imagination could be hailed as German fellow-countrymen!

> The German girl is a "state subject," but marriage makes her a citizen. . . . The shameless and monstrous word "reparations." . . . [Of the German Republic] These Marxist freebooters. . . . The states of the American Republic did not make the union, but it was the union which created most of the so-called states. . . . We do not want any other God but Germany itself. . . . If France goes on as she is now doing for three hundred years, she will have a powerful enclosed territory from the

> Rhine to the Congo, filled with a race continually more and more bastardized. . . . There is only one remedy: France must be annihilated!

The most effective orator on the globe; and this is what he has to say. We may hold his cause holy or unholy, but we must grant his skill in word-usage, and his increasing achievement of his desires. Heart-rousing words, homespun words, propaganda poison-label words—he is infinite master of all three.

He is ringed by lesser, but by no means milder, little Hitlers. Goering, the generalissimo, "the old clothes-horse," according to the Nazi Karl Ernst—who was purged for this—talks more crudely:

> Anyone who writes against Germany must have manure on his brains.

Goebbels, the wasp-tempered minister in charge of propaganda, stings when he speaks:

> I know it is a sacrifice for us not to have a new war. . . . Hitler's attack on the democratic spirit is merely the opening act of a development the end of which will be a National Socialist Europe. . . . War is the most simple affirmation of life. Suppress war, and it would be like trying to suppress the processes of nature.

He sponsors such amazing pseudo-science as:

> It has not been proved that non-Nordics cannot mate with apes. . . . German national comrade, do you know that the Jew violates your child, sullies your wife, your sister, your fiancée, murders your parents, steals your property . . . destroys your church, rots your culture, infects your race. . . . Let us make good with the German rhubarb the sins we have committed with the alien lemon.

Let W. S. Gilbert make the inevitable comment:

> If he's content with a vegetable love, which would certainly not suit me,
> Why what a peculiarly pure young man this pure young man must be!

Streicher, the ace Nazi Jew-baiter, who once ordered two hundred and fifty Jews to pluck grass out of a field with their teeth, would hardly be expected to speak beatitudes:

> With my riding-whip I sometimes give it to prisoners I have taken into protective custody to save them from the mob.

Muller, Reichsbishop of the Protestant Church in Germany, and Hitler's close friend, "translated" Matthew v:9 ("Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God") into:

> Happy are they who keep peace with their fellow-nationals; they do God's will.

Well, they have persuaded Germany.

Make up your own mind.

The whole German system of *cultural propaganda* among a people they intend to gobble up is shrewdly effective. Germany's *supreme mission* of spreading German *Kultur*, of securing a *living-space*, of her *inherent right to dominate her predestined markets and sources of supply*, her branding all opponents as *race-traitors*, her attacks on the opposing army as *brutal and licentious*, on the police as *sadistic torturers*, on non-Nazis as *plundering communists* or *incendiary Hussites*, on their patriotic leaders as *war-mongers*—all this is as familiar as it is effective. Hitler replied to Roosevelt's telegram, asking a pledge of non-aggression against thirty-one named states, that he declined—

> to give any guarantee to anybody except the German nation, for whose security and safety I am responsible.

He emphasized his peaceful intentions, by demanding Danzig and the former German colonies, and by precipitating a world war. He had the Axis sign a joint agreement to *reorganize Europe* and *promote the aggrandizement* of Germany and Italy, and thereby create *a just peace* throughout the world. He defied British *encirclement threats* against Germany, saying that for the first time—

> a German government and behind it the entire German people can approach the graves of their heroes with heads erect.

He demanded the *fanatic support* of the army in all this.

There is no doubt about the mastery of word-usage. That much at least must be adopted, and improved on.

The Rest of the World

Leon Blum, the boulevardier French Socialist leader, at least has wit. Once when Poincaré remarked to some friends, "I smell war," Blum shrugged, "Let him disinfect himself." The process of window-dressing the names of French political parties, to make them more appetizing to the public, has reached the point of absurdity. As Albert Guerard phrased it,

> The nomenclature of parties is perverse. The *Liberals* are dyed-in-the-wool conservatives. The *Conservatives* are reactionary in spirit, tone and method; the *Social and Radical* Left belongs to the right; the *Radical Socialists* are trimmers and time servers.

Edouard Daladier, the "Radical Socialist" premier, had nothing more rousing to offer, against Hitler's shrieks of "encirclement," than what he calls his *collaboration policy*—a free collaboration of peoples. This may rouse French emotions; it leaves us cold. Far more eloquent is the French literary leader, Jules Romains, who calls the dictatorial-minded *mystics of violence*, and points out the *chameleon-like* nature of their excuses for aggression, altering with whatever their desires lighted on.

The other European "democracy," England, is led by Arthur Neville Chamberlain, now prime minister, who is at least matter-of-fact:

> Although I cannot boast of the blueness of my veins or of the fame of my forbears, I am yet prouder of being descended from those respectable tradesmen than if my ancestors had worn shining armor and carried great swords.

Sidney Smith once wrote, "The man interested in genealogy has the best part of him underground." Chamberlain's pride in his *respectable tradesmen* ancestry is no large emotion to set up against the fiery passion of Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler. No wonder Bertrand Russell warned England that the greatest menace to the modern world is *eloquence*. He urged that school children be immunized against it, by hearing over the radio the ablest speakers on both sides of vital questions:

> Expose them to eloquence, and bring them to look upon it with suspicion. Teach them the dangers of its great persuasive force. Get them into the habit of resisting the destructive emotions it can arouse. . . . We cannot start too soon to combat irrational propaganda.

This grants the full power of shrewd word use, but advocates insulation against it; instead of the harnessing of it. Man's progress has come through mastering power, not fighting it.

Stanley Baldwin has pungent eloquence:

> Dictatorship is like a giant beech-tree—very magnificent to look at in its prime, but nothing grows underneath it.

To establish that he had not profited politically from being prime minister, he said:

> For every shilling I had when I took office, I now have something less than a penny. . . . I exist on an overdraft.

Winston Churchill is a hornet in debate, as when he called Ramsey MacDonald "the boneless wonder," possessing—

> the gift of compressing the maximum of words into the minimum of thought.

MacDonald became the whipping-post of English politics; his own colleagues calling him a *mountebank*, a *swine*,

> a low dirty cur who ought to be whipped out of public life.

Sir Stafford Cripps is rated as the leading intellectual among the Labor M. P.'s. There is no lack of logic in him; but when he speaks—

> A corporate state is a method by which complete power is given to the capitalist to produce that scarcity which will insure him a share of the national wealth, out of all proportion to his efforts, and which will enable him to enslave

> the workers by substituting for their freedom and right to combine a nominal and ineffective minority voice in the government of industry.

—the heart appeal is missing. Once it has been understood by the brain, it is vaguely moving; but the house would burn down during the effort to understand it.

More can be said for Aneurin Bevan, the Labor member from Ebbw Vale. His opinion of sanctions shows a true command of word-effectiveness:

> Britain's policy is that of the successful burglar turned householder, who wants a strong police force. If I am going to ask any worker to shed his blood, it will not be for medieval Abyssinia or for fascist Italy, but for the making of a better social system in this country.

Vernon Bartlett, an Independent M. P., in discussing the *idiocy of war,* caused much of the world to chuckle, when he said:

> We shall not be able to enjoy ourselves until Franco's widow tells Stalin on his deathbed that Hitler has been assassinated at Mussolini's funeral.

This must have grieved England's little fascist, Sir Oswald Mosley, who emerged out of the labor movement to head the BUF —the British Union of Fascists. He was chummy by correspondence with Streicher:

> The might of Jewish corruption must be overcome in all great countries, before the future of Europe can be assured in justice and peace. Our fight is a difficult one. Our victory certain.

The Jews have able spokesmen, eloquent in their indictment of British perfidy in the Palestine question. David Ben Gurion holds that the latest British plan for Palestine turns the Jewish homeland into a sort of *ghetto* in an Arabian land—and what term could brand it more, in Jewish hearts!

> Britain may finally gain a complete victory over the Jewish refugees, but it will be a victory that neither the Colonial Office nor the Foreign Office will be very proud of. . . . While Britain can choose between honoring her pledge and breaking her promises, the Jews have only one choice,

> namely, to go to Palestine. Neither will the imposition of Arab rule over the Jews in Palestine nor the establishment of a virtual ghetto be brought about without British bayonets.

He finally labels the British policy as establishing a *Nazi regime* for the Jews in Palestine, a *stain on Britain's national honor.* Here we find the vigor of utterance usually lacking in the European democracies.

But there is the United States of America. . . .

CHAPTER SIXTEEN:

The New Deal Speaks

The First Inaugural

THE OPPOSITION TO Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal supporters agree at least on one point: that he is a master in winning word-usage. It may be, as ex-Governor Landon of Kansas charged late in 1939, that—

> the New Deal has a theory of property rights identical with the practices of Fascist and Communist governments.

Or it may be that this is merely political exaggeration. In either event, in Franklin Roosevelt we reach American genius in releasing the latent power in words. Any of his speeches, even one of his intimate radio *fireside chats*—note the genius in word-usage in that homely title—is a model of persuasiveness.

Before me lie all of his public utterances for more than eight years. Let us distil from these a concentrate which will illustrate the various phases of the shrewdest word-usage.

Out of the dreadful murk and uncertainty shadowing the whole country, heaviest over the White House and the Capitol, on March 4, 1933, a voice rang out, reaching even to *the forgotten man,* as if speaking from Sinai—with an accent of serene authority rarely heard before:

> So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance.

After picturing the financial paralysis that held all America frozen into a stagnation closer to death than life, he drove ahead:

> Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid, we have much to be thankful for. . . . Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply. Primarily this is because rulers of the exchange of man's goods have failed, through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure, and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men.

All of this is masterly. Glance back from the crashing indictment toward the end to the brief pithy homespun wording throughout, almost invariably of the heart-stirring type: the Biblical *plague of locusts*, the *perils our forefathers conquered*, *plenty . . . at our doorstep*, cresting in the implicit linking of his own cause with that of Jesus in the use of *money-changers*—there could be no improvement in any of this, or in the climax that follows:

> They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish.
>
> The money-changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization.

He demanded more than mere financial prosperity:

> Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money. It lies in the joy of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort. . . .
>
> Our greatest primary task is to put people to work . . . treating the task as we would treat the emergency of war. . . . It can be helped by preventing realistically the tragedy of the growing loss through foreclosure of our small homes and our farms. . . .
>
> There must be an end of speculation with other people's money.

Note the astonishing effectiveness of the simplicity of *our small homes, our farms:* this complete and actual identification of his own cause with that of the most harried of his hearers. This is followed by a masterpiece of word-usage, which may be called his theme-song:

> In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor.

There are tugging echoes of the *good Samaritan* story in the phrase; but it improves on the Biblical usage, omitting the foreign word whose origin is so largely forgotten, and substituting the equality of a *neighbor* relationship for the patronage of aiding the unfortunate. What a progression from the isolationism of George Washington to this affirmative stand! Then, pledging all Americans to united effort as *in time of armed strife,*

> With this pledge taken, I assume unhesitatingly the leadership of this great army of our people dedicated to a disciplined attack upon our common problems.

And, finally,

> We do not distrust the future of essential democracy. . . . In this dedication of a nation we humbly ask the blessing of God. May He protect each and every one of us. May He guide me in the days to come.

The invocation to God at the end is the final heart-glowing element. And how superbly it is personalized in the final sentence! As a lesson in the technique of speech-making, it is flawless. It worked. As a Congressman told me six months later, "We jump when he cracks the whip, and we're proud to." The country agreed, almost unitedly, that the emergency had given us the man with voice and vision.

The Good Neighbor

Two days later, he rallied the American Legion with deep and appealing wisdom:

> The deep necessities of peace are no less serious. It is a mistake to assume that the virtues of war differ essentially from the virtues of peace. All life is a battle against the forces of nature, against the mistakes and human limitations

> of man, against the forces of selfishness and inertia, of laziness and fear.
>
> These are enemies with whom we never conclude an armistice.

His use of the word *duty* impressed the assembled governors:

> The federal government, of course, does have to prevent anybody from starving; but the federal government should not be called upon to exercise that duty until all other agencies fail.

His appeal to the members of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was as shrewdly put:

> I ask you to translate your welfare into the welfare of the whole.

His second *fireside chat* over the radio, two months after his inauguration, used homespun word technique to picture what we had to face:

> Two months ago we were facing serious problems. The country was dying by inches.

Note this graphic warning against premature overconfidence:

> We cannot ballyhoo ourselves back into prosperity. . . . Such a [speculative] course may bring us immediate and false prosperity, but it will be the kind of prosperity that will lead us into another tailspin.

He calls on the Annapolis graduates to cultivate the friendship of *the average run of folks.* He tells his relief administrators:

> One function of public works in an emergency is to provide a bridge by which people can pass from relief status over to normal self-support.

Notice in each selection the fresh and original use of the graphic word—the alarm-clock technique. At his first homecoming reception, he expanded his conception of neighborliness, with telling effect:

> It is unfair to our neighbors if we allow our cattle to roam on their land. It is unfair to our neighbors if we maintain

> a pigsty on Main Street. It became unfair to our neighbors if we sought to make unreasonable profit from a monopoly in a service such as electricity or gas or railroad tickets which they had to use. It became unfair to our neighbors if we tried to hire their children at starvation wages and long hours of work.

Study the magnificent skill of climax in this, and make this skill your own. And notice how the polysyllables are always omitted. Four months after his inauguration, he told the nation:

> We have built a granite foundation in a period of confusion.

He spoke of *the creeping paralysis of unemployment.* To the American Legion, his graceful expression of the point of contact, "You and I who served in the World War," calls attention to his unequalled mastery of this invaluable aid to persuasiveness: always uniting his hearer and his hearer's objective to himself and his own objective. To the Catholic Charities Conference he listed the ancient heart-stirring virtues, in speaking of his leadership and the response to it:

> We have recaptured and rekindled our pioneering spirit. We have insisted that this shall always be a spirit of justice, a spirit of teamwork, a spirit of sacrifice, and, above all, a spirit of neighborliness.

The persuasiveness of this appeal to neighborliness disarms all opposition. It proved irresistible. He expanded this neighborliness to international problems:

> As a nation, we are overwhelmingly against engaging in war. . . . The United States does not seek to annex Canada,

or Mexico, or Cuba, or any parts of them.

He hailed the edifice of recovery in heart-rousing words as "a temple dedicated to and maintained for a greater social justice." He indicted lynch law as *that vile form of collective murder.* Finally, before the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, he flung out this rousing challenge to the world's war-makers:

> From now on, war by governments shall be changed to peace by peoples.

He had assumed the task of coining into word-gold democracy's soul-wishes. This is the function properly called poetic, and it is invariably effective.

Pure American Democracy

When Congress became frisky during the President's Florida vacation, he came back with a grin, acknowledged the fact, and said:

> I have come back with all sorts of new lessons which I learned from barracuda and sharks. I am a tough guy.

How can any Yale man fail to be won by this contact opening of his acceptance of an honorary degree from old Eli:

> I don't believe that any higher academic honor can possibly come to any Harvard graduate than to be made an alumnus of Yale.

What shining penetration! At Grand Coulee, he said that he was in the process of making the American people *dam-minded.*

At times his remarks slipped out of focus, as when he said to the crew of the U.S.S. *Houston:*

> The efficiency of the navy is, of course, the most important thing in the world.

My dear Mr. President! At that, this was the ideal thing to say to that particular audience. It only assumes ballyhoo qualities when his audience is broadened to include all the rest of us. Note the word skill in these radio remarks to the Women's Conference on Current Problems:

> More and more people are doing their own thinking. The number of poll-parrots in our midst is steadily declining.

How expressive is the homely *poll-parrots*, instead of the simple bird name! Shrewdly he redefined the New Deal to conform to his own vision:

> I am not for a return to that definition of liberty under which for many years a free people were being gradually regimented into the service of the privileged few.

His address to his Third Congress contained this comment on relief:

> To dole out relief in this way is to administer a narcotic, a subtle destroyer of the human spirit. . . . Work must be found for able-bodied but destitute workers. The federal government must and shall quit this business of relief. I am not willing that the vitality of our people be further sapped by the giving of cash, of market baskets, of a few hours of weekly work cutting grass, raking leaves, or picking up papers in the public parks.

Specific facts like this are never flat. In defending his agricultural policy, bitterly attacked as early as 1935, he said:

> The crocodile tears shed by the professional mourners of an old and obsolete order over the slaughter of little pigs and other measures to reduce surplus agricultural inventories deceived very few thinking people, and least of all the farmers themselves.
>
> The acknowledged destiny of a pig is sausage, or ham, or bacon or pork. . . . Our program saved the lives of millions of heads of livestock. They are still on the range. Other millions are today canned and ready for this country to eat.

Now I certainly do not know what the facts are, nor has the *ploughing-under* policy ever persuaded me. This, of course, may be my obtuseness. But the persuasiveness of this wording is undeniable. If I were a little pig, and heard this inspiring message, I would be inclined, after voting under the star, to march proudly to my destiny.

He can use popular slang wittily, with irresistible homely heart-tug, as he did to his State Works Progress Administrators:

> Harry Hopkins and I are considering offering a medal—a medal to the State Administrator who causes us the fewest headaches.

He spoke more forthrightly to the Young Democratic Clubs of America:

> These words "freedom" and "opportunity" do not mean a license to climb upwards by pushing other people down.

In internal and international matters alike, he unfailingly plugged the *good neighbor* policy. It was a bit of a strain on a Georgian or Virginian to consider a Republican as a potential "good neighbor"; but the President made the appeal so universal, that the Southerner did not even strain at a gnat. He spoke of *fly-by-night securities*, the effort to lift the country above a *third class diet*, of the privileged few *ganging up* against the people's liberties.

To his Fourth Congress, he indicted nations that have—

> impatiently reverted to the old belief in the law of the sword, to the fantastic conception that they, and they alone, are chosen to fulfill a mission, and that all the others among the billion and a half of human beings must and shall learn from and be subject to them.

In 1930, the world population passed two billions. There is a tiny thrill in finding that the Sage of Krum Elbow can make even a little mistake. His ringing indictment proceeds:

> Peace is jeopardized by the few and not by the many. Peace is threatened by those who seek selfish power.

Of his own administration, he boasts:

> We have invited battle. We have earned the hatred of entrenched greed.

Those who formerly governed the country, he says,

> seek the restoration of their selfish power. They offer to lead us back round the same old corner into the same old dreary street. . . . They steal the livery of great national constitutional ideals to serve discredited special interests. . . . They would "gang up" against the people's liberties.

This should indicate how skilfully he phrased his partisanship, implicitly making it a part of his philanthropic battle for human liberty. In his 1936 Baltimore speech advocating an age of social pioneering, a subtle defense of his whole administration, he appealed to the spirit of youth:

> Our war for independence was a young man's crusade. Age was on the side of the Tories, and the Tories were on the side of the old order. At the Revolution's outbreak George Washington was forty-three, Patrick Henry thirty-eight, Thomas Jefferson thirty-two and Alexander Hamilton eighteen. Our Constitution, likewise, was the creation of young minds. The average age of the men who wrote the Constitution was about forty-four. The qualities of youth are not of a sort that self-satisfied people welcomed in 1936 any more than self-satisfied people welcomed in 1776.

This address before a Young Democratic Club was put with the utmost persuasiveness. The average age of the "hotheads" who signed the Declaration of Independence was slightly over 45; and by this age, in the colonial period, men usually had a family of grown children, perhaps even the earliest grandchildren. The average age of the Constitution writers may be as he states; to attribute the qualities of youth to these conservatives strains the bowstring. Old Benjamin Franklin favored it; his Tory son, far younger, returned to England in disgust. But, for word-usage, it was tremendously effective.

The 1936 Thomas Jefferson Dinner speech was a masterpiece of homespun utterance:

> During the past three years, the Hester Street and Park Avenue of this city have come to understand that they belong to the same economic pattern.

I wonder what a Gallup's Survey would have reported on this!

> [The years before 1929 were] a decade of debauch, of group selfishness. . . . Nebraska's corn and Eighth Avenue's clothing are not different problems; they are the same problem. . . . Because the garment worker ate less, the farmer sold less, and his income went down.

All backed by specific homespun word examples. For a contact phrase redolent of flattery, take this, from an address in Little Rock:

> Arkansas can claim every warrant for the name "wonder state."

How the home-folks lapped it up! The same speech contains,

> Throughout this century our American political life has flowed with the vigor of a living stream, because the sturdy hand of Andrew Jackson deflected its course from the stagnant marshes of a seaboard oligarchy into the channels of pure American democracy.

This may be inelegantly characterized as hokum. We have, not pure democracy of any type, but a republican or representative form of government. But to democracy-worshippers it was persuasive in the highest degree.

A Nation of Homes

In Dallas, he spoke against monopoly, saying that it had made the ownership of labor a commodity. Before we hear labor on this, let us listen to the President:

> In the final analysis it means that we shall become a nation of boarding houses, instead of a nation of homes. If our people ever submit to that, they will have said "good-by" to their historic freedom. Men do not fight for boarding houses. They will fight for their homes.

This is a brilliant indictment of monopoly, and persuasive as can be. Logical analysis might end its glitter. It is effective word-usage.

Take this picture of the dust-bowl condition, delivered in Vincennes, Indiana:

> Who among them visualized the day when the sun would be darkened as far east as the waters of the Atlantic by great clouds of top soil borne by the wind from what had been grassy and apparently imperishable prairies? Because men did not have our knowledge in those older days, we have wounded nature and nature has taken offense.

The word picture here is the essence of drama, and there is no hokum in it. He went before the Democratic nominating convention, summing up his fight for the *underprivileged:*

> Today we stand committed to the proposition that freedom is no half and half affair. If the average citizen is

> guaranteed equal opportunity in the polling place, he must have equal opportunity in the market place.

From this he swung into an attack on the ideas of the *economic royalists.* Such scorching polysyllables have their place in attack.

> Better the occasional faults of a government that lives in a spirit of charity, than the consistent omissions of a government frozen in the ice of its own indifference. . . . This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny.

In high tribute to Jefferson, he said:

> It was symbolic that Thomas Jefferson should live on this mountain top of Monticello. On a mountain top all paths unite.

It is best not to minimize the superb mastery of word-usage here. In his Chautauqua address, he expanded his international policy, as if etched on immortal tablets from Sinai:

> We seek to dominate no other nation. We ask no territorial expansion. We oppose imperialism. We desire reduction in world armaments. We believe in democracy; we believe in freedom; we believe in peace. We offer to every nation of the world the hand clasp of the good neighbor. Let those who wish our friendship look us in the eye and take our hand.

His report of the dust-bowl conditions to the country was a masterpiece of homespun wording. Speaking in West Virginia a month before the election, he said:

> It is pertinent to remind you here that seven million of citizens take out fishing licenses each year, and that six million more take out annual hunting licenses, a total of thirteen million—a veritable army to uphold the banner of conservation.

Enough of these trespass annually on our posted acres to convince us of the essential hokum in these words. A few enlightened leaders among fishers and hunters may be conservationists; the rank and file are just selfish hunters and fishers. But think what an irresistible bait this was to hook their votes with! Hoover's providing 250,000,000,000 baby fish annually, while Secretary of Commerce, was no more effective.

At Pittsburgh, Roosevelt spoke in Forbes Field:

> A baseball park is a good place to talk about box scores. Tonight I am going to talk to you about the box score of the government of the United States. I am going to tell you the story of our fight to beat down the depression and win recovery. From where I stand, it looks as though the game is pretty well in the bag.

This cannot be excelled for magnificent Americanism, even in its use of the lingo of the national sport. In dedicating the Jersey City Medical Center, he said:

> It is many long years ago that Mayor Hague and I discovered a common interest in the cause of the crippled child.

This reminds us of the Western chestnut about the funeral of the town bad man, with a long silence followed by the single meditative remark, "He did use to play a good game of marbles." But it was implicit flattery that was potent in the czardom of Mayor Hague.

Campaigning in Nebraska, the President quoted the charge that his agricultural policy was like an automobile whose model was changed every year:

> Well, I accept that simile. It is good. In other words, the automobile, like farming, improves through the years, and the policy [of each] ought to be to have a new model.

To turn an attack into a point for your side is masterly word-usage. Right up to the election his hard-hitting words continued:

> No employer has a right to put his political preferences in the pay envelope. That is coercion, even if he tells the whole truth. . . . Labor and a fair-minded public must place such tactics in a class with the coercion of the strong-arm squad and the whispering of the planted labor spy.

Note how adroitly certain Republicans are, by implication, branded! He turned from the language of labor to that of homely engineering:

> The second thing we did was to help our stalled economic engine to get under way again. . . . We had had enough of one-wheel economics. We proposed to get all four wheels started at once,

(finance, agriculture, workers, industry).

> We primed the pump by spending government money in direct relief, in work relief, in public works.

Such a phrase as *pump-priming* was taken up at once by the whole country. The man who can dictate even the words his opponents use is at a tremendous advantage. And, just before the voting, his word power increased:

> In some places in the world the tides are running against democracy. . . . When you and I stand in line tomorrow for our turn at the polls, we will stand in a line which reaches back across the entire history of our nation. Washington stood in that line, and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln. And in later days Cleveland stood there, and Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

Not a word directly claims that Washington and the rest voted for the New Deal. But the voter thrilled at this memorable implied testimonial. This year, Roosevelt continued, the voters—

> have thought things through to a point where the eternal simplicities mean more than the fuzz-buzz of technical talk.

Such plain speech was the main cause of the landslide that followed.

The Three-Horse Team

In the Second Inaugural, he boasted proudly,

> We of the Republic pledged ourselves to drive from the temple of our ancient faith those who had profaned it; to end by action, tireless and unafraid, the stagnation and despair of that day. . . . We refused to leave the problems of our common welfare to be solved by the winds of chance and the hurricanes of disaster.

His indictment of American living conditions crested in:

> I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished.

Again, this is still quoted by both his supporters and his opponents. His own words lay down the rules for the game; is it any wonder that he wins?

He swung soon against the supreme court, whose stolid obstructionism aided so in re-electing him:

> In effect, four justices ruled that the right under a private contract to exact a pound of flesh was more sacred than the main objective of the Constitution, to establish an enduring Nation.

He pictured the American government as a three-horse team, consisting of congress, executive, and courts.

> Two of the horses are pulling in unison today; the third is not. . . . It is the American people themselves who are in the driver's seat. . . . It is the American people themselves who want the furrow ploughed.

Never was important cause pleaded for more shrewdly. There was shrewdness in his address on Roanoke Island, that first English settlement on the continent:

> It is well, too, that we bear in mind that in all the pioneer settlements democracy and not feudalism was the rule. . . . In these pioneer settlements were all the germs of the later American Constitution.

Historians say that the Constitution was made solely by the propertied classes, and primarily for their protection. Bloodless revolutions have finally altered this somewhat. But the Constitution is still a god to invoke as a major heart-throb to Americans. Meanwhile, the attack on the supreme court gained in shrewdness:

> For twenty years the odd man on the supreme court refused to admit that state minimum wage laws for women were constitutional.

The excoriation of this "odd man's" opposition is unparalleled in ferocity; all buttressed by specific instances.

> We can no longer afford the luxury of twenty-year lags.

In the 1938 Jackson Day Dinner address, he showed the tiny privileged minority who controlled the $13,000,000,000 electric utility securities:

> Here is a 96 inch dog being wagged by a 4 inch tail.

This is one of the all time highs in his graphic simplification.

Meanwhile, he indicted world thuggery unsparingly:

> It seems to be unfortunately true that the epidemic of world lawlessness is spreading. . . . War is a contagion, whether it be declared or undeclared. It can engulf states and peoples remote from the original scene of hostilities.

While his hearers shivered, he swung into keen analysis:

> History proves that dictatorships do not grow out of strong and successful governments, but out of weak and helpless ones. . . . Therefore, the only sure bulwark of continuing liberty is a government strong enough to protect the interests of the people, and a people strong enough and well informed enough to maintain its sovereign control over the government. We are a rich nation. We can afford to pay for security and prosperity, without having to sacrifice our liberties into the bargain. . . . I never forget that I live in a house owned by all the American people, and that I have been given their trust.

This ending is superb in its homely shrewdness.

In his 1939 address to the students of Auburn, Alabama, he clarified his attitude toward the South, which he had previously called *The Nation's Economic Problem Number 1*, by saying:

> It means, incidentally, getting the South out of hock to the North.

The whole South at once adopted this as a slogan. It became a national catchword, used of all sorts of economic difficulties, within twenty-four hours. On the same day, he spoke to the Negro students at Tuskegee:

> I did not come here to make a formal address to you. This is a homely gathering. Tuskegee is a homely place. We think, necessarily and rightly, in terms of the American home. You are doing much . . . to improve and bring up to higher standards the American home.

He broadened this direct heart-warming plea to one for national cooperation:

> Alabama cannot hoe its own row different from the other states. Neither can my state of Georgia.

This adoption of a state is most effective.

In his resounding Pan-American Day address, he demanded peace in Europe, and said that the United States would defend all the Americas. He called upon the European nations to *break the bonds* leading them toward war; and said that, on any invasion of the American hemisphere, we would meet *force with force.* Within twenty-four hours, he demanded that the European dictators give the world a ten-year peace, refusing to believe that—

> the world is, of necessity, such a prisoner to destiny,

as to make war inevitable. He demanded that the dictators—

> leave their arms outside the room where they confer,

and pledge no attack or invasion of thirty-one named countries. The dictators blustered in their answers; but their attacking momentum slowed. A month later, he dubbed those who demanded that the New Deal cease interfering with business *radicals* and *gamblers,* both annihilating words to the expanded Bible Belt which is so much of the United States. His burning words to retain money control and the New Deal neutrality attitude are as shrewdly put.

Franklin Roosevelt is America's Word Magician Number 1. His every utterance is worth studying for its skill in presentation. What has the opposition to offer to this?

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN:

"Fellow Voters—"

Our Other Statesmen

EVEN A DEMOCRAT must be impressed by the shrewdness and vigor in word-usage exhibited by many opponents of the New Deal. We could hardly expect less from Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who naturally inherited much of his father's skill in biting repartee, and then proceeded to enlarge his inheritance. With an insistent sense of the importance of voting in a democracy, he branded citizens who were too indolent to vote as *peace-time slackers.* When you recall the war-time stigma attached to this word, this attack becomes devastating. Each man decided to let it apply only to his neighbors; and thus the trick was turned. He proceeded to whistle up the dogs against his cousin the President, by saying:

> For the first time in the history of the nation, the shadow of Tammany Hall lies athwart the White House.

Many would prefer the simpler *across* to *athwart.* And yet, there is a subtle sinister quality about the less usual preposition that makes it appropriate here. He dismissed Democratic opponents who spent their time vilifying the Republicans, with the terse pithy comment that they were—

> wildcatting for oil and bringing in dry wells.

With devastating brilliance he described the eloquence of the present administration as—

> cackling over china eggs.

At least, a china egg can't spoil.

Ex-Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, the 1936 Republican candidate, has a methodical vigor in his utterances that at times possesses the breadth and sweep of his own native Kansas prairies. He shrugged away the possibility of a third term movement for President Franklin Roosevelt, by saying that only *meaner souls* could suggest such a thing, contrary to all American precedent. He summoned the nation to keep its *rendezvous with destiny* by discouraging this movement, borrowing Roosevelt's very phrase to give strength to his disapproval. Without alteration, of course, such an unadorned quotation falls a bit of a dud. He accused the New Deal today of following—

> a theory of property rights identical with the practices of fascist and communist governments.

Convincingly put, so that it is accepted and believed, this is flawless opposition wording, if true. Again, Landon called insistently for the people to return to a *middle-of-the-road* position. This eminently pleased the conservative interests. Advocates of safety in driving shook their heads. The phrase is a bit of a boomerang, with two-way traffic.

Ex-President Hoover is still weighty in Republican counsels. As world-famous engineer and later President he is remembered for such hard-hitting phrases as "the great science of getting money from some other human being," and for his boast that he used his wartime food dictatorship abroad—

> quietly, steadily, effectively, to put out the smouldering brands of revolution wherever a spark showed.

This naturally endeared him to the conservative interests everywhere. During the first four years of the 1929 depression, he used all his word shrewdness to convince the people that prosperity was *just around the corner*, and that *rapid recovery* was sure. In 1930 he announced engagingly, "The crisis is over." The fact that so many such utterances were the prelude to further sagging in prices and employment finally made the people at large a bit canny about accepting his words at face value. Recent speeches have firmly reechoed his 1932 utterance,

> The victory of the Republican Party will ensure stability of business and employment.

This simple statement is the opposite of rabble-rousing, and is very effective in conservative circles.

Bruce Barton, the scintillating congressman from New York City, blames himself and other advertising men for one of the major successes of the New Deal. As he wrote me,

> We invented the idea of calling an unpleasant thing by a pleasant name, viz., halitosis. The New Deal has grabbed this idea and gone to town. A bonus becomes adjusted compensation. A raid on the treasury by the farmers becomes parity prices. Public extravagance becomes recovery, and the Florida Canal pops up as national defense.

This is a sound encomium to the New Deal's shrewdness in word-usage, and a memorable lesson to all of us in achieving success by the use of words. The answer to the problem that this presents to the Republicans must lie in a more effective application of the same principles—the principles that this book lays down as to the way to release the full latent power in words.

One of the leading Republican spokesmen is Thomas E. Dewey, the aggressive District Attorney of New York City. His words are always telling:

> I stand before you accused of one crime: I was born in the twentieth century. To that charge I plead guilty. I am of the twentieth century. We look forward, not backward. . . .
>
> The right to a job at fair wages and the support of government to that end is another major objective. To that we are pledged. . . .' We of the twentieth century move forward with clear eyes toward our goal of economic and social justice. . . .
>
> The governor should be more than a branch manager in a chain store system of national politics. As everybody knows, a chain store manager isn't supposed to call his soul his own. If he talks out of turn, he gets in wrong.

He characterized Governor Lehman of New York as—

> our local branch manager of the chain store political system now operating in America. . . . [His] record is one of the passage of time, not of achievement.

For all that he has not as yet spoken at length upon national issues, his pungent word-usage, in advocacy as well as attack, may yet become nationally known.

Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio is one of the more vigorous Republican voices in the nation today. Like his father, the former President and chief justice of the supreme court, his word-usage is inclined to be ponderous, although it invariably repays study:

> We cannot make [people's] work pleasant and agreeable, because nine-tenths of all work in this world is drudgery. . . . We have made it exceedingly easy to acquire knowledge, but we have fallen down in our job of teaching men to think. . . .
>
> The government is like a great automobile plant, with thousands of machines making different automobile parts, and no one charged with the responsibility of finding out whether the parts will fit together when their manufacture is completed.

Of Congress, as an executive body or board of 531 members:

> I think it was General Goethals who once said that boards were long, narrow and wooden; and of course a board of 531 would be still longer, narrower and more wooden, if you looked to it for prompt, decisive action. No, Congress is . . . a method of finding out what a majority of the people want.

Speaking at Howard University on the Negro question, he smote the New Deal with effective local contact:

> As a matter of fact, the whole movement toward government regulation and regimentation is more of a threat to the colored race than it is to the rest of the nation. If the government ultimately comes to the point of fixing all wages, hours, prices, and practices; if it comes to the point of telling every man in what industry he shall work and what type of job he shall enjoy, there is a real danger that the colored people will get the worst jobs in the worst industries. Under anything resembling regimentation, minorities are not likely to do the regimenting, or have much to say about where they shall be fitted into the social picture.

Criticizing President Roosevelt's statement on international affairs, "There are many methods short of war, but stronger and more effective than mere words, of bringing home to aggressor governments the aggregate sentiments of our own people," he seeks to laugh this out of court:

> No one has ever suggested before that a single nation should range over the world, like a knight errant, protecting democracy and ideals of good faith, and tilting, like Don Quixote, against the windmills of fascism.

Note the inherited tendency to slip into boomerang word-usages. If fascism is merely "windmills," it is not dangerous, and is instead a beneficial method of harnessing nature. It is probable that the full significance of his metaphor escaped the judicious Senator, and we can only hope that his own head is not ringing from the rebound.

A Judge Discusses Judging

In Taft's series of radio debates against Congressman T. V. Smith, a Democrat from Illinois, the palm often went to the junior legislator, with such scintillance as:

> [The states] are, as the senator tonight admits, quite helpless against great interstate monopolies. The corporations can migrate from state to state like birds of passage, and can even secede from the nation.

Likening states and nation as hand and body, he proceeds:

> In a living thing, can the hand say to the body, I have no need of thee; or the body to the hand, I have no need of thee? Amputated, the hand is but clay; handless, the arm is but a stump. . . . With our minds freed, then, of cult words, like "states' rights" and "federal encroachment" (used by those who fish best in muddled waters)—

hard-hitting, thought-provoking, and emotion-harnessing.

Hugo L. Black, now a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, who was of marked assistance in my search for word-gold among contemporary figures of political importance, modestly disclaimed for himself the ability "for coining 'catch' phrases. This is perhaps a gift which few possess." His own quiet eloquence is usually effective, as when he observed blandly in February, 1937,

> The Constitution is what five of the supreme court judges say it is, and what four of the supreme court judges say it is not.

He pointed out to me that Justice, later Chief Justice. White said of the famous Income Tax Case, that it took—

> invested wealth and read it into the Constitution as a favored and protected class of property.

Senator Black continued,

> This dominant five-judge philosophy I believe to be the exact philosophy of the political group that could obtain only eight electoral votes in the last presidential election. That philosophy was repudiated by the people in 1932, 1934 and 1936. It is significant that the vote of repudiation increased in each election. This philosophy led us to business chaos and in the direction of social and political disintegration. It brought starvation wages; health-breaking long hours of work; child labor in mills; business to bankruptcy; and farmers to crushing mortgages that could not be met with 5¢ cotton, 10¢ corn, 20¢ wheat, and other farm prices in proportion.

What he does to *this judicial tinkering, these judicial usurpations,* thereafter is extremely destructive. If this is not quite the idiom of Roosevelt's quoted assault upon *government by the odd justice*, it goes far to explain Hugo Black's steadily increasing importance in American political action and thought.

It should be remembered that throughout he has taken the harder course, relying less upon homespun speech, and crediting his hearer, the average voter, with discriminating intelligence like his own. It is not the easier method; which makes all the more significant the fact that he was never defeated in an election. His vision is always courageously uttered:

> Privilege, that sits in high places, has always said that privilege is essential to the happiness of the race. . . . Democratic governments are made for people and to add to their happiness and security. . . . It is great to have a part in purging an old system of abuses.

Or his forthright defense of the prohibition law, with which many never had the faintest sympathy:

> There is only one question involved and that is, Does America want a country of law, or does it want a country of anarchy? If it wants anarchy, listen to the preachments of the men who proclaim the doctrine of the senator from Maryland, the governor of Maryland, and the various other people whose doctrines would trample underfoot the sacred principles of American liberty, American hope, and American constitutional government.

This strategic invocation of annihilating wording, with the heart-stirring peroration, shows that he could ride a Fourth of July Oration nag to victory, when need arose. Added to a deep knowledge of the law which even his opponents grant, Justice Black has a logic that could let him summarize from the 1929 and previous depressions:

> Private business cannot sell its goods at a profit,

and a first hand knowledge of such libertarian milestones as Jefferson's:

> Whenever there is, in any country, uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural rights.

With suave unction he quoted an 1802 Federalist warning against altering the judicial system:

> Touch not, then, the forbidden tree; the taste may perhaps be sweet, but the sin is mortal, and from that moment our paradise is lost.

He quoted this vicious attack upon the administration:

> The premonitory symptoms of despotism are upon us; and if Congress does not apply an instantaneous and effective remedy, the fatal collapse will soon come on and we shall die—ignobly die! Base, mean, and abject slaves—the scorn and contempt of mankind—unpitied, unwept, unmourned!

Then he pointed out that this was said, not in 1937, but in 1834; not against Franklin Roosevelt, but against Andrew Jackson. I have encountered no more withering summary of the dry-rot of Hooverism than Senator Black's 1935 Town Hall speech, far too long to use here. Let the Justice delete his modesty; his record vetoes it. It was, after all, Senator Black who, in 1934, blandly quoted before the American Association for Social Security, meeting in New York, this unbelievable 1928 pronouncement of the President of the National Chamber of Commerce:

> The best public servant is the worst one. The man is dangerous. A thoroughly first-class man in public service is corrosive. He eats holes in our liberties. The better he is and the longer he stays, the greater the danger. If he is an enthusiast—a bright-eyed madman, who is frantic to make this the best government in the world—the black plague is a house-pet by comparison.

For helping enshrine this delicious boomerang remark, Your Honor, many thanks.

Senator Sherman Minton of Indiana is a brilliant and hard-hitting defender of the New Deal. In his discussion of the supreme court decision concerning the Tennessee Valley Authority, he drew first on football for a brilliant example of ridicule:

> In football parlance, a triple threat player is one who can run, pass or kick, and when he is back for the ball it is called a triple threat play, because he may run, pass or kick. This opinion of the supreme court is a sort of triple threat opinion. You may run with the chief justice, pass with Mr. Justice Brandeis, or kick with Mr. Justice McReynolds.

There is a subtle overtone of American slang in the three verbs which is indescribably delicious. His satire continued:

> So you see these constitutional questions are just as simple as that, and the minds of the justices go unerringly to the mark, albeit not to the same mark!

In his great radio speech on *A Larger Supreme Court*, he pointed out that,

> five men on the supreme court have an absolute veto power over the legislative policy of the people's elected Representatives,

with more power than all the congressmen, senators and the President combined. In speaking for freedom of the press, he quoted the editor of the San Francisco *Star*, in words, packed with dynamite, dealing with the A.P.:

> My opinion, *not* confidential, is that it is the damnedest, meanest monopoly on the face of the earth—the wet nurse of all other monopolies. It lies by day. It lies by night and it lies for the very lust of lying.

He is as memorable for his description of Lincoln as the "humanitarian of the ages."

Bullitts and Ballots

William C. Bullitt, New Deal Ambassador first to Moscow and now to Paris, speaks always with persuasive brilliance. He is speaking at the ceremony of the commemoration of the death of Jeanne d'Arc, in the Place du Vieux-Marché, Rouen:

> Here, where Jeanne d'Arc stood until the flames carried her to the sky, it is difficult to speak. Here, as at Domremy, the Maid of France seems present, and the only words worthy of her are those unspoken in reverent silence.
>
> The voices she heard, which led her to lay down her life for her tortured country, were not heard by the great men of the world who questioned her.
>
> They did not know how to listen. She knew how to listen.
>
> Unfortunately for the world, there are still many in authority who do not know how to listen to voices of good will and good counsel. They are deaf to appeals to reason, to friendship, to human solidarity, and they beat drums of hatred and conquest.
>
> Their peoples, no less than the people of Jeanne d'Arc, understand the simple and eternal truths, and they would know how to listen if they were not prevented by the deafening roll of the drums of war from hearing the still small voice of peace. In consequence, the deaf lead the deafened.
>
> But if one thing is certain in human history, it is that in the end truth triumphs. The Voice finally is heard saying: Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.
>
> Beyond all friendly or allied material powers, there are

> friendly and allied spiritual powers. At this moment, the strongest allies of France are the eternal truths. In every quarter of the earth, the love of man for his home, his country, and his freedom, is on the side of France, because France is on his side.
>
> And what of the people of France? You will permit me to say something which it would be difficult for a Frenchman to say. Since 1914 I have seen many peoples face to face with the most bitter realities. I have never seen a people face danger more admirably than the French today. From one end of this country to the other, there is no one who desires war. There is no hatred. There is no coveting of the possessions of other peoples. There is only a wish to live and to let live in peace. But from the sailor of the North to the farmer of the South, from the workman of the East to the winegrower of the West, each man has risen to the level of his country's needs, and faces the future without fear, with serenity, without hate, but ready to offer his life.
>
> The unity and serenity of France today do honor to the human race.
>
> And if peace is to be saved, as I believe it is to be, the French may say to themselves with truth that without their courage and their unity it would not have been possible.
>
> The wood of the pyre of Jeanne d'Arc lighted here became the torch of France. The soul of the Maid has always marched with each Frenchman in the hour of peril. Today her heart beats at the bottom of every French heart.
>
> Saint Jeanne! France remains worthy of you!

This meets all of our tests of flawless word choice, in its every word. Spoken as the spokesman of the American people to the people of France, it did more than treaties could to bind the two peoples together, and thus cement permanently one more large bloc striving for enduring world peace.

His words are always so chosen. Both the United States and France have such—

> a mutual devotion to the ideals of liberty, democracy, and peace

that conversation between their governments becomes—

> quiet talks between old friends, who seek through frankness and mutual effort to find solutions for their common

> problems. . . . Americans and Frenchmen alike know that it is happier to live as freemen than as slaves. . . . We know that no race is superior in all ways to any other race. . . .
>
> There is general agreement, I believe, throughout Europe that if war should break out in the near future, there could be no ultimate victor. In the end, only death, famine and pestilence would walk serenely on the continent of Europe. There is, therefore, a certain hesitation to begin war.

And, more astonishingly, he sees Europe as:

> a peninsula filled with races of such genius that it produced modern civilization; a peninsula which the airplane has drawn together in an embrace, which will be one of life or death. We believe in the unity of Europe. . . . We should regard war in Europe as a war between brothers in a continent that should be united.

Such a vision is not far below one that sees a unity of the world. Of the dictatorships, he says brilliantly:

> They ask us to believe that the highest destiny of man is to live and act under a supreme trainer, like the seals in a circus. . . . And we must recognize that while it takes only one to make war, it takes at least two to make peace. . . . There are still at large murderous clowns who write of their pleasure in the holy sport of dropping bombs on helpless men. Their return to sanity may be long delayed.

When he must, he glosses over tactless facts in remote history:

> It is a happy thing on this unhappy planet that there are two nations [France and the United States] which not only have lived always at peace with each other, but also in the darkest hours have been able to bring vital help to each other.

For eighteen months, 1798–1799, a state of war existed between the United States and France. Peace came only when Napoleon overthrew the Directory. The Ambassador is wise in forgetting to mention this.

When he deals with American matters, he plucks the heartstrings inerrantly:

> It is our conviction that peace is to be won not by war but by reason; not by shells but by thought; not by bombs

> but by friendship; not by fanatic creeds but by the old principles of Christianity. . . . Our faith is an old faith. We are a young people who are still close to the soil and the Bible. . . . We know that the growth of good relations between nations, as between individuals, is a slow growth, and that the establishment of decent international *mores* can come only through the gradual acceptance of decent customs in international life. . . .
>
> We are proud to be numbered among those great nations laboring for peace on earth and good will toward men. We know that we will not start a war with any nation. We are not in the habit of *starting* wars.

At that, I can see Bullitt's electric pause, pregnant with more meaning than his words have said. I can see him sit down with dramatic suddenness. I can sense the swift Gallic understanding. I can hear the frantic and thankful applause. We will let him pronounce the benediction:

> Here in Lorraine, where the flowers rise from ground which is more red because of the blood which American boys poured into it in the belief that they were fighting a war to end war, I express my profound conviction that it is possible today to lay the foundations of peace in Europe and the world, as the foundation of the unity and liberty of France was laid five hundred years ago by the Maid of Domremy.

And can we seek for a finer example of thrilling word-usage than these sentences from the ambassador's address at Chalons-sur-Marne, on dedicating a plaque at the spot where America's unknown soldier was chosen a score of years ago:

> All the propaganda in the world will never wash white again the hands or soul of a man who wills in evil to fill the earth with unknown soldiers. . . . Let them [Hitler and Mussolini] remember that the unknown soldier serves and dies, but his sons live and judge.

It is words like these that are making the United States of America the leading nation in today's civilization.

Our Balance of Freedom

The members of the New Deal cabinet are often regarded as the shock-troop leaders of the administration. Some of their tasks of explaining away have required a plausibility extremely difficult to achieve. Thus when Secretary of State Cordell Hull had to soft-pedal the long and bloody annals of selfish revolutions in Latin America, he evaded misstatement cleverly:

> Each of our [that is, the American] nations has sought to perfect within its frontiers a system of representative government and of liberty for the individual.

Our, to perfect, within its frontiers, liberty for the individual are masterpieces of word-shrewdness, when applied to Latin America. At times his message strengthens:

> The world is at a crossroads. But its power of choice is not lost.

As between a policy of national isolation and meddling internationalism, he advocates *enlightened nationalism.* The phrase is thought-provoking. Although we must never forget that it is not primarily thought that we desire to evoke, but thought induced by aroused emotions. He speaks tersely of seeking to break *the log-jam* of international depression.

> But we have been fair, and have not sought to outsmart a competitor.

Postmaster-General James A. Farley is a brisk and rousing speaker:

> Our balance of freedom is even better than our fiscal balance.

A tycoon in attack, we are not surprised to find him labeling all things Republican *reactionary and moth-eaten.* This is merely one of the amenities of American political skirmishing. It would not suffer from more originality. Why not suggest that any moth trying to find its subsistence in the whole G. O. P. would die of starvation? He speaks of the recent Republican strategy in embracing—

> some of the enlightened doctrines of government which the Old Guard leaders of former years considered nothing short of political heresy. . . . Some of the Republican stalwarts have had to swallow hard in order to stomach

> this new fare, but they are making a brave effort. . . . This promise of a 50 per cent New Deal on the part of the G. O. P. spokesmen should fool no one. . . . In the minds—or rather in the propaganda—of the minority party, we are all anarchists. President Roosevelt heads the list. I note that Governor Murphy of Michigan, one of the clearest-thinking, straight-laced, church-going and patriotic Americans of the day, is now included in the category.

Clear-thinking, straight-laced, church-going, patriotic, American—could such a heart-warming testimonial be improved on for popular consumption? Farley can talk brilliantly, as when he describes the administration's program—

> to put a floor under wages and a ceiling above the hours of labor.

Creative phraseology, full of heart-glow. Or this picture of the denial of democracy:

> It means a padlock on the lips, shackles on the press, worship—if at all permitted—by the toleration only of a single man; it means racial and religious persecution, misery for millions, and slavery for all.

As a matter of fact, it need not mean any of these things. Europe under the benevolent despots established that. But it means all of these under the modern dictatorships, and the word-effectiveness is notable.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is an impassioned prophet of the farmers' cause, and it is not surprising that his major emphasis is upon the shocking paradox of—

> farmers impoverished by abundance, while at the same time millions of consumers were hungry.

His repetition of this idea is varied and invariably effective:

> The country was groaning with wealth. Therefore we had a depression. . . . Unbalanced abundance can bring the most terrible kind of scarcity.

He urges, for the way out,

> leveling off the mountains of surplus into the valleys of scarcity.

In such speech, or in referring to *soil erosion and human erosion,* his word-usage rises to graphic persuasiveness. Note how a neatly turned new axiom can move us:

> As long as there are idle dollars, we are going to have idle men.

The intellect may not accept it; but the skill in wording makes the emotions leap to the swift answer: Conscript the dollars and put them to work, then, at once!

The Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, has not been generally candid-cameraed as a probable Elisha, but let him close the sales-talk for the New Deal. He advocates *economic freedom* for the average man. In this country, he says,

> Wealth controls those who possess it.

This evokes sympathy for the poor slaves of their fortunes, and a high zeal to ease their burdens. By 1936, he says that the New Deal had the ailing economic system back on its feet so well that,

> as the President said in his Chicago speech, the patients—over their panics and raising their salaries—felt strong enough to throw their crutches at the doctor. . . . Big business should wash in strong disinfectants, so that it can come into the court of public opinion with clean hands. . . . There can be no political freedom where economic freedom is lacking.

His historical true-talk is noteworthy:

> Our government was organized on the theory that the people were not to be trusted; that our prosperity, our well-being and even our independence as a nation, might better depend . . . upon leadership beneficiently furnished from above.

Wasn't it necessary, he asked, *to implement* the Declaration of Independence? Note how the very word-usage is of the alarm-clock type. This appears also in,

> Just as President Roosevelt in these days has been made the subject of a hymn of hate by the overprivileged. . . .

As Americans, we cannot fail to be moved by:

> Economic starvation becomes as cruel as the guillotine. . . . Authoritarian dictatorships may command obedience, but they cannot conscript devotion and genuine loyalty. . . . Long ago you came to see that if man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live without bread.

Or this tremendous indictment of alien practices:

> Let us make no mistake. Totalitarianism is insidiously boring from within the temple of our liberties, and assailing it from without. It rides the radio waves, spews from the presses, soars through the air in bombing planes, slinks under the sea in submarines, and crosses the surface of the earth to a chorus of clanking tanks. Never has any foe of civilization moved so mysteriously, so unerringly, with such deadly swiftness, or over so wide a territory. . . . America wants no man who is half American and half something else. . . . America cannot spare even a square foot of its precious soil for the regimentation of hyphenated feet. Tolerant though we be, we will not brook practices that are a threat to our liberties. Liberties buried in the graveyard of a despotism are no longer liberties.

Grant that *brook* is a bit bookish, we still have a passage enormously effective. Some definitions of Americanism may be more tolerant, fencing out only overt acts, and sighingly including even alien thought, speech and allegiance. But the objective is the same. And the word-skill is undeniable.

He can be utterly amusing in his effectiveness:

> Really, when you consider what our generation has done, there is something almost superhuman about it. It is marvelous, it produces a sense of awe, that one generation could have done so badly along so many lines. . . . It is a human achievement unparalleled in history, to have brought the world to such an appalling state of confusion in so short a time.

His words describing dust-bowl conditions rival Roosevelt's:

> The winds have come and blown away the soil. The fertile lands of America are flowing to the ocean, just as the fertile lands of China flowed to the ocean a thousand years ago.

Having established that we live in a *mobile* age, he queries:

> Where is there mobility in the human mind? . . . What if it did take Neolithic Man 20,000 years to bring the cow inside the family circle? In the 20,000 years since then, have we invented anything better than a cow?

He does not spare brutality in his descriptions of conditions under the dictatorships:

> Today the Jew in certain areas is a political eunuch, a social outcast, to be dragged down like a mad dog.

He quotes the magnificent remark of an Albanian who would not accept the Italian yoke,

> I would rather die on my feet than live on my knees.

There is a pervasive belief that modern political officials are selected, or at least their choice must be ratified, by financial overlords. Much of the actual business of our living is certainly in their hands for management, successful or otherwise. It is about time that we turned to their method of speaking, and determined how it should affect our own use of winning words.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN:

Money Talks: And Here Are Its Words

Presidents in Industry

If a Gallup Survey were taken, asking you which of these you would rather be: (1) President of the United States, (2) a high political leader, (3) president of a large key industrial corporation, or (4) worker for such a corporation, what would your answer be?

There is no especial appeal in (2) and (4). There is a sure heart-rousing appeal in (1). But (3) has its heart-throb tug, too. "And you can become as rich as Rockefeller," or Ford, or J. P. Morgan—haven't we heard variations of this since childhood?

The reason for the esteem, often amounting to worship, in which a president in industry is held is as obvious as a chic bathing-suit. With the possible exception of a Roosevelt, a Hitler, a Mussolini, or a Stalin, there is no person on earth whose lot is so generally envied as that of the prominent millionaire corporation executive. He has a permanence of status that elective political offices lack. He has wealth enough to satisfy *all* of his desires—so most of us believe; and any sane person would like to have the means of satisfying all of his desires—that is, until some compensation logic makes him modify this, realizing its unattainability. He has no cares or troubles—this, at least, is the popular belief; his money takes care of all that.

Behind this popular mask stands the real man. The great leader of industry has as many cares and troubles as anyone else, in his individual personal life; plus the responsibility of industrial management. If you are a propertyless worker, of course you'd say that you'd gladly exchange places with any captain of industry. A lot of captains of industry, especially around 1929, honestly felt the same way about the worker's "carefree" lot. But on both sides the genuine Americans stuck it out, and a decade has passed, and they are still sticking it out.

The modern captain of industry is a key man in our economic and social structure. The very nature of this structure makes him at least a quasi-public servant. Under communism and fascism alike, he is a state functionary. With us, he is the individual overlord of a key industry, with a graded army of subordinates—all working together to produce something the country and the world need. There are conflicts of interest between him and his subordinates, at times festering into open strife. Each side fights to win these conflicts.

Government here sits outside of both camps, and regulates both—at times leaning to the one side, at times to the other. Industry's relationship to government must be complicated. First of all, the captain of industry must use it as a shield—to make sure that the government is administered by officeholders not unfriendly to him and his industry, and not unfair. He may prefer to use government as a sword. He has power enough, if shrewdly used, to achieve either of these ends; unless the opposition exhibits the greater shrewdness. He often pulls the strings that make government go. So it was when our Constitution was made; so it has been much of the time since. In times of war, his status may shrink toward that of mere government functionary; or, on the contrary, he may be the war-causer and war-prolonger. He embodies tremendous power. We are not concerned here with whether he desires to use this power with small selfishness, benefiting only himself and his class; or with large selfishness, benefiting the whole country, the whole world. It may be that we have captains of industry of both types. Both wish to use their power to achieve their desires to the fullest: far more than they do even today. This book will show them how; for the secret of this achievement lies in the winning use of words.

Money talks. But it talks in words. The magician of words can't always sign a check for a million dollars—that is, one that the bank takes seriously. But he can utter words with more power than that possessed by many a dumb million dollars.

A study of the word-usage of these men who have achieved both wealth and dominant industrial power will be of incredible value to each of us. Do you want to learn to talk like a Rockefeller, an Owen D. Young, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.? Anticipating the natural yes, I asked a limited group of these industrial overlords to cooperate with me in shaping this book, so that it would be of greatest value to you. For, as to their word usage, surely you could not learn it better than from their own lips, with themselves as your eager instructors.

One response sounds suspiciously like pure flattery. Herbert Bayard Swope, the noted publicist, replied:

> Judging from your letter, you would do well to explore the possibilities of your own vocabulary for the gold you are seeking to bind in your book.

Naturally, after that, I had to have my hat stretched. Nor could I pry Mr. Swope loose from his rock of modesty. Except to get his admission that it was he who first realized the potentialities in the phrase *New Deal*, and saw to it that it became popularized.

The responses to my request in most instances were surprisingly helpful. Let me step aside, then, and let the captains of industry themselves lesson you as to how monied power talks to achieve its nation-wide and world-wide objectives.

How John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Talks

It must be remembered that, after 1904 ushered in the decade of muckraking, American capital had been put on the defensive. That year appeared Ida M. Tarbell's two-volume *History of the Standard Oil Company*, which Muzzey states "exposed the iniquities of the Rockefeller group of monopolists." The Colorado coal strike ten years later, including the pitched battle at Ludlow in which nineteen members of the strikers' families had been killed by the militia, was blamed on the Rockefeller interests. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., ably advised, determined to alter this public attitude; while at the same time holding and increasing the power of the industrial group he represented. This, at least, is my interpretation.

How did he go about achieving this—with dishonest poison-label words, with an Everest of polysyllables, or how? He spoke throughout, he said, as a commentator, not a belligerent:

> I speak as a member of the public group. I hold no executive position in any business corporation, and am not here representing any business interest.

So he told the National Industrial Conference, in 1919. Recall throughout that the interpretations are mine; the words, his. Here, to me, is his major platform on industrial relations:

> It is frequently maintained that the parties to industry must necessarily be antagonistic and hostile. I am convinced that the opposite is true; that they are not enemies but *partners;* and that they have a common interest.

He repeated and repeated this with effective variation. So powerful a slogan did it become, that it was adopted by the British Prime Minister's Commission on Industrial Unrest, in 1918; and it forms an integral part of the *Rockefeller Labor Creed*. The use of *creed*, and far more that of *partners*, both heart-throb words, is highly effective. Recalling the tension between his group and labor when he began his public utterances, and how aggressive labor then regarded capital as enemy and anything but partner, and the word-shrewdness here may fairly be called inspired.

It was not enough merely to say it, and repeat it, to achieve persuasiveness and general acceptance; it was necessary to convince labor and the public that it was so, and make them *believe* it: and belief is primarily emotional. This called for more heart-warming words:

> Capital cannot move a wheel without labor, or labor advance beyond a mere primitive existence without capital. But with labor and capital as partners, wealth is created and an even greater productivity made possible.

Cannot move a wheel: complete industrial stagnation and death. —*A mere primitive existence:* not horse and buggy industry, but nothing more advanced than mere bareback riding. There is a quiet subtle power in these implicit threats. He brought the matter closer:

> Too often capital regards labor merely as a commodity to be bought and sold, while labor not infrequently regards capital as money personified in the soulless corporation. It might seem that technically speaking both of these definitions could be justified,

—astonishing true-talk, establishing his balanced fairness;

> but they are far from being comprehensive and adequate. For both labor and capital are men—men with muscle and men with money . . . human beings imbued with the same weaknesses and virtues, the same cravings and aspirations.

He advocated directly "Put yourself in the other man's place" —a combination of our second and third Commandments for Successful Word-Usage, and cater-cousin to the Golden Rule, "Do unto others—":

> If in the days to come, as you have to do with labor, you will put yourself in the other man's place and govern your actions by what you would wish done to you, were you the employee instead of the employer, the problem of the establishment of the personal relationship in industry will be largely solved, strife and discord as between labor and capital will give place to cooperation and harmony, the interests of both will be greatly furthered, the public will be better served, and through the establishment of industrial peace, a great stride will have been taken toward the establishment of peace among nations.

Just a moment, Mr. Rockefeller! Splendidly phrased—except, make your sentences shorter! You picture here a definite climatic progress toward the millennium. Fairly, too, and convincingly. But this sentence, for all its homespun word construction, is a breath-exhauster. I grant that punctuation is a mere convention, and that, spoken aloud, this might be fully effective. But this comes from your book *The Personal Relation in Industry*, and it would hit harder if split up. Let's start the fire with kindling, not with a log.

The temptation to quote one of his persuasive developments is irresistible:

> If a slight scratch made on the finger with a rusty nail is immediately cleansed with an antiseptic wash, it heals at once. On the other hand, if the poison which has been introduced is allowed to remain, soon inflammation sets in, the disorder spreads, and serious menace to life may result.
>
> And so it is with the petty grievance. If it is dealt with sympathetically and justly, immediately it is made known, peace, harmony and good-will are readily maintained. On the other hand, if indifference is shown and lack of sympathy, the grievance is nursed and from it grows the industrial disorder which later becomes so acute and difficult to heal.
>
> An ounce of prevention is worth much more than a pound of cure.
>
> If I were to sum up in a few words what I have been endeavoring to say to you in regard to the personal relation in industry, I should say, apply the Golden Rule.

He advocates an *Employes' Bill of Rights*—this is a real revolution from above, uttered in the spirit of the immemorial rights of Englishmen—dealing with—

> the right to caution and suspension before discharge except for such serious offenses as are posted; the right to hold meetings at appropriate places outside of working hours; the right without discrimination to membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity or union, and the right of appeal.

How quietly he disposes of the whole *open shop* matter here!

> —leaving every worker free to associate himself with such groups or to work independently, if he may choose.

But, when this is challenged,

> We would rather that the unfortunate conditions should continue, and that we should lose all the millions invested, than that American workmen should be deprived of their right, under the Constitution, to work for whom they please. That is the great principle at stake. It is a national issue.

Further dealing specifically with the Colorado situation, Mr. Rockefeller pointed out that for fourteen years labor had drawn full wages, and the common stockholders not one cent of profit.

> I just want you to put that in your pipe and smoke it. . . . And you cannot expect that any one of the partners will remain indefinitely in this or any other corporation if it does not get a fair share of the earnings with the others. Capital is entitled to a fair return, just the same as Labor is.

I know few things more convincingly phrased than his simile of the corporation as a four-legged table—the four legs being the stockholders, the directors, the officers, and the employes. There would be no table without all four legs, he points out. There would be no profit if one leg tipped up the table greedily and sought to take more than its share—all illustrated by actually tipping the table, and spilling the gold, representing income, to the floor. You may hold it good economics or not, as you choose; it is expressed with complete persuasiveness. Worst of all, he continues, would be labor's *slacking on the job*—the sabotage intermittently proposed by labor leaders as an industrial weapon:

> "We will get out from underneath, we won't work so hard, we will do as little as we can,"

which would leave nothing for anyone. —Not a wheel turning. . . .

Long before our government had risen to this wisdom, he had said it:

> I believe that every man is entitled to an opportunity to earn a living, to fair wages, to reasonable hours of work and proper working conditions, to a decent home, to the opportunity to play, to learn, to worship and to love, as well as to toil; and that the responsibility rests as heavily upon industry as upon government or society, to see that these conditions and opportunities prevail.

We would near a millennium, with this achieved. Here was a partner who took partnership seriously. He emphasized that his *father* had taught him that he was merely a *steward* of his vast wealth—ever the heart-stirring words—

> and that it is incumbent upon us to give the best that is in us to the daily exercise of this stewardship. . . . Wealth, when unwisely used, is likely to be a stone around a man's neck, a power for destruction.

The object of life was not pleasure:

> I can conceive of nothing so unpleasant as a life devoted entirely to pleasure. . . . Pleasure is like the frosting on the cake—palatable, even delightful in small doses, but as an entire meal extremely disagreeable.

"The only real justification for power," his wisdom spoke, "is service."

> The real purpose of our existence is not to make a living, but to make a life—a worthy, well-rounded and useful life.

He advocated, not materialism, but "the eternal spiritual values, [putting one's] faith in God."

> This creed is based, first, upon the conviction that there are certain fundamental and underlying things which do not change. Look at the mountains and the valleys; they do not change. Turn your eyes to the heavens; the sun still shines upon mankind by day and the moon by night, nor is there a star missing from its accustomed place. As surely as the fall winds strip the leaves from the trees which the snows of winter cover as with a shroud, will the miracle of the spring bring them back to life, and clothe them anew with verdure. The tender and sacrificial quality of a mother's love does not change. The Good Samaritan still binds up the wounds of the man who has fallen among thieves. Do we not continue to witness the transcendant beauty of the sunset and to hear the happy voices of innocent children? Can anything take from us goodness, truth and beauty, or separate us from those undergirding sources of strength which the great religions of the world have revealed to us? These are things that endure. They live on, for they are eternal.

Call this poetry or eloquence like Ingersoll's, it is completely effective. He stood for the opposite of narrow denominationalism;

> After all, if there is a shipwreck it does not matter very much which lifeboat a passenger enters or on which side of the ship he enters it. His concern is solely to enter the lifeboat.

He explained that "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" did not necessarily refer to money:

> A man may possess great wealth on earth, and at the same time build up treasure in heaven. Wealth is not necessarily an impediment to a man's admittance to the Beyond. . . . The growth of a large business is merely the survival of the fittest. It does the greatest good to the greatest number, although perhaps at the expense of the few. The American Beauty rose can be produced only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it. So the growth of big business is merely the working out of a law of God and nature.

The picture of the Standard Oil as an American Beauty rose is put so shrewdly that we nod complacently, forgetting that this floriculture is *not* a law of God or nature, but the result of man's shrewd interfering with nature's floral development. When his father, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., heard this particular address, he said—

> I would rather see my son doing this work than see him a monarch on a throne.

And, when need arises, the son could turn the laugh gently on himself:

> Father and the professionals have not succeeded in teaching golf to me yet. However, if my money holds out, I hope eventually to play a pretty good game. Now I only know enough to hit the ball once every ten times, never to pick up a lost ball until it has stopped rolling, and to wear a snappy golf suit, not a gymnasium costume.

His words on the World War were patriotically rousing:

> Four years ago this great World War began. For two and a half years, while Europe was in the throes of the struggle, the United States stood on the side lines a neutral spectator.

> Today we are in the contest with all the strength and the vast resources of our great nation. Never was battle joined in holier cause.
>
> The Germans are fighting for territorial expansion, commercial extension, military supremacy, world dominion—material things.
>
> The Allies are fighting for spiritual things—the sacredness of a promise, the inviolability of womanhood, the rights of the weak, the freedom of the individual.
>
> In this fight we propose to stand by the side of the brave and unconquerable British, the gallant and indomitable French, the Italians, who in some military matters have been leaders, and our other Allies, until, under God, victory has been achieved, even if it takes our last man, our last dollar and our last ounce of strength.

If there is any single heart-stirring appeal missing, he proceeds to put it in:

> Far better would it be that all arrayed on the side of right should perish in seeking vindication of the principles for which they are fighting, than that any should survive to live under the dominion of brute force.
>
> Far better that the womanhood of our civilization should be sacrificed in this warfare, than that it should survive to receive insult and degradation at the pleasure of a barbarous conqueror.
>
> Far better that innocent children should continue to suffer death at the hands of a ruthless enemy, than that they should live on under a rule of cruelty and inhumanity.
>
> Not only must German militarism be destroyed absolutely and forever, but German philosophy must be reconceived and reconstructed from its very foundations, for no peaceful intercourse is possible to a people actuated by such barbarous principles.

Well, there's the case. He started with Standard Oil standing, in popular opinion, as a soulless, heartless octopus, the vile enemy of the rights of man; and with the name Rockefeller implying hoofs, a tail, and a strong stench of brimstone. He ended with Standard Oil regarded as a benevolent industrial contributor to the best in civilization, and with the name Rockefeller standing for a kindly old man who gave away bright new dimes to people, and for a fine young civic leader who fought for labor as his partner in industry, and who was a spiritual and patriotic star of the first magnitude. This was achieved by the very principles of winning word-usage that this book has shared. *Ecce verbum!*

Propaganda as a Fine Art

For years, Rockefeller's chief adviser on public relations was Ivy Lee, a major magician in winning word-usage. He is credited with altering the title *Full Crew Law*, for which the railroad workers' brotherhoods were fighting, to *Extra Crew Law*. No one could reasonably oppose a *full* crew; but no one could reasonably favor an *extra* crew. This simple word change caused the ultimate defeat of the bill.

It is worth while listening to him on international propaganda, as an invaluable lesson in shrewd word-usage.

> Guns still speak the only international language. War in its essence is nothing but an admission of the fact that in the last analysis nations do not know how to talk to one another except with guns. The vast armaments which disfigure our civilization and oppress all peoples are indeed but an unholy confession of the poverty of the technique of international expression.

His vision penetrates through the costly miasma of nationalism:

> Is not this development of war in the midst of peace, imposing so many artificial barriers to the international interchange of the world's resources, a further admission of the inability of nations adequately to express themselves to one another except by means of economic and financial guns? High tariffs, embargoes, quotas, clearing offices and other similar manifestations are but the paraphernalia of war, and the havoc wrought to the peoples is almost as dire as bursting shells.

He sees light through the murk:

> What is the larger purpose of legitimate international propaganda? Its purpose must primarily be the attainment of peace and the outlawing of war. . . . How superficial then to conceive of propaganda as though it were a mere

> umbrella to keep one dry against a very heavy downpour, or a smoke screen to conceal what is going on behind, when what is there should not be. The truth of the reality is alone effective.

This is followed by a splendid analysis of mass psychology, of vital importance to all who touch international matters; and, reduced to scale, applicable to any desire:

> The myriad banners, the endless marching and playing of bands, the reiteration of slogans which have had so much to do with the creating and upholding the present regimes in Italy, Germany and Russia, methods which are not indeed dissimilar from those in an American presidential campaign, are clearly ineffective as between peoples of different nations. Within a nation, it is possible for orators and writers, by the mere suggestion of a word, and mention of a place associated with a great event, or the reference to a revered national hero, to reach down into the hearts of the people and to arouse emotions due to subconscious reflexes. But beyond the frontiers of the nation itself such psychological power is lost.

This is utterly true of purely national concerns, songs, places, and desires. But the national can be surmounted as surely as the confederated states in 1787 surmounted the narrow desires of statehood for the broader vision of a united nation. The rallying must be in the name of a super-Moses, a super-Washington, an international Lincoln, Joan of Arc, Garibaldi, Tell, Wallace, Parnell. Karl Marx, from the labor angle, was an international hero. Jesus and Christianity rally all nations in the Christian culture. Most of the heart-warming appeals, such as *mother*, *home*, *God*, *liberty*, *civilization*, *happiness*, know no national citizenship, and require no passports to girdle the globe. What is needed is international or world heroes, international or world slogans, international or world desires. Where there is a need, there will come a supply.

He urges against complicated argumentation. The tempo of modern life, he says, is too fast for that, and is growing faster, with distractions too intense. Each man's concentration on his own problems is so exclusive that an attempt to get an idea before the public requires surmounting high psychological hurdles.

This is splendidly accurate, and points to the tenth and last of our Commandments for Successful Word-Usage—Choose your words as for a radio address.

And Ivy Lee himself goes on to suggest an effective theme-song or slogan:

> We live upon a planet whose actual time-circumference is only a tenth of a second,

the actual time taken by the electric waves which convey sound, in wireless telephoning and radio. The first wireless telephoning between Great Britain and the United States gave a blurred result:

> Voices could be heard across the Atlantic, but . . . a fraction of a second later there was an apparent echo of each sound. . . . The problem was solved when it was discovered that the echo was due to the fact that the electrical waves which carried the words, after registering them in New York, traveled around the world and returned to repeat the message a tenth of a second later.

Of course, this mechanical detail was easily tuned out. And now for his graphic climax,

> In this tenth-of-a-second world, why should not the peoples through their governments frankly assume the cost of having their accepted leaders tell the story of their problems and relate their attitude on international matters by means of the radio?

This is becoming increasingly a fact, in what he so brilliantly describes as "this tenth-of-a-second world."

Ivy Lee's associate for years, T. J. Ross, is just as eloquent upon *Public Relations in Industry:*

> Public relations cannot be regarded as a sort of umbrella to protect you against a storm of unfavorable public opinion, or as a new coat of paint to make a badly built house look all right. It requires a searching scrutiny of the conditions prevailing in your business, and an honest attempt to correct any conditions that need correction.

His analysis of the people's demands, and of the American method of answering them as compared with certain alien methods, is searching:

> In recent years people have been stirred to expect more out of life than they have been able to achieve before. They want security against old age and unemployment. They want at all times and in every trade a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. They want reasonable working hours. They want a generally higher standard of living.
>
> The American people are fair, once they know the facts.
>
> Fascism and Communism are forms of government which have largely withdrawn responsibility from the leaders of industry or the leaders of public opinion. Businessmen do not have to do the thinking, because the government does it for them. The universities and the newspapers do not have to develop opinions, because they would not be allowed to express them if they did. There is no opposition press in Italy. There are no dissenting professors in Moscow. There are no minority leaders in Germany.

This is put powerfully, even though there is increasing evidence of a huge anti-Hitler undertow in Germany, an anti-dictator undertow throughout the world. But he arrives finally at the specific thing he is pleading for:

> Industry's real problem in this field is the development of closer cooperation between corporate units in the same industry, as an antidote for the spirit of competitive individualism which makes divided capital such an easy prey to weakness in its own ranks and attack from without. There, in my opinion, is the opportunity for enlightened leadership in business. If you seize it, today, to create your own fair standards of business conduct, to make reasonable bargains with organized labor, to present your views to the lawmakers and the public, and to inspire public confidence and support, you need have little if any fear of the outcome for private enterprise in this country.

Capitalists of the United States, unite! You have nothing to lose but criticism; you have the industrial millennium to gain!

Jesting aside, here is a Magna Carta for enlightened industrial leadership.

The Owen D. Young Way

For many years the public utterances of Owen D. Young, famous as Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, have made him a major spokesman for modern American industry. In dedicating the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration in 1927, he objected to legislative amateurs, who enacted unwise laws dealing with business "which did more harm than the evils they were intended to correct." He saw the School as a research body—

> to furnish the information on which wise laws may be drafted and wise decisions made.

He turned to survey labor conditions.

> What we need to deal with are not the limits to which men may go without physical exhaustion, but the limits within which they may work with zest and spirit and pride of accomplishment. When zest departs, labor becomes drudgery. When exhaustion enters, labor become slavery.

He pleaded for a return to labor that would insure against age, disability, and death, and that would also provide cultural opportunities for the laborers and their children—advocating "full equality in economic opportunity." And, for—

> the right earnings of every member of a sound society competent and willing to work,

he coined the phrase, *the cultural wage*. It might conceivably have become a slogan, enthusiastically plugged by both labor and capital. But this would have required its presentation in an emotion-rousing way, and enough subsequent plugging of the idea to fire the people in its behalf. It is a seed ready for planting at the proper time. For the brain is sterile soil. Only the heart is fertile.

Practical common sense is at the basis of everything he says, as in this analysis of home-ownership:

> If one owns a home, and really owns it, that is, if he does not fool himself by having such a mortgage on it that someone else owns it—

—for only actual ownership would furnish to a man his own home, "the most valuable, absolute and inviolate property in the world." He is discriminating when government approaches business, a law in its hand. In appraising the New Deal and the NRA codes, he wrote:

> Capital which over-reaches for profits; labor which over-reaches for wages, or a public which over-reaches for bargains will all destroy each other.

However, the dulcet Lorelei croon of the Townsend Old Age Pension Plan failed to impress this ever-present common sense. There was power in his comment:

> It is easy to think that what one wishes he has a right to, and that what one has a right to he should take, if he has the power. It is especially easy if you marshal your forces in emotional mass movements under slogans such as "human rights" or "social justice." When wishes and power are thrown in gear without restraint, it is a simple way to transform human rights back into the rights of the jungle.

He is especially impressive on education. This analysis of it was delivered before Hendrix College:

> Culture represents a synthesis, a putting together of things, putting them together so completely that the combination has an individuality of its own. It may be only an amalgam; it is better if it be a chemical combination. Culture does not exist in the form of powder, a mere mass of incoherent particles. . . . It is not enough to force the particles of your education together; you must fuse them.

Mr. Young's 1931 commencement address before St. Lawrence University is a model of clear thinking, clear speaking, and crystallized wisdom, as coolly and serenely persuasive as the first drink from a mountain spring to a thirsty wanderer. It must be read in its entirety, to get its real effect. As firmly as Rockefeller, he seeks to impress on us the importance of understanding your hearer's point of view:

> The most impressive thing which I have learned from my contact with people in many nations, of many languages, of many creeds, is that at heart they are all alike. In any

> major situation you can quite easily see their point of view, if you will only change chairs with them.

Now let us observe this common sense turn its powerful ray upon a new and pressing modern problem: the question of censorship of radio, and its connection with the old cherished American right of freedom of speech. Mr. Young analyzes,

> Freedom of speech for the man whose voice can be heard a few hundred feet is one thing. Freedom of speech for the man whose voice may be heard around the world is another. We defend them both and will to the uttermost; but we cannot be blind to the increasing dangers of carelessness or intemperance in their use. . . . The jibe, the exaggeration, the exuberance—even though rhetorical only —which may have relieved the lonely pioneer on his way home over a muddy road, and so have been excusable, may become, when uttered by a voice of great authority before a master sounding-board while millions listen, an agency of irremediable injury. Truly the shot at Concord Bridge may be heard round the world. If it sound the knell of tyranny, one would wish it so; but if it be the birth of tyranny, then all living who have enjoyed the benefits of liberty, and all dead who have paid its price, may well stand in fear of that fateful sound.

The noticeable thing here is the homespun word-usage throughout—the use of the most effective ancient words to present a new problem. It could appropriately have been said in lumbering technical polysyllables; but it would have then lost all dynamic effectiveness.

Brilliantly he penetrates the lazy man's appraisal that the age of progress is ended:

> that there is nothing more for human beings to do except to "sugar off"; that the kettle with the boiling sap of vital progress can now be taken from the fire and be permitted to crystallize into a permanent, rigid and immovable form. . . . They tell us . . . we must not only "sugar off" our activities but our brains . . . that we must surrender all for the drab treadmill of a living in which the talented and untalented alike, the industrious and the lazy, the courageous and the cowardly, shall have equality in recognition and division.

In his Johns Hopkins speech dealing with international relations, he proceeded from the increasingly popular slogan,

> We desire to outlaw war,

to deal with the how of doing this. Man, he stated, has outlawed the plague and yellow fever, typhoid and diphtheria. Can research or science be used in the search for the bacillus of belligerence?

> My answer is that facts can be applied in any field. Our curse is ignorance. Facts, Mr. President, are our scarcest raw materials.

And finally, turning his attention to the equalizing tendencies in society today, and the problem of world isolationism against international participation, in 1934 he said:

> Great demands are being made to reduce the spread between the leader and the laggard. You must find the way without impairing the verve of them who lead. A social order within a nation must strive not so much for unattainable equality as manageable equilibrium. A world order must seek the same thing too. Nothing can be more incongruous or more certain of ultimate failure than the effort to reach social equalization within a nation, and at the same time by a policy of reckless nationalism to leave the world outside in consequent turmoil and anarchy, where suspicion and distrust reign supreme and where arms are the only reliance of our faith, even when they blast our fondest hopes for security and peace in a better world.

Alfred P. Sloan Speaking

The president of General Motors Corporation is another of the outstanding industrial spokesmen for America. Naturally, industry's three major problems are before him: to conduct his industry successfully; to secure popular support by selling it to the public; and to make sure that government does not checkmate or even stalemate his efforts. Aiming at both the first and second of these objectives, he recently gave this gauge for progress in an address in Boston:

> Progress is measured by the advancement, socially and economically, with stability, of the American worker—

> those who work either for wage or salary—those who are dependent upon their own individual effort.

With his emphasis still on the labor aspect of his problem, he dealt in San Francisco with what he considered the major social task of today:

> I refer to the problem of unemployment—the vital necessity of "More and Better Jobs."

Here we have *unemployment* defined in a manner that both persuades and enlightens us. Now, having started with this as his persuasive objective, he begins to build up to the remedy he desires and urges:

> Today, the cost of unemployment is tending to jeopardize the financial stability of our government; and our constantly mounting debt lowers the ceiling of our present and future opportunities, by inflicting, in the form of increased taxes, an ever-increasing burden on both our productive machine and our purchasing power. Higher prices result, hence reduced consumption with unemployment still further increased—a vicious circle.

He suggests that the worker's budget might be divided into three parts. First necessities, then—

> second, a part should be set aside as a reserve against emergencies; and third, there is the balance. The latter constitutes a part that can be used to buy the luxuries or semi-luxuries of life.

Once let labor accept that his wage is capable of this treatment, how could the worker conceivably object to a system providing all this? And so he comes to his recommendation:

> On the other hand, one way to provide "More and Better Jobs" is by *increasing the hours of employment*, permitting our workers to earn more, hence, to increase the spread between the cost of the necessities of life and the annual income of the worker.

This plea for increased hours is sugar-coated with consummate dexterity. This word-usage shows how even the most unpalatable proposal may be made persuasive. It is here given as a method toward "More and Better Jobs"—clearly a major objective of labor. With eyes fascinated by this objective, they might open their mouths and swallow the longer hours of employment without even getting a bad taste in their mouths. More cleverly still, he does not directly advocate this, but quietly disclaims that it is more than one possible way out.

He is, remember, a manufacturer of motor cars; and his industry welcomes a quick turn-in of old models for new ones. To industry in general he recommends—

> a very definite and fundamentally sound opportunity open to us . . . a more aggressive and intelligent capitalization of obsolescence.

The word-usage is masterly, even if we interpret it as a use of a long-winded word to obscure while it persuades.

> One of the fundamentals that has made America what it is today is our willingness to tear down and rebuild with the newer and better, usually, the bigger. To promote obsolescence is to accelerate progress.

With wide vision he applies this to America's entire production plant, including housing of the workers:

> Let us rebuild America! And now!

In 1935, he argued aggressively for a return of prosperity:

> Let me inject . . . the most fundamental of all truths: A recovery after a depression is as inevitable as that day follows night. It cannot be permanently suppressed. Its vitality is so powerful that it will break down the barriers set up by the most arbitrary dictator. Hence there is developing a new faith in those principles which have formed the foundation of economic evolution and industrial progress during the past several decades.

In this "most arbitrary dictator" sympathetic Republicans recognized the formidable face of Franklin Roosevelt, and thrilled to this call. Others thought of alien dictators, and were alike stirred by it. But no one failed to understand the appeal to the principles guiding industry during the regimes of the Republicans from McKinley through Hoover.

> Industry . . . is the most important instrumentality in the creation of wealth.

No uncertainty about *that* utterance!

> —and it can importantly create a sound prosperity. . . . Government, as such, creates nothing.

As used here, "industry" implicitly includes "labor," a shrewd word-usage. By the next page, Mr. Sloan was using *industry* in the meaning excluding labor, and was calling for the most economical use of labor. He asks for a campaign of general enlightenment on industry's function, and the appraisal of each new proposal—this to be conveyed to labor particularly. He arrives at a rejection of "political management" of any aspect of industry:

> Therefore, I hold that political management, irrespective of degree, can have no other result than lowering the ceiling of industry's ability to contribute toward human progress.

He then justifies "*business bigness*":

> We might well ask, does honesty of purpose reside only in smallness? Does the mere process of pooling common interests and talents of an enlarged group of individuals. resulting in an enlarged radius of activity, constitute in itself an offense against honesty, social justice or security?

Note the skill in the use of the question method. The hearer automatically answers "Of course not"—which is just what the speaker wants. He lists the conveniences and luxuries that have become the common property of the American people: radios, electric refrigerators, telephones, household equipment, automobiles, motion pictures, farm implements, saying—

> It is equally impossible to conceive of these common necessities being possible without the resources or resourcefulness of "business bigness."

He again advocates promoting obsolescence to accelerate progress. Speaking in Los Angeles, he says that General Motors wants to be *partners* as well as *good neighbors*—an effective combination of the slogans of Rockefeller and Franklin Roosevelt. Urging the creation of more wealth, he says:

> These desirable things that I have been talking about constitute what we call "wealth." Wealth is created solely by industry and by agriculture. The wants of these millions can be satisfied only by the creation of more and more wealth. They cannot be satisfied by plans that promote more and more leisure, for however desirable leisure may be, it certainly does not create wealth.

It might be remembered that industry exacts a toll, in the form of profits, on all wealth capitalistically created; and none on leisure. But how brilliantly this is worded!

There is no uncertainty as to his slant on politics:

> I am one of the severest critics of the economic policies of the New Deal, and here's the reason. They are trying to legislate us into a prosperity unsound economically.

Accordingly, he sails in against "stabilization"—the proposal that the peaks and valleys of the industrial cycle be minimized: "good times always, so to speak." This last phrase, of course, comes dangerously near to having boomerang qualities, so enticing is it.

> I do not hesitate to say that if America takes the road marked "stabilization," bureaucracy will be the first step; regimentation of industry the second; and the end of the road, however long it may be, will be state socialism. This is inescapable. We do not need to look far afield to see this very process in evolution.

That is, the American government, under the Democratic Party, is headed toward state *socialism.* Skill in attack is shown in this climax. Stabilization, he continues,

> means an umbrella over the inefficient. It means the discounting of individual aggressiveness and ability; it means penalizing the new and better to protect the vested rights of the past. It is a direct attack against the American system. It would eventually eliminate the American system.

There are many who do not see how eliminating depressions and boom times in favor of a planned "good times always" would mean any of these things. But how magnificently persuasive it is, as he puts it! If anyone had set to work to construct the perfect example of calling a dog a bad name to add him to the mortuary records, he could not have bettered this.

Mr. Sloan is just as firm in his opposition to the closed shop. He asks, Does the record of American industry, which has given the American worker the highest standard of living in the world,

> justify a decision in favor of union domination? Does the history of such industries in America as are dominated by the closed shop indicate that this is the route we should follow? I contend that it does not, and I am confident that the American workman will decide that it does not.

He continues that Senator Wagner's Labor Law requires the American workman, "as a price for his job, for his means of existence" to join a labor union and pay dues to it. Notwithstanding labor's prosperity in the automobile industry,

> the American Federation of Labor, through its organizing agents, is today making a determined drive to stir up trouble; to sow the seeds of discontent; to disrupt this great industry.

The very language forces the hearer to oppose any such baleful influence.

Note how each of these industrial overlords goes for a different objective; and how shrewd word-usage wins for him, again and again.

In Words of Steel

Myron C. Taylor, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of the United States Steel Corporation, retiring in 1938, was the head of another of the nation's key industries. His annual statements and public remarks were always impressive. His survey of *Ten Years of Steel,* delivered on his retirement from active management, was one of the most effective documents on industry ever presented to America. There are few, if any, presenting a corporation management's side of the picture so effectively.

To begin with, he regarded it as—

> a stirring adventure to lead the Corporation army of about 500,000 people—more than one-half of them being workers and the other half stockholders, with some 40,000 both workers and stockholders.

This number would constitute a city larger than Washington, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Minneapolis or Newark—indeed, more than the entire population of Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Vermont or Wyoming. It is impressive word-usage to include the stockholders here; for a mere purchaser of a share of stock would not ordinarily regard himself as one of an "army" being led stirringly. The word-usage creates the miracle, and turns an investor into an obedient soldier. Moreover, Mr. Taylor flatly stated that the corporation was not a private enterprise:

> The affairs of the corporation cannot be considered apart from the affairs of the nation. . . . [It] is much more than a commercial enterprise. It is a national institution, and its pulse throbs with that of the nation. . . . [Its philosophy] has been founded on the simple verities of life—and they do not change.

It should be noticed at once how excellent the choice of language is, full of heart-warming and homespun words; so that one listens with a growing sense of exaltation. Mr. Taylor says that he has been—

> a trustee working for the ultimate good of the army of stockholders and workers. . . . The corporation cannot exist except as it serves the public. . . . My mission [has been] to attune the policies of the corporation to the national policies, as part of the corporation's obligation of citizenship.

The use of *citizenship* here is very impressive. Historically, a citizen is a member of a state, native or nationalized, male or female, who owes allegiance to it, and is in turn entitled to reciprocal protection from it. A corporation could no more be regarded as a citizen, in this original sense, than it could claim the right to vote, or to marry an individual or another corporation and beget offspring. Some statutes have since extended the term to corporations; and here Mr. Taylor implies for it a citizenship on a par with any one of us.

He sees his associates as—

> the finest body of executives that have ever grown up in any organization.

This is pardonable pride, as well as gracious courtesy. Most organizations make the same claim, and such enthusiastic exuberance is always forgiven. He prefers the term *labor relations* to *industrial relations*, holding that the latter implies "something that is carried on in a vacuum." The deeper reason, of course, is that *labor* comes close to a homespun word, while *industrial* is more ponderous and alien.

This corporation, during the depression, he continues, invented the *share-the-work movement*, which kept the full force of men at work at full hourly rates, with reduced hours. To supplement the less-than-a-living wage of those in the lower wage brackets, the corporation gave relief, until it was taxed for public relief, which, in its opinion, released it from this private obligation.

> The relation between employer and employee is no longer a private one governed by economic considerations, but it is a quasi-public affair, in which political and economic considerations are mixed in ever-varying proportions.

The whole matter of the United States Steel Corporation's acceptance of the C. I. O. organization in the corporation is explained as a victory for the corporation, to insure "a continuance of work, wages, and profits." This alters the popular opinion that the matter constituted a labor victory. He continues,

> The union has scrupulously followed the terms of its agreement and, in so far as I know, has made no unfair effort to bring other employees into its ranks; while the corporation subsidiaries, during a very difficult period, have been entirely free of labor disturbances of any kind.

Again, with more than quasi-public vision,

> We have assumed the responsibility, in so far as possible, of making the employment roster a cross-section of the

> age-groupings of the community. We favor neither the young nor the old,

establishing pensions for the old, and what amounts to an industrial university for the young, so that—

> no boy need, for the lack of funds, give up the opportunity to qualify himself for the higher pay ranges and the eventual chance of becoming an executive. . . . We fervently desire to keep open the way from the bottom to the top.

An effective summary of the financial statement lumps wages and salaries together—although careful analysis would show that the annual receipts for the more than 250,000 workers average apparently below $1,000 a year, this including the salaries paid to the executives. For purposes of effective presentation, these are not separated. Yet it is made clear that:

> U. S. Steel has always believed in high wages. It has everything to lose and nothing to gain through low wages.

If, however, the wages paid do not result in goods produced, he points out, the dollars in the pay envelope will be only *ghosts of dollars*—a strong phrase, worthy of further elaboration. By 1937, U. S. Steel's average wage had become $1,700, an increase of 89 percent over 1914.

Mr. Taylor expressed resentment against taxes in a subtle and persuasive manner:

> That is, the units of government, which had put no savings into the property and had taken no risk, received $8,000,000 more than the owners [from earnings], who had ventured their earnings and thereby created nearly $3,000,000,000 in wages.

It would have weakened this to point out that the government had been an important customer of steel products for army, navy, construction and other purposes; and that government functions had rendered the prosperity, indeed the existence, of the United States Steel Corporation possible. As put, this is an effective argument for less taxes, tending toward a remission of all taxes, in view of the corporation's public services.

> The presence of the corporation gives a measure of protection to the nation, both in peace and in war.

This reverses the usual role of protection, as it affects most citizens. Even though governmental protection is essential and costly, the whole statement argues with implicit effectiveness for a vote of thanks and a remission of all taxes.

Eugene S. Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is also an effective spokesman for industry. His wording is vigorous and direct:

> There is no better investment than liberal pay to labor. . . . No enterprise can prosper if it demands more than is fair for its products, and thereby kills its markets. . . . Indeed, the future well-being of the United States, an industrial country, is independent upon its industries being profitable. We are sometimes inclined to forget that a bumper cotton crop means nothing unless there is a thriving textile industry to make use of it. The wheat fields are the bread basket of the nation, because the grain is processed by the miller and the baker. And industry, moreover, is a very considerable part of the total American people; for any industry is nothing more than a group of individuals—employees, managers and owners—devoting their services and interests to a common enterprise.

Superficially, this seems to lack the alarm-clock quality, so quietly is it spoken. And yet, Mr. Grace's position insures that his hearers listen to his every word. On the lips of most of us, this would be flawless if quickened a little, if snapped into a wording that demands attention.

He is specific in his location of "labor unrest:"

> The pressure is coming from the outside. The employee is in between various factions seeking in one way or another to gain control.

No matter what the facts may be, the presentation of this is masterly. And then he rises to alarm-clock phrasing:

> Almost everything that the employer now does for the employees is being discredited. Next thing the employer will be accused of domination if he provides free lily cups for the drinking fountains.

Note the specific advantage of naming the precise cup used; akin to Roosevelt's use of poll-parrots instead of the mere bird name. Again, for specific word-usage:

> Our Institute has a real job ahead to continue to present to the country the facts about the steel industry. Steel has often been used as a whipping-boy by persons having ulterior purposes.

His 1938 *Report to Employees*—a brilliant innovation—is persuasive:

> In my judgment it remains now, as always, the job of management to lay a foundation of goodwill and fair dealing in labor relationships, to encourage friendliness, and to be directly accessible to employees in the sympathetic consideration of their problems. . . . That brings us to the inescapable conclusion that the well-being of the worker depends upon the activity of industry.

Such assured statements as this first sentence and Rockefeller's advocacy of partnership between labor and capital, no matter the motive behind the statement, achieve one amazing result, when they are repeated often enough: they become true. There is a hypnotic effect in word-usage. We can Coué ourselves into health, success, anything. And just as easily into illness, failure, and death. Welcome the friendly constructive words always. Words can create a millennium. Nothing else ever will.

Eliminating the Static from the Freedom of the Air

David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, is one of the major spokesmen for radio,

> the modern messenger that travels with the speed of light, encircling the globe seven times in a single second.

The major fight of the radio industry is directed against the strange quasi-censorship exercised by the federal government, under an act which flatly forbids all censorship and provides for complete free speech over the air. Federal control over radio stations is more than quasi. Licenses to stations are granted for six months only, renewable only if, in the opinion of the Federal Communications Commission, the station has served "the public interest, convenience and necessity." As Mr. Sarnoff words it,

> Twice a year, therefore, the substantial investment which the licensee has made in his business is placed in jeopardy.

This sets up an "*indirect—and even insidious—censorship*," in the form of "*post-program discipline*" of a station:

> Fear of disapproval can blue-pencil a dozen programs for every one that an official censor might object to.

Mr. Sarnoff is as antagonistic toward the government's attitude toward the profits earned by broadcasters. His criticism is subtly bitter:

> It is a strange assumption that the less money a broadcasting company makes, the better will the public be served. . . . Losses mean poorer programs, and, when private resources fail, government ownership. . . . Any further discussion of censorship would then be purely academic. We would have broadcasting of the government, by the government, and for the government.
>
> We have but to look to the autocracies of Europe to see what such governmental control of broadcasting may mean.

In autocracies, he continues, broadcasting serves, not the public, but the totalitarian government.

> When the dictator stands before the microphone, the citizens are regimented before the loudspeaker. . . . It is no coincidence that where freedom of thought and of speech are denied on the air, they are equally denied on the platform, in the university, and in the church. It is no coincidence that where you find broadcasting enslaved, you also find a slavish press.

As in all these cases, we are not concerned with the merits of the cause Mr. Sarnoff is arguing for; merely with his method of presentation. What could be stronger than this slow build-up which says implicitly: Censor the American radio, and you will precipitate a dictatorship in this country! Nor does he let go of his argument:

> In the European countries that have been lost to democracy, the dictators who accomplished the revolution did so through their control of radio and the press.

It sounds reasonable. History does not record it of Lenin and Trotsky, of Mussolini's march on Rome, of Hitler's elevation to the chancellorship, even of the rise to majority party strength after the Reichstag fire. What difference does the precise chronology make? The dictators certainly utilize radio and press *after* their revolutions—until some Goebbels shuts them off the air. The effective implicit use Mr. Sarnoff makes of it is, permit censorship here, and you run the risk of dictatorship here! What more potent true-talk way could be found to kill, to this audience, all support of radio censorship?

The argument finally arrives at what Mr. Sarnoff stands for:

> minimum of regulation by the government.

This is a familiar attitude of business; but it is rarely worded as aggressively as by Mr. Sarnoff, who mounts to his conclusion:

> Democratic government itself will survive only if broadcasting is kept free.

Who could hear this and fail to side fully with the speaker, who has phrased his particular objective in what he calls *the American spirit of freedom?* England and France, who have strict government regulation, had better heed in time.

No matter his theme, his expression is always shrewd, pungent, fresh-visioned, effective:

> History in the making is always out of focus.

This is the arresting opening of his address, *Three Decades of Radio.* Take this effective picture of the public demand for radio receiving sets, once broadcasting had become popular:

> We used to say, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Radio demonstrated that the opposite is true. Invention has become the mother of necessity,

since the invention of radio and broadcasting caused millions of people "suddenly to discover that they couldn't get along without it." Listen to this magnificent salesmanship as applied to television:

> Television broadcasting, even more than sound broadcasting, will be the great consumer of art. It will constantly demand more and better writers, musicians, actors, and scenic designers—new thoughts, new words, new songs, new faces, new backgrounds. Unlike a play on the stage or a motion picture which may run for a year, the television program, once it has been shown to a national audience, is on the scrap heap. It is finished. Television will call for a whole new generation of artists. It should help materially to solve the unemployment problem.

We are not concerned with the accuracy of this, or with its social value. The presentation of it is splendidly persuasive. And how quietly he slips in at the end that it will aid in solving unemployment—a sure-fire heart-stirring appeal, in these days when jobs are as scarce as hen's store-teeth. The address mounts to selecting as *the inspiration of radio* the inscription on the Liberty Bell:

> Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.

On a broader plane, such as his *Six Thousand Years* address in dedicating "The Crypt of Civilization" at Oglethorpe University, Georgia—which is not to be opened until a date as far in the future as we are ahead of the beginning of the Egyptian calendar in 4239 B. C.—he is correspondingly effective. Above man's material progress he sees spiritual progress; and with this—

> there has developed the conception of the sanctity of man as an individual. Some may call it "social conscience." Some may call it "democracy." Whatever the name, the history of civilization is the history of a struggle for recognition of the individual and of his personal freedom. It is the history of the growth of the human right to self-expression, contingent not only upon the aggressive or de-

> fensive strength of the individual, but upon the voluntary sanction of his fellow men.

With penetrating wisdom he proceeds:

> But while, over the centuries, the human race has gained some idea of the meaning and value of individual freedom, we must admit that we have still to coin our vision into a common currency with which to purchase happiness for all mankind.

This splendid theme he develops with graphic homespun word illustrations:

> We have learned to produce food, build houses, and manufacture goods with great efficiency. We have still to learn how to make these things available to all. We have shortened our hours of labor, increased our hours of leisure, and lengthened our span of life. But for millions the battle of life seems harder rather than easier. We have learned to travel swiftly, to send a whisper around the globe with the speed of light, and with the pressure of a finger to control the heating, lighting, refrigeration, and ventilation of our houses. Yet millions of our fellow men still lack the necessaries of life.

In this shrewd and telling picture, Mr. Sarnoff is selling, on behalf of American industry, something rather important to mankind: a democratic future for the world, freed of poverty and other ills. It is good for our industry that such men speak for it.

For enduring winning word-usage, we cannot spin the dial against him until he has had a recall hour:

> In the field of real art, I have heard no sighs about overproduction. . . .
>
> The cultured class of the ancient Greek and Roman civilizations were largely the leisure class. They had leisure because they had human slaves to do the necessary work. Now the machine has become the slave, and more leisure again ought to mean more culture, but this time for the masses as well. . . .
>
> Nature yields her secrets slowly and reluctantly. It

> has been a hard, exciting struggle to take these ether waves, that have filled the atmosphere since the beginning of time, and in a single generation harness them to serve mankind. . . .
>
> Man became a thinking animal some ten or fifteen thousand years before Christ. He became a scientific animal scarcely a hundred years ago. . . .
>
> The public, through its inalienable right to shut off the receiver or to turn the dial to another program, will continue to make the rules. . . . The ultimate censorship of television, as well as of sound broadcasting, will remain between the thumb and forefinger of the individual American. . . .
>
> Radio in 20,000 planes may have great powers for war, but radio in 20,000,000 homes has greater power for peace. . . . Radio is the one means of communication to which international boundaries present no barrier. Newspapers and mail can be halted at the border, cable and telegraph wires can be controlled or cut, but radio flies overhead—swift as lightning and free as air. . . .
>
> If it is true that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," it is also true that reckless political propaganda has the power to make the human breast savage. . . .
>
> I do not share the terror of the mechanical age, preached by some philosophers and endorsed by befuddled economists. . . . It would be madness to slow up invention, because of a mistaken philosophy. Our trouble is not that mechanical science moves too speedily, but that the governmental and social sciences move too slowly. . . . Why should politicians whose minds travel slowly tell the scientist how fast his mind may travel? . . .
>
> He who would be an engineer of society must deal with human beings, who are flesh and blood, emotion and prejudice, dreams and aspirations. They each have a will, and in a democratic society people must be persuaded and not coerced. But the scientific spirit can direct the means of their persuasion.

For that last sentence, thanks, Mr. Sarnoff. It defines this book. The means of their persuasion is winning word-usage. And you are an invaluable exhibit.

Lenox R. Lohr, President of the National Broadcasting Company, is as adept in extracting the latent power from words. His address on *Social Phases of Advertising* is calculated to re-move the opposition of even hardened believers that advertising is social waste. He commences with a body blow:

> Eliminate advertising, and the world would quickly revert economically to the dark ages. . . . To the merchant, advertising is salesmanship; to the public, it is news. In a democracy such as ours, advertising has shown us the easy way to less drudgery, to a fuller life and to a higher standard of living.

According to him, advertising has improved upon the dreams of Washington and Jefferson and the other donors of liberty to us:

> In thus raising the standard of living, advertising has been a most significant influence in making the United States more truly a democracy and a land of greater equality than was envisioned even by its founders.

In the magnetic influence of such a picture, what hearer will stop to consider the influence of advertising in Russia, Italy, and Germany? To sell advertising further, he points out that Benjamin Franklin was America's "first important exponent of advertising," and that Edgar Allan Poe "was among the first to make extensive use of testimonial advertising." The second of these especially is news to the literati. As for the services of advertising,

> advertising performs a public service, by calling attention to the worthy products of American industry—thus increasing sales, permitting quantity production and consequent lower prices.

This is persuasive in a high degree. Naturally, it is not mentioned that certain unworthy products of American industry do their best to share in the benefits of advertising too; for that clearly is not cricket.

> The advent of national advertising into the economy of the United States marked one of the greatest social forces in the history of the world. As a corollary, the tremendous social influence of the automobile, the electric appliance, the branded food, is due to the successful use and power of advertising.

The phrase *branded food* might be a boomerang, if picked up by an opponent; compare *branded criminal.* But even this use of *branded* might turn out a brand plucked from the burning, if advertising did the plucking. With this doubtful exception, the wording is superb. He ends,

> It is, however, the old American instinct for "swappin' yarns" and "tradin' "—fundamentals of advertising and selling—that gives advertising the important place that it holds in American life today.

Nothing could be shrewder than the heart-throb reference to "the old American instinct." But beware again of the boomerang potentialities in "swappin' yarns." Were these yarns ever appraised for veracity?

Mr. Lohr's great corporation sells advertising. As he points out, 30 percent of its 20,000 annual hours of programs—and there are only 8,760 hours in the year, which mean more than two full hour programs for each hour—are commercially sponsored, and pay for the remaining 70 percent of sustaining programs, largely cultural and educational.

He indicates the immense appeal of radio always by specific examples. A domestic serial mentioned the planting of a little flower garden. The announcer asked,

> How would you like to have just such a little garden? If you would, send us ten cents and she will send you some of her own petunia seeds.

More than 1,000,000 dimes were sent in, in answer to this simple appeal. Her petunias had to be paid double pay for overtime to meet this demand. As for the self-censorship of radio, one potential client—

> volunteered to put on a program of unquestionably high character, and without commercial announcement, except "Sponsored by Blank Distillery," as required by law. We refused it. . . . As a protection to the public, a number of products ranging in nature from reducing agents to firecrackers are denied time.

He mounts to his conclusion,

> As long as we have that kind of freedom over the air, the other three great freedoms, of speech, of press, and of re-

> ligion, will remain imperishable in this land of ours. And, in the words of Mr. David Sarnoff, "The poorest man will get free by radio what the richest man cannot buy for himself."

Power and Words

So *Business Bigness* speaks—thanks, Mr. Sloan, for the fine phrase. It is impossible to hear from all the other spokesmen, valuable as that experience would be. But the "free press" must have its say, for it is outstanding in word-effectiveness. Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of *The New York Times,* was always telling in his remarks. He quoted the summary of the Ten Commandments, followed by the eleventh, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," as delivered by Jesus, and then pointed out:

> This is Jewish doctrine in its essence.

As for anti-Semitism, he gave the perfect answer:

> We do not care for admission [to clubs, hotels, and other places], where Jesus of Nazareth would be excluded for the same reason.

One of the admirable models for belligerent word-usage is Wendell L. Willkie, President of the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation, a generalissimo of the industrial forces opposing the New Deal. As Alva Johnson describes him in *The Saturday Evening Post,*

> He is about the best man in the country in a knock-down-and-drag-out battle of words. Instead of dreading a Washington inquiry, as most businessmen do, Willkie uses it as a sounding board from which his views and proposals reverberate to the nation.

In commenting on the efforts of the government to secure his Tennessee power properties at its own price, Willkie said that the government in effect—

> holds a gun to the head of the utility and says, "Sell at our price or we will duplicate."

To indicate his appreciation of the nuances of winning words, he is fond of quoting from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes,

> A good catchword can obscure analysis for fifty years.

In his celebrated debate at Town Hall, New York, with Robert H. Jackson, then Assistant Attorney General and a potential Democratic nominee for President—and many observers say that the Jackson-for-President boom blew up at Willkie's attack—the doughty power magnate answered the charge that businessmen showed a scarcity of brains and character. Each of his hearers, he said, remembered some—

> Tom or Joe or Dick or someone who left your town and went to the city and made a name for himself in business. Most business leaders today were just such small-town boys. You will remember also other Toms and Dicks and Joes who went into local politics and then into Federal politics, perhaps into one of the many new administrative bureaus in Washington today. On the basis of your own experience, which of these, the businessman or the man in politics, wears the longer horns or sports the whiter wings? Would you, from what you know personally, consider the politician to have the greater ability and the more noble character? I tell you frankly that I find no halo on the head of either.

In opposing the government's desire to compete with private capital, he says that the average investor—

> will not invest his money in utilities merely because someone says that the government is competing in only 15 per cent of the country's area.
>
> If there is a smallpox epidemic in a city, you cannot convince a man he is in no danger because at the moment only 15 per cent of the city is affected. The investor knows that if the government can compete in 15 per cent of the United States, it can compete with any industry anywhere, and he is not reassured by government efforts to belittle or conceal this competition.

The subtle unspoken indictment—that government competition with private capital is as bad as smallpox—is the essence of word effectiveness. All this makes me sorry that Mr. Willkie is modest about his own word skill, so much so that I had difficulty in extracting from him such a sharp and classic comment as,

> Law suits answer questions but do not solve problems,

as well as his characterizing the Utility Holding Company act as a *death-sentence*—a label which played a strong part in casting that legislation into general disfavor. He is a man whose every public utterance is worth study.

Lee H. Bristol, spokesman for Bristol-Myers Company, who fling the merits of Ipana Toothpaste as widely as there are radio receiving sets, is a typical representative of the more specialized industries. All of his talk is pungent and pointed. His remarks invariably bring a chuckle; but there is always persuasiveness in whatever he says. He described one opponent as being *as subtle as a lead pipe.* The bewildered today is *the indefinite present,* in which business is just *rocking along.* It's about time that we *turned the heat on* in whatever we are fighting for. When a limping argument is made for business, he is quite willing *to go to bat* for the speaker. He favors *big navy people, not little navy people*—that is, broad-minded people as opposed to peanut minds. His words are as alive as a starving bulldog robbed of his first bone, or as an Irishman when a heckler stands up wearing an orange tie.

George H. Davis, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, is another forthright mouthpiece for Business Bigness. He vigorously opposes the unbalanced budget of the New Deal:

> It seems unbelievable that the citizens of today would be so cowardly as to leave an almost impossible debt for the next generation to pay.

Note how shrewdly the emotion-tugging *cowardly* is inserted. In opposing the increasing tax burden and deficit financing, he says:

> We all know that to harvest the sowing of fear and distrust, and overturn the established order, revolutionists march with muskets. Black shirts, brown shirts, secret orders,

> storm troopers, seizure of the army—their part we all know.
>
> What we don't seem to realize is that we, being a wealthy nation, do it differently . . . "by subterfuge"—painlessly, but just as effectively. Our muskets are *money!*
>
> The head of the P.W.A. does not march with armed men into one hundred and twenty-four municipalities to confiscate private power plants. He marches in with one hundred and sixty million dollars. Retail stores are not taken over by force, as in Russia; we establish competitive cooperatives with money that was appropriated "to relieve distress."

He mounts to his shrewd climax:

> We, as American citizens, would fight an overturn to the fascist state by armed troops; yet we have complacently viewed the march which has taken us a long way down the road to the socialistic state.

No lack of annihilating attack here. He urges America to return to—

> the old-fashioned American slogan of "*What Helps Business Helps Me.*"

He summarizes the New Deal by saying:

> The operation was a success, but the patient died.

If opposition politicians do not usually display the brilliant word-usage shown by many New Deal leaders, we cannot say the same thing of the American industrial overlords. Their words pack high-tension wallops. An analysis of them cannot fail to step up our own speech.

CHAPTER NINETEEN:

Win a Heaven on Earth

Face Your Own Supreme Court

THE PRACTICE OF LAW is a compulsory factory for the production of winning word-usages. Here the stake is immediate, with a time-limit set on the struggle: the withdrawal of the jury to the jury room to arrive at its verdict, or the submission to the court. It's too late to talk, after that; every word must have been pointed climactically to that critical moment. Vast sums may hang on the decision, or liberty, or life. Man's supreme resourcefulness in word-usage is wrought out of the passionate desire to win. It will profit us to inspect this factory in action.

Last winter a Bronx father killed his sixteen-year-old son, with fifty cents worth of chloroform bought in Trenton, New Jersey, because, he said, his son was a hopeless imbecile. Voices had come to him in the night, he testified, commanding: "Stop his suffering. It is the will of God." His lawyers raised the plea that this was a *mercy-killing*. The press broadcast the subtle phrase. Everyone naturally favors an act of *mercy;* the phrase itself elevated son-murder to a pious act. The jury, of seven men and five women, all married, deliberated four hours, and freed him.

A husband, out of work, penniless, strangled his wife, explaining that it was to keep her from starving. A weeping jury, largely composed of women, freed him because of this *mercy-*

killing. Such phrases have their season of immense popular appeal, and we may soon see *mercy* invoked to excuse all sorts of selfish criminality: *mercy arson*, *mercy burglary*, even *mercy rape*. When the novelty wears off, a new and equally potent bit of legal window-dressing will take its place. —The magic of words. . . .

Similar word-potency was demonstrated when wealthy Harry K. Thaw was freed from the charge of murdering the famous architect Stanford White, by the defense that he was the victim of a *brain-wave*, which rendered him temporarily insane. Another popular phrase, almost sure-fire, is *the unwritten law*. This has been used to free a husband accused of killing his wife's lover; a father, of murdering his daughter's seducer; a son, his mother's—a celebrated Virginia case about 1900.

The great advocates of the past have been legion. We may as well start with Robert G. Ingersoll, one of man's most gifted users of words. Analyze this statement of his emotions as he stood before Napoleon's stately tomb in Paris:

> And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing before the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

Here are heart-rousing words enough to rebuild the early heaven of each one of us. And then the poison-label words at the end. . . . Here is supreme effectiveness in word-usage. His wit was as bitter, as when a Democratic heckler interrupted one of his Republican speeches, and he jibed:

> My Connemara friend, I am here tonight to kill the Democratic dog, but, by God, I have not time for the fleas.

Clarence Darrow was one of his greatest successors. He was the personification of homely common sense and shrewdness, and never made the mistake of adopting that snobbish appearance of superiority called putting on side. This made him irresistible with juries, who are usually ordinary people, and with judges as well, who relished the appeal to their pre-erudition days. He would release a gentle flow of humor toward himself, when defending a murderer, by saying:

> Morally, anybody is capable of murder. I never killed anybody myself, but I have on occasion read obituary notices with a certain degree of satisfaction.

Here we have an emphatic instance of the casual conversational style of speech: winning word-usage in its shirt-sleeves, tilted back and drawing long luxurious whiffs from a seasoned old pipe. The secret of this is using the homely conversational idioms of the language. It is very effective with almost all types of audiences.

Darrow was a master of winning his hearers' sympathy, by asking them questions that had to be answered in his favor:

> I said that the great mass of people in prison are the poor. Am I right or wrong?

The hearers chorused "Right!" and by this answer committed themselves to siding with Darrow. In a debate where he favored fewer restrictions on immigration, he said:

> We are told that we must not have the Sicilians here because they are people who rob the rich; well, I should worry. Where do you suppose these rich people get all the money they are getting robbed of? The reason for this is that a few of them think they own America, and they want to reduce the people to slavery, and they are doing it almighty fast.

This may be astonishing as ethics, and even more astonishing as speech technique. What did the sources of the rich man's wealth, his idea he owned America, his desire to reduce Americans to slavery, his doing this "almighty fast," have to do with the admission of Sicilian immigrants? Nothing in the universe, with this tremendous exception: that Darrow knew this particular audience, and knew that they disliked the rich and saw them as potential slave-drivers; and so he won support for his own attitude on immigration, by appealing to his audience's emotional dislikes on an entirely different matter. He went further in this same capitalizing on his hearers' prejudices:

> Today [Italy] has a usurper who is an absolute tyrant, but the Italians don't like him any more than we do, and some day he will forget to put on his steel shirt, and that will be the last of him.

The conclusion is uttered so casually, that we may overlook its superb shrewdness. And all done in hard-hitting homespun words.

In this immigration debate, Darrow's opponent appealed for less immigration, to safeguard American posterity. Darrow met the challenge skilfully:

> I do not know why my friend is interested in the unborn millions who have a right to be born. These millions of unborn Americans consist of the trillions of cells in the future women of the race down the course of perhaps a million years, and the septillions of male cells that might possibly happen to fertilize those particular cells if certain accidents should turn out that way. I never asked to be born; that isn't the way we got here. Now you *are* here; what are you going to do about it?

The mathematics here is absurd. In the time given, even with a static population, the "trillions of cells" would near a quintillion. But the dazzling figures jeered out of court the opposition argument, and opened the way for Darrow's emotional appeal at the end.

Another instance of his delicious wit is:

> I have done everything about labor except work.

Again, when asked, "Mr. Darrow, out of your wide experience with criminals and immigrants, with Nordics and southern Europeans, who represents the greatest group of criminals in this country?" He answered:

> The corporation lawyers.

He had already made the audience friendly. This demolished them. Again, in debating on prohibition,

> My opponent says that liquor is in the way of automobiles. Well, then, let's get rid of the automobiles.

Note the clever jeering in this:

> Herod, of course, was a wise man. He wanted to get rid of Jesus. He wanted to kill Jesus, so he took a straight prohibition way and killed every youngster in the whole state. Of course, he missed Jesus, but he took a good way to get him.

What has all this to do with prohibition? Nothing at all—*except* that he won sentiment against prohibition by tapping his audience's sentiment against wicked Herod. In conclusion, he hit with all his power:

> This prohibition law has filled our jails with people who are not criminals, who have no conception or feeling that they are doing wrong. It has turned our federal courts into police courts, where important business is put aside for cases of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. It has made spies and detectives, snooping around doors and windows. It has made informers of thousands of us. It has made grafters and boodlers of men who otherwise would be honest. It is hateful, it is distasteful, it is an abomination, and we ought to get rid of it, and we will if we have the courage and the sense.

This was in 1924. We got rid of it in 1933. No need to be in too much of a hurry. Darrow played his part.

We have already mentioned Darrow's famous argument in the second trial of Henry Sweet, the Detroit Negro accused of murder. This was the case where Sweet was one of a dozen Negroes in the house of his brother, a physician, while the house was besieged by a white mob bent on driving the Negro out of his own home. No one could surpass Darrow in making an attack graphic:

> Gentlemen, that mob was bent on making an assault upon the rights of the owners of that house, not only making an assault upon their persons and their property, but they

> were making an assault on the Constitution and the laws of the nation, and the state under which they live. . . .
>
> Neighbors? Gentlemen—neighbors? They were neighbors in the same sense that a nest of rattlesnakes are neighbors when you accidentally put your foot upon them.

I am not sure whether Clarence Darrow made that last sentence ungrammatical just to be homey and folksey, or not. A nest, whether of rattlesnakes or end tables, *is* neighbors, not *are:* a common error, forgetting that *nest* is the subject, and corrupting the verb into the plural by the nearness of the plural object of the preposition *of*, rattlesnakes. Darrow threw himself into acting the homely drawling good-neighbor lawyer so realistically that this might well control even his lapses from grammar.

> A neighborly crowd? A man who comes to your home and puts a dagger across your windpipe, or who meets you on the street and puts a dagger through your heart, is as much a neighbor as these conspirators and rioters who drove these black people from their home.
>
> Officer Shuknecht sent two detectives there. They heard this man make a speech that would have sent any black man to jail, that would have sent any political crusader to jail. They heard the speaker urge people to make an assault upon life and property; to violate the Constitution and the law. . . . Why was he not arrested?
>
> Who are the cowards in this case? Cowards, gentlemen! Eleven people with black skins; eleven people, gentlemen, whose ancestors did not come to America because they wanted to, but were brought here in slave ships, to toil for nothing, for the whites—whose lives have been taken in nearly every state in the union—they have been the victims of riots all over this land of the free. . . . The only place where he has been put in front is on the battlefield. When we are fighting, we give him a chance to die, and the best chance.

Note how the heart-rousing and homespun words permeate every sentence.

> Call them something besides cowards. The cowardly curs were in the mob gathered there with the backing of the law. . . .
>
> But, Dr. Sweet had the handicap of the color of his face.

> And there is no handicap more terrible than that. Supposing you had your choice, right here this minute, would you rather lose your eyesight or become colored? Would you rather lose your hearing or be a Negro? Would you rather go out there on the street and have your leg cut off by a street car, or have a black skin?

Note the appalling effectiveness of putting this in the form of questions to the jury—a jury of whites, remember. It is quite possible that Darrow did not at all believe that there was any handicap in being a Negro. It is the reverse of a handicap in Haiti, for instance. In the United States, it aggravates many difficulties and creates others. But who flinches from facing difficulties? Color is as involuntary as breathing or midnight; there are corresponding compensations for each differentiating fact. But the *jury* regarded it as a handicap, and Darrow knew this, and so with superb understanding of their prejudices he capitalized on them, in the end channeling a veritable Niagara of sympathy toward his client.

> It is not often that a case is submitted to twelve men where the decision may mean a milestone in the progress of the human race. But this case does.

He appealed to the jurymen as "citizens of a great nation," and "as members of the human family, which is better still," to have a fitting sense of responsibility. And, in conclusion,

> Dr. Sweet was his elder brother. He had helped Henry through school. He loved him. He had taken him into his home. Henry lived with him and his wife; he had fondled his baby.

There is no single appeal to emotional sympathy that Darrow overlooked. He won the case, by this superb use of the power latent in words.

Toward the end of his eleven hour speech defending William D. Haywood, accused of complicity in the bombing to death of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, Darrow appalled the souls of the jurymen, as he pictured that labor and poverty and rebellion against oppression were on trial, and not merely Big Bill Haywood:

> I want to say to you, gentlemen, Bill Haywood can't die unless you kill him. You have got to tie the rope. You twelve men of Idaho, the burden will be on you. If at the behest of this mob, you should kill Bill Haywood, he is mortal, he will die, and I want to say to you that a million men will take up the banner of labor at the open grave where Bill Haywood lays it down, and in spite of prisons or scaffolds or fire, in spite of prosecution or jury, these men of willing hands will carry it on to victory in the end.
>
> If you decree his death, amongst the spiders and vultures of Wall Street will go up paeans of praise for these twelve men who killed Bill Haywood. . . . In almost every bank in the world, where men wish to get rid of agitators and disturbers, where men put in prison one who fights for the poor and against the accursed system upon which they live and grow fat, from all these you will receive blessings and praise that you have killed him.

As an advocate, Darrow was irresistible. His words won. Haywood was acquitted.

The Civil Liberties Speak

Arthur Garfield Hays is Darrow's successor, both in individual cases and in public causes. As one of the international judges in the parallel trial of the communists accused of firing the German Reichstag building in Berlin, he said:

> The Nazi revolution has been characterized as the meanest and most mendacious revolution the world has ever known. It is mean because it persecutes people who do not resist and have not resisted; it is mendacious because it is built on lies. . . . These words come from an individual, but I am speaking with a million tongues. The world demands that justice be done!

As far as the defendants under arrest were concerned, it was. Hays is fond of quoting Thomas Jefferson's famous dictum:

> Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.

In the Sweet case, Hays made the opening address for the defendants. The speech was tremendously persuasive, from the start, where he quoted Lord Chatham's famous dictum about the *home:*

> The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown; it may be frail, its roof may shake, the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter, the rain may enter; but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement.

Hays proceeds,

> The story of Dr. Sweet's life gives one pride in America, just as the story of this case makes one ashamed for America. . . . He was drilling on the day the Armistice was signed. . . . Forty or fifty colored people have been killed in this city by the police in the last year, and little or no investigation followed. . . .
>
> He was asked [at police headquarters] why he lived among people who did not want him. . . . It may be asked why the colored people do not live in a colored district. The answer is that the district is congested and rents are high. There is no room for growth. But, of course, anyone who asks these questions shows his disregard of the rights of Americans. They have a right to live where they please, subject only to legal restrictions. . . . Only one man shot with aim and to kill, and that was the Tennessee police officer.

Such isolated quotations lack the cumulative mounting effect of the great speech, whose every appeal was aimed directly at the emotions. It won.

Magnificent word usage won another case for Hays, when he was defending Robert Burns, during the New Jersey proceedings in which the State of Georgia sought to extradite him, for escaping from one of its chaingangs. Hays won the case, when he thundered:

> Georgia charges that this man is a fugitive from justice. Everyone knows that he is a fugitive from injustice!

An instance of his ready wit appears in *Democracy Works*, in which he says of freedom:

> My freedom to swing ends where the other fellow's nose begins.

He can aim it at himself, as when he describes the early activities of The Committee of Forty-Eight, where Hays and others sought to hold a meeting over the protests of the American Legion:

> We sought an injunction and were successful. We were conventionally attired and soft spoken. We persuaded the court that we were reputable citizens. Someone called it a victory for free speech, but to me it appeared more like a victory for Hart, Schaffner, and Marx.

Hays was also a focal figure in the Scopes anti-evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee. When Bryan, chief standby of the anti-evolutionists, denied that he was a mammal, saying:

> The textbook lists 3,500 mammals, and among them is man. They left him with 3,499 other mammals, among them skunks and other animals that smell bad. They have an odor that extends beyond the circumference of this circle.

I have always credited Hays with the immediate brilliant retort,

> Perhaps Mr. Bryan is right; for he neither has hair, nor does he suckle his young.

Samuel Liebowitz is another famous criminal lawyer of today, and many have always relished his description of the Alabamians who thronged the courtroom at the Scottsboro trial:

> If you ever saw those creatures, those bigots whose mouths are slits in their faces, whose eyes pop out at you like frogs, whose chins dripped tobacco juice, bewhiskered and filthy, you would not ask how they could do it.

That court held no place for heart-rousing words on the side of the defendants. However, none of them has been executed as yet.

The Voice of Education

One of the leading academic spokesmen for public causes is Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago. His description of modern dictatorships is withering:

> The state exists for man, not man for the state. The totalitarian state is a perversion and a monstrosity. The state which demands that its people think what it tells them to think, the state which holds that the person is a part of the state and nothing else, has no claim to the name. It is an organization of force.

He does not regard the modern college as the passport to a job:

> There is no connection between the ability to get a job and the desirability of going to college, unless we are talking about a barbers' college.

His bitter wit is famous:

> The noble Aryan, tall like Hitler, blond like Goebbels, and modest like Goering, is anthropologically destined to rule the universe. . . .
>
> It is not so important to be serious as it is to be serious about the important things. The monkey wears an expression of seriousness which would do credit to any college student, but the monkey is serious because he itches.

As might be expected, much of his persuasive utterance has been spoken to college graduates. Note the word-usage in these selections, and mentally ticket their power-sources:

> Just as much courage, and courage of a higher sort, is required to tackle a 200-pound idea as to tackle a 200-pound fullback. . . .
>
> The founders of this republic cannot have imagined that the day would come when individualism would mean: look out for yourself, and the devil take the community. . . .
>
> Believe me, you are closer to the truth now than you ever will be again. As time passes, resist the corruption that must come with it. . . .
>
> A university is not a kindergarten; it is not a club; it is not a reform school; it is not a political party; it is not an agency of propaganda. A university is a community of scholars.

Depending on how you weigh the making of Americans as compared with the making of profits will be your own judgment of the importance of this impressive true-talk.

Fellow-Workers—

The same principles of word-usage that win for the corporation executive will win for the labor leader, and do win for him. The need for speaking the language of his hearers may call for a slightly different vocabulary with certain audiences; and certain superficial objects of heart-warming interest may differ; but the major appeal will be the same, and will be as moving to us, once we have put ourselves in the audience's place. Naturally, the speaking varies in effectiveness, as does that of political and industrial leaders. It may not always win immediately, but in the long run the proper word-usage achieves its goal. The high standard of living of American labor today is possibly due to the shrewdness of its spokesmen in the past, even though some of their temporary fights, for political office or an immediate strike, did not succeed.

Eugene V. Debs, chronic socialist candidate for the presidency, never won this goal, any more than Clay, Webster, Blaine, or Bryan won it. But his powerfully emotional oratory did much to weld American labor into a class-conscious army, as when he summoned all labor on the arrest of Haywood:

> Arouse, ye slaves! Their only crime is loyalty to the working class.

This is in the Marxian tradition, by which wage-laborers are window-dressed as *wage-slaves.* It has not so far fully persuaded American labor. When Justice McKenna, dissenting from the rest of the United States Supreme Court in the extradition proceedings, held of their illegal kidnapping:

> The kidnapping was a crime, pure and simple, perpetrated by the states of Idaho and Colorado.

Debs wrote an appeal for labor to follow the precedent, which was at least moving emotionally:

> Kidnapping, then, being a legitimate practice, we all have a perfect right to engage in it. Let us take advantage of the opening. For every workingman kidnapped a capitalist must be seized and held for ransom. . . . The kid-

> napping of the first capitalist will convulse the nation and reverse the supreme court.

When President Theodore Roosevelt said that Haywood and his co-defendants were undesirable citizens, inciting to or apologizing for bloodshed and violence, Debs flashed to their defense:

> [Roosevelt] uttered a lie as black and damnable, a calumny as foul and atrocious, as ever issued from a human throat. The men he thus traduced and vilified, sitting in their prison cells for having dutifully served their fellow workers and having spurned the bribes of their masters, transcend immeasurably the man in the White House, who with the cruel malevolence of a barbarian has pronounced their doom.

Again, the accuracy or social worth of the attitude is not being considered; merely the method of word-usage. Here is annihilating word-usage at its most vigorous; and it was wholly effective with its audience, no matter what our own opinion may be of the vigorous target of the attack. Five days before the trial began, Debs wrote a passionate appeal to every workingman—

> who has a heart in his breast [to] make a mighty oath that not a wheel shall turn in this country from ocean to ocean until the verdict is set aside and every one of the accused is set free. Let our factories be closed; let our mills stop grinding flour and our bakeries stop making bread. Let our coal mines close, and let us die of hunger and cold if necessary.

This appeal for a "great national general strike," clothed in such eloquent heart-warming words, became superfluous when the cause was won without it, since Haywood was acquitted.

The syndicalist Industrial Workers of the World [I. W. W.'s; "wobblies"] spoke, as was to be expected, almost exclusively in the terse pithy native speech, including a slang of their own. No other language could have been understood by their audiences. Hence, with similar appeals, victory tended to go to the ones aiming these appeals with the greatest shrewdness. Here is the statement by one of their leaders to Carleton Parker, quoted by Arthur Garfield Hays:

> You ask me why the I. W. W. is not patriotic to the United States. If you were a bum without a blanket; if you had left your wife and kids when you went West for a job, and had never located them since; if your job never kept you long enough in a place to qualify you to vote; if you slept in a lousy, sour bunk-house, and ate food just as rotten as they could give you and get by with it; if deputy sheriffs shot your cooking can full of holes and spilled your grub on the ground; if your wages were lowered on you when the bosses thought they had you down; if there was one law for Ford, Suhr and Mooney, and another for Harry Thaw; if every person who represented law and order and the nation beat you up, railroaded you to jail, and the good Christian people cheered and told them to go to it, how in hell do you expect a man to be patriotic? This war is a business man's war and we don't see why we should go out and get shot in order to save the lovely state of affairs that we now enjoy.

It may be difficult for us to contemplate such a group proposing to rule American industry; yet a consideration of the early elements that flocked to the fascist and Nazi causes might cause us to wonder. The I. W. W. cause was not won in the end; yet their appeal, directed to certain of our fellow-Americans, was listened to. There is a lesson for all in this homespun word-usage.

Among spokesmen for labor must be reckoned Upton Sinclair, the nation's most vibrant propagandist, for whatever cause he happens to espouse. In his *I, Governor of California,* he was witty:

> And now here comes a letter proposing that I shall incur the risk of being elected Governor of California!

His Twelve Principles of EPIC ("End Poverty in California") were worded in the most effective heart-winning words possible. Later he altered this slogan to mean "End Poverty in Civilization." For all that he was not elected governor, it is this very effectiveness in word-usage that makes him admittedly the American author most read throughout the world today.

The aggressive fighting front of American labor today is the Congress of Industrial Organizations or the C. I. O., headed by its President, John L. Lewis. He is one of the outstanding achievers of today, and this sends us at once to his word-usage, to see what lessons it has for us. In his address, *Labor and the Nation,* delivered over the Columbia Broadcasting System late in 1937, his mastery of the devices of releasing the hidden power in words appeared from the start:

> Out of the agony and travail of economic America the Committee for Industrial Organization was born. To millions of Americans, exploited without stint by corporate industry and socially debased beyond the understanding of the fortunate, its coming was as welcome as the dawn to the night watcher. To a lesser group of Americans, infinitely more fortunately situated, blessed with larger quantities of the world's goods and insolent in their assumption of privilege, its coming was heralded as a harbinger of ill, sinister of purpose, of unclean methods and non-virtuous objectives.

The meaning is clear enough. And, after all, this is given over a national hook-up, to an audience at least partially unsympathetic in advance. This opening bears an appearance of candor and fairness, since it gives even the opposition's opinion of the C. I. O. It might have gained strength by a more liberal use of homespun words, instead of such naturalized verbal heavyweights as *corporate, socially, fortunate, assumption, harbinger, sinister.* They are better when applied to the opposition than when presenting any picture of your own cause. He proceeds:

> Despairing of fair treatment, they resolved to do something for themselves. They, therefore, have organized a new labor movement, conceived within the principles of the national Bill of Rights and committed to the proposition that the workers are free to assemble in their own forums, voice their own grievances, declare their own hopes and contract on even terms with modern industry for the sale of their only material possession—their labor.

This is splendidly put. The heart-warming reference to the *Bill of Rights,* the impressive Lincoln echo, leads up to the first thought-provoking climax. Mr. Lewis is here fighting for popular acceptance of something that most of the spokesmen for

Business Bigness deny. He has properly tugged at the heartstrings first, to lead us toward acceptance of this mental concept.

He is usually far more direct and hard-hitting than this; for he usually does not have the sword of implicit radio censorship hanging over his words. Thus in speaking recently of the proposed amalgamation with the American Federation of Labor, he said:

> We will discuss any suggestions for labor unity, but our unions will not let themselves be chopped to pieces as the price of unity. . . . The C. I. O. will not swallow poison and go off to die merely to please those advocates and exponents of craft unionism who resent [industrial unions.]

Describing the conflict with the steel companies, he says:

> During this strike, eighteen steel workers were either shot to death or had their brains clubbed out by the police, or by armed thugs in the pay of the steel companies. . . . None but strikers were murdered, gassed, injured, jailed or mistreated. No one had to die except the workers who were standing for the right guaranteed them by the Congress and written in the law. . . .
>
> The steel workers have now buried their dead, while the widows weep, and watched their orphaned children become objects of public charity.

There is not a word in this that could be bettered, for sheer effective emotional appeal. On the broader subject of *The C. I. O. Crusade*, he proposes his own Magna Carta of American labor:

> The United States of America, economically speaking, is not out of the woods. . . . One of the great principles for which labor in America must stand in the future is the right of every man and woman to have a job, to earn their living if they are willing to work. A citizen of the United States has a right to live. He has a right to work.

And then his words burn more:

> Do you know that because a man is underpaid his child has more chance of dying than a man who gets a reasonable wage?

In attack, he is invariably hard-hitting:

> Americans cannot eat or live on platitudes or musical phrases. They want buying power. They want shorter hours. Give them buying power and shorter hours, and they will improve their economic and their social status.

One of the inimitable Finley Peter Dunne *Mr. Dooley* papers deals with the open shop, and Mr. Lewis is as fond of quoting this as are certain Congressmen. Mr. Dooley explains to his inquisitive stooge, Mr. Hennessey,

> "What is th' open shop? Sure, 'tis where they kape the doors open to accommodate th' constant stream av min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper than th' min what has th' jobs. 'Tis like this, Hinnissey. Suppose wan av these freeborn citizens is workin' in an open shop f'r th' princely wage av wan large iron dollar a day av tin hours. Along comes anither son-av-a-gun and he sez t' th' boss, 'Oi think oi could handle th' job nicely f'r ninety cints.'
>
> " 'Sure,' sez th' boss, and th' wan dollar man gets out into th' crool worrould t' exercise his inalienable roights as a freeborn American citizen an' scab on some other poor devil. An' so it goes on, Hinnissey. An' who gits th' benefit? Thrue, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more f'r money thin he does f'r his right eye.
>
> "It's all principle wid him. He hates t' see min robbed av their indipindence. They must have their indipindence, regardless av anything else."
>
> "But," said Mr. Hennessey, "these open-shop min ye menshun say they are f'r unions if properly conducted."
>
> "Shure," said Mr. Dooley, "if properly conducted. An' there we are; an' how would they have thim conducted? No strikes, no rules, no contracts, no scales, hardly iny wages an' damn few members."

Thus wit spices the struggle to achieve success. And forever the weapons are words, the amount of winning depending on the shrewdness of their usage. "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word *was* God."

CHAPTER TWENTY:

From Now On, You Do the Talking

Your Part: The Practical Application of Effective Words in Everyday Life

THE FIRST PART of this book dealt with the *principles* of effective word-usage, summed up and crystallized in the Ten Commandments for Effective Word-Usage. The second part dealt with the *history* of winning word-usages, from the Caveman to today—pointing out that each man who succeeded in whatever was his particular field used words as his weapons. This third and concluding part will deal with the application of effective words in everyday life. With *your* application of them to your own problems.

This is the practical part of the book, to you. You've learned the theory; but a theory is an airy intangible nothing, until it is applied. You've learned the recipe; you have many of the ingredients, the words now in your vocabulary, and this book has taught you how to get the rest of them. But until you apply the recipe to the materials, no bread, no cake. You've got a blueprint of how to build your success through winning word-usage. But until you begin your actual building, success remains no closer to you than a cloud scudded away by a gale.

The dynamic part, the actual achieving of success, will be up to you, in the end. Given the will to succeed, and the recipe that this book has given you, success should be easy. Unless you don't quite see how to apply the theory to your own problems. Unless you don't see how the recipe and the examples given fit your own situation. That is the one reason why, with the recipe given, this final chapter is necessary. To show you how others, faced with problems similar to your own, have met them and conquered them by the effective use of words.

Answering the Grouch

The secrets of word mastery, of using words to harness the desires of others until they carry out *your* desires as well, have never altered. Be original; never be a mere echo. Emphasize your hearer's desires, in pleading for what you both want. Understand his viewpoint, and speak his language. Keep him awake with alarm-clock words. Use courtesy, as a shock-absorber for the first friction of contact. Use homespun native words, heart-stirring words that directly rein his emotions, and annihilating true-talk in opposition. Sprinkle in the spice of humor and wit. Build up your points to a climax, sharpening every word to the potency of a word chosen for a radio speech. These are the requirements of effective speaking.

All man's history, made possible by word-usage and with its victories caused by word-usage, is one huge exhibit of the accuracy of this. Long, bookish, obscure, ponderous words have been poured out by the millions. They still are. They failed in their plea. They still do. They are forgotten. What time has winnowed, to treasure as the harvest of the ages, has always consisted of the emotion-arousing brief native words, for or against.

With the evidence of the centuries as precedent, has the lesson sunk home to you? Are you ready to speak so from now on, and so win your desires, and achieve your success, as these did?

Only in this way can the immense hidden energy in words be released. And this release spells, to you, all the difference between mediocrity and failure, through failing to use words so, and success and happiness, through using them so.

But there are those who will not be persuaded, even by this super-Everest of evidence. They scowl sourly: *their* desires, they insist, their aims, their ambitions, are different from any that have been considered.

Impossible! But—go ahead, explain what you mean.

The scowl deepens. "I'm not bothered about running the country—who do you think I am? Let the specialists do that—they're doing it okay; or, if they're not, give the other gang a chance, and they will. I'm no college president, thank God, and I don't give a hoot in super-heated Hades how education is run. All it does is to spoil good plowhands, as it is. I'm no lawyer, either. If I need one, I'll hire the best, and let *him* do the dirty work. I'm about as interested in Rockefeller and the C. I. O. or A. W. O. L., or whatever they call it, as I am in a chigger crawling up Chamberlain's leg. You haven't said a word about *my* desires, *my* ambitions, *my* problems."

"Well, of course they were included— But what *are* your desires and problems, anyhow?"

"Good Lord, man, the aims of any sensible person—and the bad deal we're all of us getting, all the time. First of all, I've got my own business to attend to, and I'm not taking on any additional headaches."

"For instance?"

He scowls malevolently. "All right, then, I will get down to brass tacks. How am I to bring down the prices of the stuff I have to buy, so I can at least break even, when prices get more standardized all the time? How can I sell enough to pay the overhead, at least? And the people that owe me money, some of 'em with bills running back ten-fifteen years, how can I make *them* loosen up and at least pay something on account, when most of 'em haven't got cash enough to put a quarter in the gas meter to end it all? How am I going to handle all these dratted little annoyances—cutworms killing the tomatoes, the cesspool just about stopped up, the helper impertinent, the guaranteed electric refrigerator leaking gas like nobody's business, until you have to wear a gas-mask to go into the kitchen—how can fancy words help me in these *real* problems? 'Don't be an echo—' 'heart-warming words'—what good do they do, when the roof leaks, and I can't even find the leak? How can they help me get along with a wife practically a hypochondriac, or with those darned headstrong children of mine? I've got no time to bother with any silly method of using words in some fancy fashion, Categories and Synonyms and all that foolishness, with real problems like *these* to contend with."

And he leans back triumphantly, as if he had said the last word to be said.

This third part of the book is aimed at this kind of grouch. Here's the answer to him, worded so that it can't fail to penetrate. Incidentally, he would never have been a grouch, if he had not used his words weakly and inefficiently so long that it made him a failure or next door to it, and soured even his hope of success. The rest of this book is the immediate cure for that sort of an acid soul.

"Don't Be an Echo. Let Your Individuality Speak in Everything You Say"

An advertisement in *The New York Times* called for "two personable young men, of college-graduate age, to work, indoors and out, on a large estate with summer home." Five hundred and ninety-two young men answered the ad. After careful sifting of the applications, two of them were selected. These two succeeded; the rest failed. Why?

One of them wrote, after giving his precise qualifications for the work involved, "But I'm sure that you will have so many applicants, that my chances of being chosen are slim. In any case, here's wishing you the earliest peas in the state, and corn *waist* high by the Fourth of July." That little individual note of originality at the end of the letter, couched in homespun heart-warming words, caused his application to be singled out, and won for him.

The other successful applicant lived half a thousand miles away. During an exchange of letters, he wrote: "No doubt the distance will prevent the personal interview that might land me the job. You write that Dixie Ryland, your last year's helper, was ideal. I can only hope that you get, this summer, someone as nice as Dixie Ryland." It was thoroughly original; it precisely phrased the advertiser's wish; and it won for the applicant.

Many of the other applications were admirably clear and precise. But they lacked originality. They echoed thousands of similar letters, and might have been copied out of a *How to Write Letters.* They failed.

You have something to sell, and no outlet, no market, for it. How can you create your own market by word-usage? One woman, living in a small town upstate, was noted for her pickles. In desperate need of an income, she decided to put them on the market. For two years they moved not at all. The third year, she labeled them "Aunt Mary's Pickles." She has had to incorporate her business, and has ten women helping her turn out the product—and, at that, cannot fill all her orders. The slight originality of labeling, with the heart-glow wording, made all the difference. A thousand better slogans could have been invented: "Your Homemade Pickles." "Mother's Homemade Pickles." "These Got Pickled with Aunt Mary." Grin at it, if you will; it would sell the product. Originality, and the effective word-usage. . . .

"Use Strategy: Let Your Words Plead for Your Hearer's Desires"

A woman lent her maid, on a rainy Sunday, her new ivory-handled umbrella, to go to early mass with. The maid returned with a cheap old umbrella, which someone had left, taking the new one. The exchange, of course, might have been accidental. The woman phoned to the priest, "I'm not a Catholic; and of course I'm sure that you're very proud that your flock are entirely honest, and will see that the mistake is corrected at once, and the umbrella returned." The priest made his plea to the congregation so strong that the umbrella was returned within twenty-four hours. She had gone about it the right way: capitalizing on the priest's desire to have his flock regarded as completely honest.

A man persisted in proposing marriage to a girl he loved very dearly, but who so far had shown him no encouragement, no matter how much he insisted that his need for her would make him unhappy for life, if she did not marry him. "I know you won't have me. I'm especially sorry, because you've said that the dream of your life was to go to South America. My firm is sending me on a three months' trip there, and I'd give anything to take you along, and make it our honeymoon. At least, I'll think about you all the time." Before the evening ended, she was wearing his engagement ring. —Because he had emphasized *her* deepest desire, in his final proposal.

"I know you want the best-looking car in this lovely restricted section. You admit that our car is unmatched at any price in America. In selling one to you, I'll contract in writing that no other will be sold to anyone in this subdivision." The prospect signed. For *his* desire had been emphasized, in the sales approach.

"*Understand Your Hearer's Viewpoint, and Speak His Language*"

A young couple, both writers, planned a trip to Italy. Desiring to see the maximum, under the best auspices, they wrote to Mussolini himself, explaining their importance as writers, how able they were to present Italy's progress in articles to the United States, and urging that full opportunity be given them by the government to see everything most advantageously. The long beautifully written letter received no answer. Three weeks before they sailed, an Italian friend told them what was wrong. He dictated a second letter that they sent. It proceeded in these precise words:

> Hail, modern Caesar! For years we have gloried in your plan to restore the world-girdling Roman Empire, and to make the Mediterranean again an Italian Lake. To find your equal, one would have to pass over Napoleon and modern conquerors, and go back to the immortal Julius Caesar himself.

One page of this, with a brief reference at the end to the fact that the writers were publicists, and wished to present Mussolini at his best to the United States. The answer came by cable, making them the guests of the Italian government for a year, with an interview with Il Duce himself arranged soon after their planned arrival. For, in the second letter, they—aided by the Italian friend—got inside Mussolini's viewpoint, and spoke his language.

A young whiskey salesman was sent, shortly after Repeal, into backwoods Virginia, to sell his firm's products. He gave to his hearers, in exquisite language, the whole history of distilling; he proved his product was better than that of any competitor, and let them taste it to make sure; he expanded on the civilizing effect of fine liquor, the finest made in New York State. He made not one sale.

An older salesman was sent to the same prospects. He approached the natives dressed as they dressed, tie off, suspenders showing, and all. His grin was as contagious as he could make it. His speech was as colloquially tangy as theirs was. "I'm a whiskey salesman," he began, "and I'm going to take a drink of my own poison, unless some of you will give me a drink of something better—Virginia cawn." He got the drink.

"Now, gentlemen, I'm not saying that my product could ever be as good as that marvelous stuff. But the government's closing down on bootlegging, and you can't be dodging revenooers all of your lives. I'll make you a proposition. I want each of you to take a drink of my likker, and then another, and then another. If by the third drink you don't agree that; next to cawn, it's the best whiskey you ever drank, the drinks are on me, and no hard feelings. If you *do* agree that it's a pretty fair runner up to cawn, I want each of you to buy a sample case, to see if you want to order more later." He sold every prospect. Because he had gotten into his hearer's viewpoint, and spoken their language.

During a threatened milk strike of independent dairymen, a labor organizer was sent from the city to organize them. He appealed to their class consciousness, pleaded for the cause of the rising proletariat, and ended with a ringing appeal for the solidarity of labor. Only one of his hearers was even faintly interested. But this man was shrewd. He spoke to the crowd as man to man, pointing out that they couldn't blame the city guy for not knowing beans about milk; that he *did* have the organizing scheme they needed; and, before he had finished, he had won the case for the man who had lost it for himself. Because he understood his hearers' viewpoints, and spoke their language.

This applies to any group or any individual in the world. The attack must always differ; but the difference depends on the differing viewpoint, background, and language of the hearer. Penetrate these, and you cannot fail.

"Let Your Words Be Alarm-Clocks. This Will Keep Your Hearer Awake"

A young man visited a publisher's office, and walked without announcement into the president's office. "I'm going to commit suicide in your outer office, sir; will you please ask your secretary to phone the undertaker? No, I'm not crazy, in the slightest. But I've got here the precise novel your firm needs and can put over big. It's been turned down by your forty-third office girl, who was the reader to whom it was given. Since there's no way to give it a fair show, and since I've got to make good with it, I'll simple advertise your system and give it a good posthumous sendoff by committing suicide here in your offices." In most cases, no doubt he would have been politely ejected. But this executive was a human being. And the visitor's words had the alarm-clock quality; the publisher was thoroughly awake to the problem. He gave the young writer his word that the manuscript would be read at once by his ablest reader. It was accepted, and the young man is now just below the best-selling class.

This is an extreme example; but the spirit of it is not extreme. There is always some way of attracting attention to your problem, usually far short of any threat of an obituary notice for yourself.

A truck farmer, who made his livelihood chiefly from tomatoes, saw the menace in a sudden plague of cutworms that threatened the tomatoes of the whole end of the island. Others wrote to the State Agricultural Department, and received only postponing answers. He wrote, "If you don't want to see all of us on the breadline, you've got to aid us. We'll chip in and pay the expenses of your best expert, if he'll only come at once and show us how to handle this plague." The wording did the trick. The expert was sent, at the state's expense, and the plague stopped, and the crop saved.

The principle of using alarm-clock words applies throughout your remarks. Be snappy, and to the point. Let your words and your sentence structure be crisp and hard-hitting. Let your introductory remarks be sensational, if that is needed to rouse the hearer or hearers from lethargy or inertia. The alarm-clock quality in your voice can come either from loud emphasis or the significant pause and the impressive whisper. Make your tones varied enough to prevent monotony from putting your hearer to sleep. This is essential in all you say.

"Use Homespun Words, Instead of Overlong Foreign Words"

This needs examples less than any other of the Ten Commandments for Successful Word-Usage. The more bookish and polysyllabic your speech is, the less it is understood; the more you are suspected of trying to show off your long words; and the surer you are of never reaching the emotions of your hearers. The more you use the plain direct speech of people, with hard-hitting Anglo-Saxon words, the more their emotions are touched and roused to side with you.

A man wanted to borrow ten dollars from a wealthy acquaintance. He commenced his appeal, "I regret to say, sir, that a period of financial stringency has overtaken me. While I have a certainty of a substantial remittance at the end of the week, which will make me far more than potent to pay all oustanding obligations, it nevertheless is definite that a small accommodation, say of ten dollars, on your part would permit me to tide over this temporary impecuniosity—" His appeal had already been lost. The wealthy banker recalled another acquaintance, who had said frankly, "Mr. Jones, I'm strapped for the moment. I've got a five-hundred dollar commission coming in Saturday. Could you let me have ten dollars, against that?" In this case, he said yes. He recalled when he himself had been strapped, with a commission coming in; and how such a loan would have aided him. The direct homespun speech always wins; or comes closer to winning, which in the long run will mean the same thing.

An explanation, even of a scientific matter, can be worded just as simply. A recent newspaper article, *Gambling with Molecules and Atoms*—note the effective colloquial title—gave this homespun explanation of a new unbreakable glass:

> So with the glass industry, which spent some £1,200,000 to develop a new form of shatter-proof glass for motor-cars—something through which it is impossible to hurl a man, something which, when cracked, can be rolled up like a rug, something therefore which will not scatter splinters right and left in a collision. The principle of such a glass is thirty years old—a kind of sandwich in which the slices of "bread" are two sheets of glass, between which is a sheet of adhesive transparent synthetic material. The old "ham" in this sandwich left much to be desired. The new "ham" is a synthetic resin so elastic that a ribbon a foot long can be pulled out a yard, so that the cracked glass sandwich will yield like rubber when struck.

It is a challenge to your word-mastery to explain a thing as difficult to understand as Einstein's theory of relativity, or any other scientific or mechanical matter, as simply as this. It can be done, and the force of your explanation is multiplied in geometric progression, in proportion to the simplicity of your wording.

"*Use Courtesy as a Shock-Absorber, to Minimize the Initial Friction*"

A man was stopped by a traffic cop. "Didn't ya see that light? What do you mean, running through a red light, like that?" Being quick-tempered, he snapped back, "Don't be a dope. The light was green, when I started to cross. If it turned red, I was already practically across. I'll have you reported, for stopping an innocent man in such a fashion." He received a ticket, for violation of a traffic ordinance, and also for impertinence to an officer, interfering with an officer in the pursuit of his duty, and allied offenses. The policeman made a point of being on hand when the case was called, and made the case far blacker against the defendant than the incident justified. He was fined heavily for the incident; appealed—lawyer's fees and more costs—and had to pay heavily in the end.

He learned his lesson. Thereafter, whenever a traffic cop stopped him, he became the essence of courtesy. "I'm sorry, officer. I do my best to obey the ordinances, and in this case I was sure that the light was green, when I started to cross. If I'm wrong, I guess something must be wrong with my eyesight, at that. I'll do anything I can to straighten out the matter, for honestly I didn't intend to violate the law." Nine cases out of ten, a man so courteous gets off even without a ticket. The chances are that the officer's anger came from some other cause entirely; and, when the man detained is courteous, the anger evaporates, or is stored up to be turned loose on a later man not wise enough to use courtesy.

There is no situation in life in which courtesy does not aid. Obviously, when you are asking a favor or seeking to make a sale, you will be turned down flat if you go at the matter rudely, or so abruptly that the initial friction is not overcome. From the other point of view, even if you are turning down a request for a favor or a salesman's approach, courtesy costs you nothing, and may earn you such friendly consideration from the person turned down that, on some future occasion, he may put himself out to do you an unexpected favor.

Toward your superior on the job, courtesy is absolutely essential. Otherwise, you may unloose on your own head a flood of anger caused by some entirely outside matter; and it may cost you your job. It is just as vital, for self-discipline and self-improvement, for you to cultivate courtesy toward those under you. Earn their goodwill, and they will cooperate toward your own advance in life, as well as their own. Earn their ill will, and at any time they may say the little thing, or fail to say the other little thing, that may jeopardize your own position. Besides, it makes life a lot pleasanter for all concerned.

It is hardly necessary to add that courtesy is even more necessary toward those closest to you, members of your own immediate family. If this is not your habit, make it so. It pays unexpected dividends whenever used. Its absence, or positive rudeness, is unexpectedly costly at all sorts of times.

"Use Heart-Warming Words. These Make Your Hearer Win for You"

This is the most vital of all the Commandments for Successful Word-Usage. It calls for the deliberate choice of words which stir your hearer's deepest emotions: starting with such obvious glow-words as references to home, mother, the wife and children, decency and the other virtues, patriotism and the flag, God and the Bible, and so on.

Have you ever realized how constantly, fully, and successfully these appeals are invoked, in the sale of commodities you are familiar with? How many breads and cakes sell, through a title or slogan based on the idea "Like mother used to make!" How many unpretentious restaurants and small hotels win by the slogan "Home cooking"! Think of the heart-warming appeal of the furniture house, "You furnish the girl, we furnish the nest"—made all the stronger by the pun on *furnish*. Again, there is tremendous appeal in candy or anything called "Sweetheart." Much of the better whiskey is sold by advertisements featuring a kindly old Southern colonel, or by seductively pretty girls—for love and romance, and all connected with them, are forever glow-words. Certain brands of cigarettes are sold chiefly by their advertisements featuring attractive girls; the faces of pretty girls are the sure-fire sales appeal for magazine covers. One of the favorite cocktails is called "Old Fashioned," with a definite appeal toward what Lester Ward calls "the illusion of the golden past"—the idea that, no matter our present problems, the past was a period of idyllic happiness. Anything marked "homemade" has a wide emotional appeal. "Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work" capitalizes on the idea of enjoying leisure. "Keep that schoolgirl complexion" and "the skin you love to touch" are obvious examples. We have cited the uses of "federal" as a trade name for hats, tobacco, and the like, when the Federal Constitution was being fought for. Calling sauerkraut "liberty cabbage," during the World War, had an even stronger appeal. Every Christmas sale is featured by holly wreaths, jolly red bells, mistletoe, jovial Santa Claus, sleighs pulled by reindeer—all rebuilding the carefree hour of childhood, as subtle sales argument. Perhaps the most amazing use of a heart-warming symbol is Three-in-One Oil. The people who buy it never connect the name with the Christian Trinity, the God who is Three in One. And yet, that appeal is there, either accidentally or by intention; and it has tremendous deep-rooted pull.

All of these products sell by means of a heart-warming appeal, which automatically predisposes the potential purchaser toward them. Your words must utilize the same type of emotional appeal throughout. Better products, without these emotional appeals, would never equal the sales where the appeal is present. The moral is obvious.

Obvious examples, such as selling a house, a car, and the like, need not be given. Clearly, the unemotional appeal would never be as potent as references to a home for your wife and children, a love-nest for a honeymoon couple, a car to take your sweetheart riding in, and so on. Here is a less obvious example.

A young couple, not too wealthy, were honeymooning in Havana. Note already the appealing quality of the picture. Through the courtesy of the American ambassador, they were invited to a ball given by the President of Cuba. And the young bride had no suitable dress to wear, while the family funds could not be stretched at once to cover the sort of evening gown she needed.

The bridegroom took his bride to one of the exclusive little shops on the Prado, and explained to the proprietor the type of dress she wanted. Only when she had it on—and the effect was exquisite in every way—did he spring his own sales talk. "We'll take the dress. My wife must wear it for the President's ball tonight; and clearly she will be the best-dressed woman there, with your lovely dress on. And you're going to charge it to me; even though you never heard of me before. There isn't time, you see, for you to make proper inquiry into my commercial standing and financial responsibility. I know no one in Cuba, except, of course, the American ambassador, on whom we called. But here are letters that identify me and the big

New York corporation I work for; here are clippings telling of our marriage and our planned honeymoon to Cuba; here is our invitation; and you're going to trust me, because otherwise my wife couldn't go to the ball—and she'd rather do it than anything in the world! Would you want your own wife to miss such a wonderful chance, if you and she were visiting a strange city, just for lack of a dress? Look how well my wife looks in it! Will you trust me?"

The combination of heart-warming pleas won. Credit was extended; the bride shone at the ball; and the bill was paid, as soon as the intelligent young husband reached New York City.

No matter the problem before you, the full strength of the words of your appeal never begins to come into play, until you use those words which appeal to your hearer's most deep-seated emotions.

A young author's first novel was attacked savagely in an editorial in a mid-Western city, because of its theme. The editorial clearly showed that the editor had not even read the book. The author wrote a letter to him, for publication—good-natured and courteous throughout—appealing to the American spirit of fair play: wasn't he at least entitled to have the book read, before it was damned? He ended, "If you'll agree to read the book, I'll at once send you a free copy of it, and a pumpkin grown here on my farm to boot." The letter was published; the editor wrote apologetically, promising to read the book and have it fairly reviewed, and asking that the pumpkin be sent to his home address. The homely appeal of the pumpkin, with overtones of Thanksgiving Day dinners since childhood, won the fight. So can all fights be won.

"*Beware of Poison-Label Words. Become a Propaganda Detective*"

A young man, working for a large corporation, was annoyed by an older worker with a definite foreign accent, when he was explaining to his foreman and two other workers that he believed that the United States should not become entangled in the world war precipitated by Hitler and Stalin over the conquest of Poland. The old worker indicted him savagely: "You ought to be sent to Leavenworth for a treasonable attitude like that! I'll bet you're just waiting until some new bridge is built; then it will be mysteriously blown up, and you'll go back to the country you came from. How long have you been in this country, anyhow?"

"I'll answer you everything, if you'll answer me just two questions. Are you willing?"

"Sure. Shoot ahead."

"Where were you born? What nationality were *your* parents?"

The older worker's face reddened. "I was born in New York City. My parents were from—" and he named a country eager to get United States assistance in the war.

The young man nodded gravely. "I was born in this country. My people have been here since 1650, and have fought in every war we have been engaged in, on the side of the United States. And my attitude is exactly that of George Washington, in his Farewell Address—advising us against foreign entanglements and participation in European affairs. Do you object to *that?*"

Of course, that ended the argument. He had analyzed the other man's frontal attack as a dishonest cover for anti-American propaganda of some sort; had become a propaganda detective; and easily exposed the other man's sham, cloaked under a pretense of Americanism.

The poison-label words are easy to recognize. Whenever you encounter them, dig into the actual attitude of the one using them, and it is usually not hard to expose the sham and brand the propagandist.

In your own opposition, use annihilating true-talk to win your case. A man owned a de luxe electric refrigerator, the pride of the household. It began to leak gas, after the local branch made a minor repair. When asked to live up to their guarantee, the local representatives acted ugly, and said that the fault must be the man's. The owner of the refrigerator air-mailed to the home office that they must either fix it as per their guarantee, within twenty-four hours, or he would spend the rest of his life advertising their product with this slogan:

> Get a set of gas masks for your family with each [Named Brand] Electric Refrigerator—You'll need 'em!

The refrigerator was repaired within twenty-four hours, with a handsome apology from the home office.

A man lived at the bottom of a steep township road, so rutted that it was a danger to automobile springs. Indeed, there was the constant threat of a wreck every time a car came down it. To make sure that the local selectmen bought from him a level site for the road, he cultivated their friendship, and got them to agree to drive over with him to inspect the old road. For the purpose, he rented an old car, after ascertaining that its springs were none too good. On the dangerous way down, the final and deepest rut broke one of the springs. "Well, gentlemen, that's my case," he said. "Either I, and everyone else damaged by this dreadful road, sue the township and yourselves for all damage, or you use common sense and put in a good level road, as I propose." He won his fight.

Even in your attack, it never hurts, and always aids, to use courtesy. Fight like a gentleman. But that means talking without gloves, without evasion. Let your opposition true-talk be annihiliating.

"*Use the Spice of Wit and Humor*"

A man desired immediately the catalog of a large mail-order house. But his friends, some of whom had these catalogs, pointed out that it was the custom of the mail-order house—so great was the demand for these expensive catalogs, without orders to compensate for their cost—to acknowledge the request, and then stall along for weeks or months, sending at most small pamphlet catalogs on special subjects.

The man sat down and wrote to the *Complaint Department* of the mail-order firm:

> I understand your practice is to acknowledge receipt of requests for catalogs, and then stall along, trying to test out the purchaser's potentialities with mere pamphlets. I want to complain against this in advance, in my case. I need the whole catalog at once, because—

And then came the sales talk of why he needed it. It came by return mail, with a promise of personal attention to all of his orders. The amusing wit and word-strategy won.

An office boy wanted permission from his boss to take an extra afternoon off, to see a double-header. He explained, sniffling a little, that his grandmother was dead—a traditional emotion-wringer, that must, if believed, have doubled the adult mortality rate in the United States.

With a wry smile, the boss handed the boy a letter he had had his secretary secure from the grandmother, telling of her excellent health, and hoping that the employer would keep the boy overtime every day, to keep him out of mischief.

But the boy was clever. He smiled meekly. "I've just discovered, sir, that your grandmother actually is dead; and I wanted to visit the cemetery with some flowers for her. I guess, when you wanted to go to ball games, your own grandmother must have died a lot of times. How about your taking the afternoon off too, and going with me to the double-header?"

The employer was so amused, that he even gave the boy a couple of extra dollars, to pay for the junket. Wit had done the trick.

In almost any situation in which emotions are tense, a kindly joke, often directed against yourself, will set the emotional current flowing in your favor, after releasing most of the anger. But always be sure that the joke is not a boomerang, which neatly decapitates your own cause. Like the prisoner before famous Chancellor Bacon, who said fawningly, "Your Honor, we must be some sort of kin. For you're Bacon, and I'm Hogg."

The chancellor smiled without friendliness. "And Hogg has to be hung before it's bacon."

"Choose Your Words as for a Radio Speech, Aimed at a Climax"

Long-windedness is suicidal; it is the lethal curse of most word-users. The shaped technique of a prepared radio speech is the answer. Accustom yourself to thinking out and preparing your plea for any matter in logical order, mounting to what your hearer will regard as a climax; and stop talking when you have won your point.

A salesman approached an executive with just the device for binding files with pressure binders that he was looking for. The executive, after learning the general details, said: "Just what I want. I'll start with a couple of dozen."

"But let me explain to you just how marvelous these binders are." He then went on with his best prepared sales talk, answering all possible objections, telling amusing anecdotes—amusing, providing the executive had not already made up his mind, or had a thousand other matters demanding his attention.

After ten minutes of this, the executive arose. "You can cancel that preliminary order I gave you. I was sold, at first; but you talked so much, you talked yourself out of a sale."

Mark Twain tells of dropping in on a church, as the preacher commenced a moving appeal for contributions to aid flood sufferers. After three minutes of harrowing details, Mark was so moved that he pulled out his pocketbook, determined to contribute a hundred dollars. But the preacher talked on and on and on interminably. Mark's enthusiasm turned to boredom. His intended contribution sank steadily down, like the mercury in a thermometer on an icy night. At the end, he says, when the contribution plate reached him, instead of contributing, he swiped a couple of dollars.

Arranging for climax calls for more preliminary work than any of the Ten Commandments for Effective Word-Usage. But it will repay every moment given to it. Marshal your arguments in the order most appealing to your particular hearer; start with some arresting alarm-clock opening; never apologize, fumble, digress; and you will earn both the thing you want, and your hearer's gratitude because you have not wasted his time.

Don't Forget Your Vocabulary Polish

The emphasis throughout has been on *what to do;* not on what *not* to do. It is assumed that you will avoid word and bodily mannerisms that annoy. If you suffer from stammering, shuffling, or any nervous gestures, learn to restrain them, so that what you say is the all important thing, and your hearer is not distracted by your petty annoyances. It is assumed that, if you have any verbal mannerisms that might annoy—"Listen!" "D'you understand?" "Uh-huh," or any of the noisome rest —that you will train yourself to eliminate them entirely. Again, the radio speech technique is the perfect answer.

This means, of course, that your use of words should be grammatically correct; providing that you remember that speech and grammar are living growing things, and not limited to what dictionaries and textbooks say. This will make your speech conversation in the highest sense, and never bookish. Here are a few novelties that your textbooks may omit. Only creative writers and speakers know them.

(1) Any word can be a noun. A verb, for instance, as,

Strikes is the verb in the sentence, "John strikes the villain."

(2) Any word can be a verb. As,

All you say is, My, My, My! You've *my'd* me once too often.

(3) Any word can be an adjective. As,

You blame everything on the mice. This *mice* obsession of yours is ridiculous.

(4) Most prefixes, suffixes, and inflections can accordingly be used with any word. Instances are: *super*, *inter*, *pan*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *un*, *non*—

Commissioner Moses says toll super-roads are unwise. Inter-island transportation has improved. The pan-professional council. The hyper-cold of the winter of 1888. The hypo-nutrition of diabetic sufferers. The process of unswinging classics ruined by modern band leaders. I prefer a nonjitterbug existence.

ness, *less*, *ing*, *ed*, or *d*.

The summerness of the air is delightful. Germany, Blitzkriegless because of Allied resistance, began to reconsider. This Coloneling of every radio star by Governor Laffoon of Kentucky. Mooney was supreme-court-ed back into prison.

(5) Most nouns and adjectives can be turned into adverbs, by adding *ly*. As, he spoke with tycoonly impressiveness. You acted too youngly in losing your temper.

(6) Speech consists simply of:

(a) Names of things (nouns) or pronouns which stand for them,

(b) described by adjectives,
(c) *do* something (verbs),
(d) in a certain manner (adverbs)

There are also:

(e) two sorts of word-glues or connectives: conjunctions (and, but, as) and prepositions (in, to, for.)

No other word-usages are permissible, except various word-grunts:

(f) interjections: Oh! Ouch! Wow! Ach! Gosh!

With this simplified framework in mind, brush up on grammar, so that you will avoid such unpardonable usage-lapses as:

Misspellings

Confusion in words almost identical, such as:

principal, principle; effect, affect; capital, capitol—

down to Malapropisms like:

illuminate, eliminate

Confusion in meanings of words, such as the common erroneous usages of:

hectic, luric, livid, prone and supine, peer (which means *equal to,* not *superior to*), Frankenstein (the creator of the monster, not the monster)

Vulgar grammar, such as *like* misused for *as;* and miscellaneous errors of the following types:

Everyone stood up in *their* seats.
A nest of rattlesnakes *are* dangerous.
I ought to *of went.*
Let's you and *I* go.
None but *he* knew.
He only went to Yonkers (for, He went only to Yonkers.)

Cheap slang, such as:

I asked a guy to loan me a buck.
He clipped me one on the schnozzle.

The deft use of slang is of course not cheap.

Unacceptable style, such as the common use of the present instead of the past:

I go down the street, and I meet a guy and he says, "How are you?"

Do not, however, be afraid of many word-usages that the pundits warn you against, as "The ten highest buildings in the world are—." Even if there is, accurately, only *one* building that is highest, this is an acceptable idiom for "The ten buildings in the world that are higher than all the other buildings."

Proper speech is merely using modified breathing to communicate your meaning most pleasantly, understandingly, and acceptably to your hearer. Constant remembering of this will cause you to choose proper living models, and eliminate such errors, as they have eliminated them.

Appreciate and Create Examples of Fine Word-Usage

It is more important to know *how* to use words effectively, than to waste your major emphasis on how not to speak erroneously.

One of the constant freshening influences in the use of words is figurative writing: the use especially of a simile or likeness, with or without *as*, *like*, or a similar word expressing comparison, which brings home to us a relationship between things not recognized before. Some famous examples are:

> As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.—*Coleridge.*
> Clouds: the traveling mountains of the sky.—*Stevenson.*
> He collected his face into a sterner expression.—*Dickens.*
> A crouching storm, about to spring, showed its fangs from time to time, and growled in warning.—*Thomas Hardy.*
> The cat poured itself through the fence.—*Anne Parish.*
> I pass, like night, from shore to shore.—*Coleridge.*
> A little nosegay of an old lady.—*Rebecca West.*
> She does a good deal of her thinking in quotation marks.—*Eleanor Mercein.*
> The kind of day October loves to serve, soft and warm in the middle, but crisp about the edges.—*Mary Badger Wilson.*
> Misfortune had his address.—*James Stephens.*
> He has the type of mind you can sharpen your own on.—*Faith Baldwin.*
> Frogs were picking bass strings along the bank.—*R. W. Burnett.*

Most of these were taken from *Toward a More Picturesque Speech*, in *The Reader's Digest.*

Success in All You Go After

A man who can say nothing is dumb. A man who can speak, but says nothing, is dumber. A man who says things ineffectively is dumbest of all.

You have the choice, now, between being Miss, Mrs., or Mr. Success, using your words to get the maximum power out of them, and thus achieving all your desires; or Mr. (Miss, or Mrs.) Dumber or Dumbest.

Most people remain in the Dumb family. They don't know how to get out of it; or they just don't bother.

The same word skill is required of the statesman impressing his will on the Congress of the World States he is presiding over, as is required of yourself, persuading your wife that she doesn't need a new mousetrap of a hat for that Labor Day outing. Greater issues hang on the first. But equal word skill is required for both.

Certain homely problems, with infinite variations, present themselves to each one of us. How to win the wife or husband we want. How to survive marriage, and keep it thriving. How to get the job you want, and keep it, and rise, until you've gone as high as you want. How to get the home you want, and hold on to it, and perfect it, and expand it as you wish. How to handle hostilities after the stork has formed the habit of dropping around as often as the Fuller Brush man. How to get along with people, in the home, in social life, in business, in public affairs. How to enjoy the froth on top of the glass of beer of life: the games, sports, amusements, recreations, vacations, outings, pleasure trips. How to make every word you say, in any sort of conversation, bring you that much nearer to your life's objectives, and (if this be your wish, as it is the general and normal wish) make you better liked by all or by the majority of those that hear you. How to create and leave a name that smells sweet after you have had your hour in the sun of the obituary page.

Life on earth consists of no more—except the personal service you must do in silence, in preparation for your use of words—whether it be the efforts of the research scientists, of a writer rewriting his book, of a housewife perfecting a strawberry shortcake, of a thinker drawing up a plan that will end war on earth, and bring that heaven on earth that is ours when we will it.

All of these things depend on words. Words properly chosen, and well and persuasively spoken and written.

Never forget these definite mileposts to your own success:

The Ten Commandments for Successful Word-Usage

1. *Don't be an echo.* Let your individuality speak in everything you say.
2. *Use strategy.* Let your words plead for your hearer's desires.
3. *Speak your hearer's language.* To do this, understand his viewpoint.
4. *Let your words be alarm-clocks.* This will keep your hearer awake.
5. *Use homespun words,* instead of overlong foreign words.
6. *Use courtesy as a shock-absorber,* to minimize the initial friction.
7. *Use heart-warming words.* These make your hearer win for you.
8. *Beware of poison-label words.* Become a propaganda detective.
9. *Use the spice of wit and humor.* These aid either purpose.
10. *Choose your words as for a radio speech,* aimed at a climax.

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